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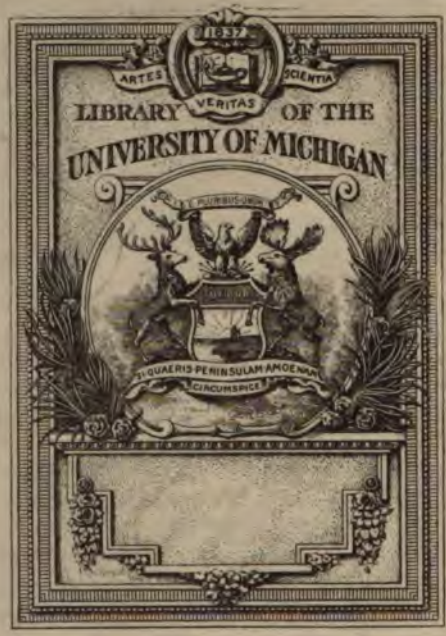
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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXII.

LONDON:
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MDCCCCI.

PRINTED BY ADLARD AND SON,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.

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THE STUDY OF FAMILIAR LETTERS AS AN AID TO HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read May 23rd, 1900.]

LORD BACON in his admirable treatise on 'The Advancement of Learning,' referring to the various auxiliaries or "appendices to history," says that "Letters, such as are written from wise men, are of all words of man, in my judgment the best; for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences, or present speeches. So again, letters of affairs from such as manage them, or are privy to them, are of all others the best instructions for history, and to a diligent reader the best histories in themselves." After such an authority no apology is needed in recommending the student of history and biography to become well acquainted with ancient and modern epistolary literature.

Letters are biographies in miniature, for in a man's friendly and confidential correspondence is generally found the best record of his life; and what is history itself but a collection of innumerable biographies, the sum total of the actions of millions of men and women who lived, loved, and toiled here, and fought life's hard battle as we are doing now? They have vanished from our sight, and but few have left any

written traces of their individual existence. Yet each one had a history, and will continue to live in the perpetuated consequences of his own actions, whether good or bad. "Nothing," says Goethe, "altogether passes away without results, as we have to leave behind us what will never die."

From very early times, men and women, even in some of the darkest periods of the world's history, have left an enduring record, chiefly through their familiar correspondence, not only of public events, but also of their everyday domestic life. Through such aids we are able, in spite of many blanks and spaces, to obtain glimpses into the habits of social intercourse, the opinions, style of conversation, as well as the prevalent occupations, amusements, pastimes, and humours of the people. A special reference to many of these incidental occurrences might seem too trivial by contemporary writers of history. Yet such unregarded details, the invisible foundations of visible things, often give a better clue to the real causes of events than the more obvious facts, in the formation of the great and varied structure of human life. Of the value of letters as "appendices to history," we have the evidence of Montaigne, who esteemed the epistles of Cicero and Seneca of more value than all their other writings; and we might add, parenthetically, that Montaigne said of himself that he thought he would have succeeded better as a letter writer than as an essayist, "if he had had a hearty friend with whom to carry on a settled correspondence."

A good letter ought to represent, as nearly as possible, a conversation upon paper between absent

friends, with the advantage that in this silent intercourse you need not be bored or interrupted, and if argument is necessary, time can be taken for reflection. To be able to say something constitutes the super-felicity of writing and talking; but, alas, how much of human intercourse consists in saying nothing above the ordinary but somewhat dreary level of everyday life! What brings us so much in touch with the friends we love as their familiar letters, wherein they communicate, without reserve, their inmost thoughts and feelings, with all the naïveté and abandon of conversation? "I write to others, but I talk to you," said Coleridge to a friend. And having a good talk upon paper constitutes one of the great charms of friendship, with this advantage, that letters can be read when words are forgotten. "*Verba volant, scripta manent.*" The letters of eminent men, especially those of our favourite authors, are always interesting, whereby the writers, not confined to time, place, or country, are brought into closer relationship with us, and express themselves in that universal vernacular, the language of the heart. Among them are a few imperishable names from the antique world, "upon whose greatness death hath set his seal;" though long dead they still speak, and have been talking to the world for more than two thousand years, and will continue to do so through unborn generations, as their hearts and their brains are preserved in ink, and their memory embalmed for ever in the minds of men.

When we contemplate the various works of these epistolary writers what a goodly company of immortals arise before us!—apostles, martyrs, heroes,

legislators, philosophers, poets, painters, historians, —their name is legion. Time's purgatorial fires have purified them from the scum and dross of their earthly existence, and cleansed them from the dishonours of the grave. As our imagination bodies forth these invisible shapes—

> "She gives us back the dead
> Even in the loveliest looks they bore,"

and they appear before us and around us, not only as beneficent spirits, but as brother men, to guide, comfort, and instruct us.

Truly says John Sterling,

> "Ever their phantoms rise before us,
> Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
> By bed and table they lord it o'er us.
> With looks of beauty and words of good,
> They tell us and show us of man victorious
> O'er all that is aimless, blind, and base,
> Their presence has made our nature glorious,
> And given our night an illumined face."

The true life of a man is to be found in his familiar letters, wherein he unconsciously and unguardedly writes his own memoirs. What should we have known of the inner lives of such men of antiquity as Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, and others, who lived almost entirely before the public eye, if they had not confided and unbosomed themselves to their intimate friends through their correspondence, in their own natural language, without the fastidiousness of the set author, or the dry idiosyncrasies and exuberances of fiction which characterise the early historians? History would be almost lifeless, a

mere chronological table of events, without such communications; and comparatively nothing would have been known of the quiet, social, and domestic life (which very much resembled our own) or the busy outdoor amusements, occupations, and gossip of the Roman people, but for these confidential sources of information. As a familiar correspondent Cicero was one of the earliest and best. He is known personally to us more by his letters than by his orations or philosophical writings. Something like 800 of these precious documents have been preserved; but many more were known to exist, which are lost, such as those addressed to Cæsar, Brutus, Cornelius Nepos, and to his own son. All Cicero's letters bear the stamp of extemporaneousness. They are full of gossip, jokes, remarks upon passing incidents, with playful bantering arguments, addressed to the disciples of the various schools of philosophy who were his friends. He was fond of what the moderns call "chaffing." It is a pity that his "Liber Jocularis," or collection of jokes, made by Tiro, and mentioned by Quintilian and other writers, has not been preserved.

Cicero, in one of his letters to his friend Atticus, gives a graphic description of a visit which Julius Cæsar paid him, after his victories in Spain. The meeting took place in Cicero's country villa near Puteoli, B.C. 45, A.U.C. 705. Let us lift up for a moment the curtain of the past, so as to present to the mind's eye, part of a real and not an imaginary drama, as it was enacted nearly two thousand years ago. The scenes are as fresh as if they occurred but yesterday. Cicero writes:

"Well! my appalling guest has come and gone, and yet one whose visit I am not sorry to have received; for all went off pleasantly. When he (Cæsar) came on the evening of the 18th to the villa of my neighbour Philippus, the place was so full of soldiers that there was hardly a vacant table for Cæsar himself to dine at. There were two thousand of them if there was a man. I was in a state of mind as to what would happen the next day, when Barba Cassius came to the rescue, and he solved the problem by assigning me a guard, the troops to bivouac in the park, and the house to be kept clear. On the morning of the 19th Cæsar stayed with Philippus until a little after noon, and admitted no one to an interview; settling accounts, I imagine, with treasurer Balbus. He then walked on the sea-shore to my house. After two he had a bath, and then he listened to some verses on Mamurra,* without moving a muscle of his countenance. Then he was rubbed and oiled, and took his place at the table. He had provided himself with a precautionary emetic, and accordingly ate and drank in the fearless old fashion, as jolly as you please. It was a splendid banquet, exquisitely served.

"'Good dinner, good talk, but no stint and no haste,
And the jokes, like the sauce, were seasoned to taste.'

"Besides Cæsar's table, his staff was sumptuously entertained in three other dining-rooms. The humbler members of his suite, and the servants wanted for nothing, while the gentlemen of the corps were feasted in a more *recherché* style; need I add more? I acted as man with man; we found we were both flesh and blood.

"Still he is not the kind of guest to whom you would say, 'I pray let me have this visit repeated when you come this way again.' Once is enough. We had no conversation

* A Roman knight who had been Cæsar's General in Gaul, where he acquired great wealth. He was satirised, together with Cæsar, for his luxury and debauchery by Catullus, and these might have been the verses alluded to.—Catull. 27—55.

on business, but much literary talk. In short, he seemed to be much pleased and to enjoy himself."

Thus Cicero did not feel quite at ease with his appalling guest and the quartering of troops upon him. And he could well have said with the Chinese proverb, "When the guest is gone the host is glad."

Of Julius Cæsar's extensive correspondence unfortunately but few letters have come down to us. Those addressed to Cicero are the most interesting, and they are written in an easy, straightforward, conversational style. For, in his own words, "he despised ornament or any unusual form of speech." In a collection of letters, unfortunately now lost, addressed to his friends Caius Oppius and Cornelius Balbus, Cæsar is said to have adopted a very simple cryptic mode of writing. For every letter of the alphabet he substituted that which stood third removed from it in order of succession; thus D for A, E for B, etc. Cæsar was the last of the eminent Romans who wrote "familiar letters" without reference to publicity.

Seneca condemned the extemporaneousness of Cicero's letters. He said that he was prepared to write whether he had anything to say or not, whereas he (Seneca) never put pen to paper unless to propose something edifying. This is just the difference between the two writers. Seneca, like Pecksniff, could make a moral out of anything, and he never lost an opportunity of improving the occasion. Though his letters are perfect in style and composition, there is, as is often the case in mere moral and ethical treatises, a lack of real human interest and sympathy. This may be the reason

why Nero said of his writings that they were "like mortar of sand without lime." Yet as a moral teacher his precepts are so closely allied to those of the New Testament, that some of the early Fathers classed him among the Christians, which led to the early fabrication of a correspondence between him and St. Paul. But there was a great discrepancy between his thinking and his moral nature, for he did not preach what he practised, and his life was a satire upon his writings. He wrote elegant epistles in praise of poverty on a table formed of solid gold, at a time when he had some millions sterling out at usurious interest. It was a witty remark made by South, that when Seneca "recommended people to throw away their money, it was with the view of picking it up himself." We should never, says Coleridge, judge the character of an author by his books alone.

Pliny's letters are memoirs of himself. Their great fault is, as he himself said of some other writer, that they had no faults. They are nearly all written to prominent men, who were his friends; and next to Cicero he gives the clearest insight into the social and literary life of Rome. We learn how the cultivated rich men spent their leisure, hour by hour during the day, and also of their recreative studies. Pliny wrote most of his letters to the learned and studious men of his time. This may account for the perfection of his style and the great care he took in their composition. Of the principal letter writers during the later Roman period we might mention Philostratus, who lived in the third century of the Christian era. Next to him in importance comes Libanius, who was one

of the instructors of the Emperor Julian. There are a great number of letters extant of the Greek and Latin Fathers, which are of much value to the ecclesiastical student, for they represent more truly the social and religious life of the early Church than all the theological treatises. To show the vast extent of this literature we might mention that there are extant of the letters of St. Basil about 400, of St. Ambrose, 191; of St. Chrysostom, 242; of St. Cyprian, 81; of St. Augustine, 270; and of St. Jerome, 150. The 100 letters of Origen, which were collected by Eusebius, are unfortunately lost. Besides these there are hundreds of others belonging to the third, fourth, and fifth centuries. The 'Epistles of Sidonius Apollinaris,' who lived about 430 A.D., must not be forgotten, for the historical information they afford us.

For many years preceding the Renaissance there was little added worthy of notice to our epistolary literature. The epistles written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries scarcely come within the domain of familiar or historical letters. At the revival of learning the epistles of Petrarch and those of the learned Poggio Bracciolini are of great historic value. The correspondence of Erasmus, some letters of Martin Luther, and the Paston Letters of our own country represent the epistolary art of the fifteenth century. Some time ago an original letter of Martin Luther came into my possession, which I have never seen published. As it is a very characteristic one, this may be my apology in giving some extracts from it. It was written to one of his old cronies, Dr. Gregory Brück, in 1543, after his battles were over, in a style of raillery worthy of Rabelais. Luther suggests a

very easy way of meeting and getting rid of the devil—not by resisting him, as St. Paul advised. Luther says in effect, "Laugh at the devil, and he will flee from you." He expresses his opinion that it is only right to taunt and jeer at the devil, since the devil mocks at the angels in heaven, and he repeats that it is better to retort in this way than to answer his trivial attacks in a serious spirit. This letter reminds us of a story Luther tells of himself. "The devil," he says, "is very proud, and what he least likes is to be laughed at." One night he was disturbed by something apparently rattling and moving about in his room. He got up, and with a light searched the apartment through, and although he could find nothing, yet believing the evil one was undoubtedly there, and not at all discomposed, he said, "Oh! it is you, is it?" and immediately returned to bed and went to sleep. Mr. Froude makes the following comment on this story:—"Think as you please about the cause of the noise, but remember that Luther had not the least doubt that he was alone in the room with the actual devil, who, if he could not overcome his soul, could at least twist his neck in a moment, and then think what courage there must have been in the man who could deliberately sleep in such a presence." But even in our own country people in later times believed in the actual presence of the devil when any strange noises were heard. That delightful old gossip and antiquary, Aubrey, in his correspondence, relates a curious story of one Thomas Allen, a well-known astronomer and mathematician, who was supposed by the common people to be a conjurer. That

learned man, when on a visit to a country house, happened to leave his watch in the chamber window (watches were then rarities). The maids came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry "Tick, tick, tick," presently concluded that it was the devil, and took it by the string with the tongs and threw it out of the window into the moat, to drown the devil. It so happened that the string hung on the sprig of an elder that grew out of the moat, and this confirmed them that it was the devil. So the good old gentleman got his watch again.

As we descend to later times letters have become a very important factor in the writing of biography and history. When a man of note dies, his correspondence is collected with scrupulous care by his biographer. This is supplemented by letters from his friends, and others of his contemporaries who knew him, called "appreciations" or "recollections." Then comes the candid friend, who in his correspondence or diary often misrepresents the life of the man more than his open enemy. Truly says the poet:

> "Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe:
> Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow.
> But of all plagues, good Heaven, Thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!"

Following closely upon the trail of the biographer comes the literary scavenger, who gathers together any scrap of written paper containing the rejected offscouring of the writer's pen, or his random amorphous thoughts.

How much have the annals of our own country been enriched through the publication of the 'Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission,' which contain an enormous mass of state papers, historical and family records, familiar letters, secret documents, with an account of the heroic deeds of men whose names have long been forgotten, who fought, bled, and died for their country—some of whom were martyrs! And we read of traitors also:

> "Whose letters, false beyond all forgery—
> Not just handwriting and mere authorship,
> But false to body and soul they figure forth."

There are other precious letters which were written on the spot, or at the time, describing occurrences and events, not as seen some hundreds of years afterwards by those subjective reconstructors of history through the "spectacles of books," who look only for what they wish to see, and are sure to find. Here are to be found, also, the secret correspondence of monarchs, with foreign potentates, statesmen, philosophers, etc., showing "what dire events from trivial causes spring." "I would have history," says Thackeray, "more familiar than heroic." It is the little things which make up the sum and substance of human life. Plutarch, in beginning his 'Life of Alexander,' says that "often a man's most brilliant actions prove nothing as to his true character, while some trifling incident, some casual remark or jest, will throw more light upon what manner of man he was than the bloodiest battle, the greatest array of armies, or the most important siege." It is through the unguarded con-

fidence of letters we see upon what little pivots this world revolves; how great men are ruled by little men, "lions led by asses," as Napoleon once said; how the mighty monarch under the "government of the slipper" in his own palace was baffled and made ridiculous. Read the secret correspondence of the Courts of Louis XIV and Louis XV, and you will know that Themistocles uttered no mere jest when he said that his "little son was the most powerful person in Greece; for the Athenians ruled the Greeks, he ruled the Athenians, his wife ruled him, and his son ruled his wife." As we examine some of those dried-up letters which, like dead autumn leaves, are to be seen in various collections, especially in France, badly indited, badly spelt, we can hardly realise that they were written or dictated (for they could not always write) by Court mistresses, who once ruled the world; who declared wars of extermination, or caused treaties of peace to be signed; who made and unmade ministers; appointed bishops and deposed them; who were the friends of kings, queens, princes, courtiers, statesmen, and other notabilities. What a revelation they make to us of the secret motives, passions, and prejudices of those who were supposed to be our rulers! Here are laid bare the ropes and hidden machinery by which the shifting puppets upon the public stage were worked, and how trumpery their worn-out rag-fair properties and emblazonments look now. We are shown, also, the real rulers, who scarcely appear upon the scene at all, illustrating that cynical maxim, "What woman wishes God ordains." These letters and documents contain matter enough for a thousand homilies for

the moralist and the preacher, and we might take for our text and sermon the 'Vanitas Vanitatum' of Thackeray:

"What histories of life are here,
More wild than all romancer's stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn,
What chronicle of Fortune's doings,
Of Fate disastrous, nobly borne,
Of chances, changes, rises, ruins.

Of thrones upset and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written;
Of honours dealt as if in joke,
Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise;
How high they were, and how they tumble;
O vanity of vanities;
O laughable pathetic jumble!"

Our English literature, to which we must in this introductory sketch confine ourselves, is rich in collections of letters of a very high order and quality. They would be unique in the intellectual annals of any country. A mere list of some of the names of their writers will show the wide range and extent of our subject. There are the Paston Letters, the familiar letters of James Howell, the correspondence of Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Steele, Sterne, Dr. Johnson, Lord Shaftesbury, Gray, Walpole, George Selwyn, Lord Chesterfield, the Earl of Chatham, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Lamb, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Darwin, Dean Stanley, Edward Fitzgerald, etc.,

and of the opposite sex, Lady Russell, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Elizabeth Montague, Lady Granville, Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans, Lady Duff Gordon, Mrs. Carlyle, etc.

James Howell may be called the father of "familiar letter writing" in this country. He published in 1645 a volume with the high-sounding title of "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ: Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, Historical, Political, Philosophical." Howell travelled on the Continent in various official capacities, and he gives a very interesting survey of the times in which he lived, both at home and abroad. Like all good travellers, he carried a head above his eyes, and his unpremeditated records are valuable as "auxiliaries to history." As a gossiping anecdotal history, the 'News Letters' of James Howell are invaluable. He gives an interesting account of the wooings of Charles Prince of Wales with the Infanta of Spain, and of the political intrigues of that time. There is also an account taken from an eye-witness of the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton. The following extract from one of his letters gives an account of the death of the Lord Chancellor Bacon:

"LONDON;
"*6th January*, 1625.

"HOWELL TO DR. PRITCHARD.

"My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness. He died so poor, so that he scarce left money to bury him, which though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom, it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance.

I have read that it hath been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. . . . I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, and also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared as in divers other passages; so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent for the under keeper, and having drunk the king's health unto him in a great silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fee.

"He wrote a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes:—'Help me, dear Sovereign, Lord and Master, and pity me so far that I, who have been born to a *bag*, be not in my age forc'd in effect to bear a *wallet*; nor that I who desire to live to study may be driven to study to live'—which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness, wherein he hoped that as the father was his creator, the son will be his redeemer. I write this not to derogate from the noble work of the Lord Viscount Verulum, who was a rare man, a man *re conditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle," etc.

In one of Howell's epistles to Sir Thomas Hawk there is a very interesting account of an evening spent with Ben Jonson. Would it had been at the "Mermaid"! Let us once more lift up the curtain of the past:

"WESTMINSTER;
"*5th April*, 1636.

"SIR,—I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J., where you were deeply remembered; there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome; one thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest: that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others, to magnify his own Muse. T. Ca. [Tom Carew] buzzed me in the ear,

that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, among other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the lady (not very young) who having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon she took a mouthful of claret and spouted it into the poop of the hollow bird; such an accident happened in this entertainment. You know *Proprio laus sordet in ore:* be a man's breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's praise stink if he makes his own mouth the conduit pipe of it. But for my part I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that time hath snowed upon his pericranium. You know Ovid and (your) Horace were subject to this humour, the first bursting out into *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,* etc.; the other into *Exegi monumentum ære perennius,* etc. As also Cicero while he forced himself into this hexameter: *O fortunatam natam, me consule Roman!* There is also another reason that excuseth B., which is that if one be allowed to love the natural issue of his body, why not that of the brain, which is of spiritual and more noble extraction?"

In making a selection from the miscellaneous letters we are more than confused by the mass of materials before us. One of their chief characteristics, apart from their wit and wisdom, is the unique flavour of humour which pervades them, and it is to this that we are indebted for some of the choicest and most pathetic writing in our language. Humour which springs from love is so closely allied to pathos, that they often run into each other. Hood says,

> "There's not a string attuned to mirth
> But has its chord in melancholy."

Lord Byron said of 'Don Quixote,'

> "Of all tales 'tis the saddest—more sad
> Because it makes you laugh."

Though laughing and crying are contrary effects, the least alteration of features occasions the difference. Rubens, it is said, could by a single stroke convert a laughing face into a crying one, for it is but turning up the muscles to laugh, and down to cry. In the correspondence of Swift, Pope, and Gray you will find that humour and pathos are notably blended. Read the heart-breaking epistles of Cowper, and you will understand how it is that sorrow and joy are made of the very same stuff. In one of his letters he describes his vein of humour as "a sad heart's sunshine." Writing again, he says, "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood had never been written at all." Thackeray, also, in one of his letters, writes in a similar strain: "I believe I am generally most funny when I am the most melancholy." Charles Lamb's letters are sometimes madly merry. All the whims, oddities, and caprices of his nature, which are toned down in his essays, come out in his correspondence. One of the most comical of all his letters was addressed to P. G. Patmore, and commences with these words:—"I am very poorly. I have been to a funeral," etc. And yet this gentle-hearted humorist had to endure the martyrdom of a lifelong sorrow. Let us glance for a moment at the letters of Robert Burns. Some of them are fraught with wit, as it sparkled fresh from the inexhaustible goblet of his brain, in others are recorded the

tumultuous woes and sorrows that like hell-dogs beleaguered his soul. We learn how great he was (in spite of that passionate undisciplined nature) in his sins, in his sorrows, and in his repentance, and we feel the full force of his own lines as we never felt them before:

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

Of him we might say in the noble words of Martial:

> "*Si non errasset fecerat ille minus.*"

The early letters of Charles Dickens are brimful of fun and merriment, as if the writer lived in some more ethereal atmosphere than our own, for the author is unwearied in his rogueries and drolleries and wheedling gibes, and loud, ringing, extravagant laughter.

The voluminous correspondence of the Duke of Wellington was very varied, and so scrupulous was the writer in replying to every letter he received that at one time he was compelled, like Charles Dickens in America, to have lithographic forms executed in order to diminish his labour. But his letters to his friends and his military correspondence are unique. They are noticeable for their plain common sense. "He uses words with a stern frugality, and sends them straight to the mark." His sentences are marshalled in strict military order. He keeps himself entirely to facts, as he did not believe in the romance of history. He was especially indignant at the misstatements which were made by various writers upon the battle of Waterloo, and has

helped to dissipate some of the illusions and fictions of history. In a letter to Sir J. Sinclair, Bart., dated April 28th, 1816, he writes:

"The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it; but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by those novels called 'Relations,' and 'Impartial Accounts,' etc., of that transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers, etc., and have published to the world as truth. Hougoumont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for want of fortifications, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt. I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to suppose that the British army had never fought a battle before; and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea of the transaction: and this is because the writers have referred as above quoted, instead of to the official sources and reports. It is not true that the British army was unprepared," etc.

It had long been a controverted question as to where Wellington met Blucher after the battle of Waterloo. On the walls of the House of Lords, in the fresco of Maclise, the famous embrace is represented as having occurred at La Belle Alliance. Other poets and painters have represented the same fiction, and it might have become one of the "historic doubts" if we had not had the testimony of the Duke himself, in a letter addressed to Francis Mudford, dated from Paris, June 8th, 1816, which was published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' November, 1829. The contents are as follows:

"PARIS, *June 8th*, 1816.

"SIR,—I have received your letter of the 21st May. . . . You desire that I should point out to you where you could receive information on the battle of Waterloo on the truth of which you could rely. In answer to this desire, I can refer you only to my own despatches published in the 'London Gazette.' General Alava's report is the nearest to the truth of the other *official* reports published; but even that report contains some statements not exactly correct. The others that I have seen cannot be relied upon. To some of these may be attributed the source of the falsehoods since circulated through the medium of the unofficial publications with which the press has abounded. Of these a remarkable instance is to be found in the report of the meeting between Marshal Blucher and me at *La Belle Alliance;* and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair on which I sat down in that farm-house. *It happened that that meeting took place after ten at night, at the village of Genappe;* and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies will see that it *could not be otherwise.* The other part is not so material; but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo between eleven and twelve at night. —I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant, "WELLINGTON."

It was shortly after the publication of the first series of 'The Duke of Wellington's Despatches" that an advertisement appeared in a morning paper offering for sale, at a solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn, two letters from his Grace, one written on the very night after the battle of Waterloo, the other the day after. Colonel Gurwood was commissioned to purchase them, which he at length did for the modest sum of sixty pounds! The Duke, on their being placed in his hands, quietly put on his spectacles,

read them through from beginning to end, and then thrust them between the bars of the grate with the remark, "I was a great fool when I wrote those letters."

There is a story told of Wellington, that when he was Constable of the Tower it was represented to him that some valuable archives were deposited near the magazine. He replied that he could see no harm in that, as they could not do any damage to the ammunition stores.

The best advice we know with respect to the abuse of letter writing was given by the Duke of Wellington to an officer, who had written to him a very indiscreet letter. "A very trifling degree of education and practice," he said, "will enable an officer to string together a few words in a letter, . . . but this ability is a most dangerous qualification to the possessor, unless he has sense to guide his pen and discretion to restrain him from the use of intemperate and improper language."

The love epistles of our celebrated men and women constitute a very important department of our literature, both in prose and verse, and rightly so; for what are some of the noblest compositions, such as the sonnets of Shakespeare, the exquisite prose and verse in the 'Vita Nuova,' the sonnets of Petrarca and Tasso, etc., but love epistles? though some are so remote from gross and earthly objects that they seem to portray more an ideal than a substantial existence. A man is as he loves. Who can read the love-letters of Steele without forming a higher estimate of the character of the man? Who after reading those of Sterne does not form a lower?

Steele's letters to his "Dearest Prue," written before and after marriage, are sensible, as well as full of affection. In one of his letters, written as a lover, he says, "Instead of saying I shall die for you, I prefer I should be glad to lead my life with you." His description of the ecstasy of a lover is as exquisite in humour as anything to be found in his papers in the 'Tatler.' He writes a week before his marriage:

"Madam, it is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitively handsome.' Another desired to know 'when I was last at Hampton Court?' I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'night. Pry'thee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh! love,

"'A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live to live without thee?'

"Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

"I am ever yours,
"RICHD. STEELE."

Steele never lost an opportunity of writing a love-letter to his mistress, both before and after marriage. He writes to her hourly, and from all places. Sometimes from the tavern, where he promises to come to his wife "within a pint of wine;" sometimes from a friend's house, where he borrows the means of writing

to her. He would even write letters to the lady in her own house, or throw them over the wall of her garden. Of Steele's love-letters upwards of 400 were carefully preserved by his wife, and were published at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Who does not remember that exquisite paper in the 'Tatler,' written by Steele, on "Love that will live," describing an incident which was founded on fact? He gives an account of a merry-making party at a friend's house in a country village, which is suddenly disturbed by the entrance of the sexton of the parish church, who said, "that as he was digging a grave a little blow of his pickaxe opened a decayed coffin, in which were several written papers." These proved to be love-letters, received by the wife of Sir Thomas Chichley, one of the Admirals of King William III, who made it her death-bed request, "that all the letters which she had received from her husband, before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her." Several of them had suffered so much by damp, mould, and age, that only a few words here and there could be read, such as "my soul," "lilies," "roses," "dearest angel," and the like. One of them was legible throughout, which ran thus:—"Madam,—If you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty; that blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person, return every moment to my imagination; the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers."

"It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy to compare the description of the letter with the person that occasioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones and a little mouldering heap of earth." Fragments of other letters were found, written after marriage, addressed to "My dear, dear wife," etc.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ, we turn over one of the love-letters of Sterne, not addressed to his wife; it is varnished over with something that looks very much like love. There are the usual parentheses and dashes, with epithets of sickly sentiment and affectation, showing in his own words "what a dishclout of a soul he possessed." The pages are stained with tears—"such tears as tender lawyers shed." This man could nearly break a woman's heart, yet blubber over a dead jackass. Still, in spite of the dandy pathos, there is genuine humour in the letter. That Sterne was well acquainted with all the spangled phraseology of love's effusive vocabulary is shown in his letters before marriage to the lady (Miss Lumley) who afterwards became his wife. The following extract is a fair specimen of one of these loving missives:—"Yes, I will steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am. Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding-place. Suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage, on the side of a romantic hill. Dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me? No! they shall be my companions in solitude, for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L—; we will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise before the arch-fiend entered

that undescribable scene," and so on. Of course this paradise of innocence and bliss did not continue long after marriage. It was evidently "too bright, too good for human nature's daily food." Soon the trail of the serpent is seen, and his paradise was where *she was not*. We find in his later letters traces of that contempt which is the slow poison of love, yet mingled, as usual, with an affectation of sensibility. But it did not conduce to his wife's happiness to know that he was babbling of love and paradise when writing to other women, and praising matrimony as men do hot pickles, with tears in their eyes. But we can forgive the author of 'Tristram Shandy' many of his follies and backslidings for the happy hours he has given us in having introduced and made us acquainted with Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and other inimitable personages who belong to the family of "The Immortals."

The so-called "Journal" of Stella consists of a series of letters addressed by Swift to Hester Johnson, the natural daughter of Sir William Temple, whom he secretly married. These letters are charmingly written, being full of human tenderness and playful endearments to his fair correspondent. They are humorous and satirical, with observations on the passing occurrences of the day, and running commentaries of "flouts, gibes, and sneers" on his opponents. We are brought into familiar touch with Addison, Steele, Pope, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Congreve, and most of the important personages of the time. His letters to Vanessa, poor Stella's rival, are equally good. When Stella heard, after the death of Vanessa, that Swift had written beautiful

letters to this broken-hearted lady, she exclaimed, "That does not surprise me, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." Over Swift's letters, as in his other writings, there broods a maniacal spirit, which, like Milton's fiend, "sees undelighted all delight," and which took pleasure in the vivisection of humanity. No wonder that he died, as he anticipated, in a rage, "like a poisoned rat in a hole." And yet we think he must have loved greatly, to have been so greatly loved.

The letters of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, especially those addressed to his family, represent a side of that great man's nature little revealed in his public life. How happy he was in his family relations the following letter will show, especially under the circumstances in which it was written—during one of the momentous debates in the House of Commons upon the American Stamp Act, when Pitt made his last speech in the Lower House, and Burke his first. The debate had lasted till after midnight, and the division announced Pitt's party triumphant. The great orator became the principal object of attention, and he received a great ovation from his friends and the multitude outside the House. After the excitement of this debate with its huzzaings and triumphs was over, before going to bed, Pitt sat down and wrote the following letter to his wife:

"*February* 22*nd*, 1766;
"Past 4 o'clock.

"Happy indeed, was the scene of this glorious morning (for at past one we divided), when the sun of liberty shone

once more benignly upon a country, too long benighted. My dear love, not all the applauding joy which the hearts of animated gratitude, saved from despair and bankruptcy, uttered in the lobby, could touch me in any degree, like the tender and lively delight, which breathes in your warm and affectionate note. All together, my dearest life, makes me not ill to-day after the immense fatigue, or not feeling that I am so. Wonder not if I should find myself in a placid and sober fever, for tumultuous exultation, you know, I think is not permitted to feeble mortal successes; but my delight, heartfelt and solid as it is, must want its sweetest ingredient (if not its very essence) till I rejoice with my angel, and with her join in thanksgivings to protecting Heaven for all our happy deliverances. Thank you for the sight of Smith; his honest joy and affection charm me. Loves to the sweet babes, patriotic or not, though I hope *impetuous William* is not behind in feelings of that kind. Send the saddle-horses, if you please, so as to be in town early to-morrow morning. I propose and hope to execute my journey to Hayes by eleven.

"Your ever-loving husband,
"W. PITT."

By way of contrast, our next selection supplies a curious example of the practical side of love-making. That eminent utilitarian philosopher and philanthropist, Jeremy Bentham, at the mature age of fifty-four, proposed marriage to a lady (to whom he had been attached for some years previously), Miss Caroline Fox (a sister of Lord Holland). He was refused with "all respect and esteem." The plain common sense and almost mathematical way in which Bentham declared his passion somewhat reminds us of Canning's well-known satire, 'The Loves of the Triangles.' The following extracts from the last

of his love-letters will show how true he was to the end in his practical creed:—"I have a ring with some of my snow-white hair in it, and my profile, which everybody says is like; at my death you will have such another. Should you come to want, it *will be worth a good sovereign to you*. . . . Every minute of my life has been long counted, and now I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am a friend of mankind (if such I am, as I endeavour to be) you, if within my reach, would be an enemy." The rejection of Bentham's love-suit may account for many odd caprices, whims, and crotchets which somewhat narrowed his mind and distorted his generous and beneficent nature during his later years, just as we sometimes see in a noble tree (when some former injury has impaired its natural growth) those queer nodosities and rough bosses which have transformed what otherwise would have been a beautiful form into a fantastical, grotesquely shapen trunk.

A good letter writer was Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historical painter, who corresponded with most of the literary men and artists of his day. He was the friend of Charles Lamb, Southey, Keats, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Browning. The three last mentioned embalmed his memory in sonnets addressed to him. Judging from his autobiography and correspondence, we think he would have made a much better author than an artist. A man is not a great painter because he uses a big brush. We conclude our paper with the following extract from one of his letters addressed to Miss Mitford, which is

quite unique in character, and worthy of the quaint humour of Charles Lamb:

"*August* 18*th*, 1826.

"The other night I paid my butcher; one of the miracles of these times, you will say. Let me tell you I have all my life been seeking for a butcher whose respect for genius predominated over his love of gain. I could not make out, before I dealt with this man, his excessive desire that I should be his customer; the sly hints as I passed his shop that he had 'a bit of South Down, very fine; a sweetbread, perfection; and a calf's foot that was all jelly without bone!' The other day he called, and I had him sent up into the painting-room. I found him in great admiration of 'Alexander.' 'Quite alive, Sir!' 'I am glad you think so,' said I. 'Yes, Sir, but as I have said often to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, Sir, if you had not eat my meat, Sir!' 'Very true, Mr. Sowerby.' 'Ah! Sir, I have a fancy for *genus*, Sir!' 'Have you, Mr. Sowerby?' 'Yes, Sir; Mrs. Siddons, Sir, has eat my meat, Sir; never was *such a woman for chops*, Sir!'—and he drew up his beefy, shiny face, clean shaved, with a clean blue cravat under his chin, a clean jacket, a clean apron, and a pair of hands that would pin an ox to the earth if he was obstreperous. 'Ah! Sir, she was a wonderful crayture!' 'She was, Mr. Sowerby.' 'Ah! Sir, when she used to act that there character, you see (but, Lord, such a head! as I say to my sister)—that there woman, Sir, that murders a King between 'em!' 'Oh, Lady Macbeth?' 'Ah! Sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth—I used to get up with the butler behind her carriage when she acted, and, as I used to see her looking quite wild, and all the people quite frightened, 'Ah, ha! my lady,' says I, 'if it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do *that!*' 'Mr. Sowerby, you seem to be a man of feeling: will you take a glass of wine?' After a bow or two, down he sat, and by degrees his heart opened. 'You see, Sir, I have fed Mrs. Siddons, Sir; John Kemble, Sir; Charles Kemble, Sir; Stephen Kemble, Sir;

and Madame Catalani, Sir; Morland, the painter, and, I beg your pardon, Sir, and *you*, Sir.' 'Mr. Sowerby, you do me honour.' 'Madame Catalani, Sir, was a wonderful woman for sweetbreads; but the Kemble family, Sir, the gentlemen, Sir, rump-steaks and kidneys in general was their taste; but Mrs. Siddons, Sir, she liked chops, Sir, as much as you do, Sir,' etc. etc. I soon perceived that the man's ambition was to feed genius. I shall recommend you to him; but is he not a capital fellow? But a little acting with his remarks would make you roar with laughter. Think of Lady Macbeth eating chops! Is this not a peep behind the curtain? I remember Wilkie saying that at a public dinner he was looking out for some celebrated man, when at last he caught a glimpse for the first time of a man whose books he had read with care for years, picking the leg of a roast goose, perfectly abstracted! Never will I bring up my boys to any profession that is not a matter of necessary want to the world. Painting, unless considered as it ought to be, is a mere matter of ornament and luxury," etc.

Mr. Haydon's butcher evidently believed in the physiological and psychological effects of diet, and in the theory of Hippocrates, that man is what he eats. It is said that Edmund Kean regularly adapted his dinner to his part. He ate pork when he had to play tyrants, beef for murderers, boiled mutton for lovers, etc. This would, no doubt, have accorded with Mr. Sowerby's opinion of the relation of meat to genius.

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INFLUENCE OF CHAUCER UPON THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

BY DR. PHENÉ, LL.D., F.S.A., V.P. R.S.L., F.R.G.S., F.R.I.B.A., FELLOW OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF ATHENS, CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES OF NEW YORK, ETC.

[Read June 21st, 1899.]

FOR THE QUINGENTENARY OF CHAUCER.

It is impossible to treat of any historical fact *per se*. If an open and distinct view of the case is to be given, the governing influence of preceding facts, more especially where they still existed, though with a somewhat reduced effect, must be brought under consideration.

An age of Latinity was prominent in the time of Chaucer, though it was on the wane. Popular idea vaguely identifies Latin as introduced into Britain by the Roman conquest, merging mediaeval Latin into such supposed Roman Latin, and mixing up the whole as one.

But a more powerful influence preceded the Roman, and indeed paved the way for the introduction of the latter; this must be examined before Roman influence can be understood. The correlation of a number of historical records, never before so treated, brings unexpected but powerful evidence to prove this, and to prove also the pre-Roman existence of this influence in Britain.

It is doubtful whether the Roman conquerors introduced Latin at all as a language of discourse. The wise precaution of Servius Tullius, that the leaders of the legions should be selected only from the families of Latium, and with Oscan, Umbrian, and Etruscan troops, had been abandoned, and the troops were, on such change, first formed by Italian Provincials, and later still by incorporating vanquished barbarians, in neither of which cases would the soldiers of the Roman legions have spoken Latin.* Latin was the court language of Rome, as it became at a later date the court language of England. But though Caius Julius Caesar, M. Tullius Cicero, the Catos, and the great lawyers and orators, poets and philosophers of Rome wrote and spoke in Latin, the vernacular of Italy has remained to a great extent unchanged to the present time, *e. g.*—

Πατήρ Pater	Greek, in Homer; Pater, Latin, borrowed. Italian, Pádre, Father. Pátre is used by Dante poetically.
Μάτηρ Mater	Greek, in Homer; Mater, Latin, borrowed. Italian, Mádre, Mother. Mátre is used by Dante poetically.

A court language was essential, not only for distinction in the senate, but for the avoidance of provincial phraseology, which must have rendered each of the various *Fora* of Roman Italy, and every port and centre of commerce throughout the Mediterranean, before Rome existed, a babel of tongues,

* The legions in Britain were of Germans, Gauls, Iberians, Slavonians, etc.

Ligurian, Etruscan, Oscan, Umbrian, Greek, Punic, Gallic, Persian, Arabic, Coptic, Egyptian, etc.

A beautiful picture of these gatherings of Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans is given in one of our own Oriental books,—"Parthians and Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues." As we proceed it will appear that the public meetings in Britain must have been equally noisy and polyglottal, from the various nations engaged in commerce here.

A court language, moreover, separated the people from the rulers, and caused the latter to be looked up to with that mysterious awe which has at all times been a powerful factor in every political government. Down to very recent times the expression "men of letters" had distinguished a special, if not a superior class, not unfrequently raising the person so referred to to the companionship of the greatest rulers, and, in the case of Cicero, even to the honours of government and command.

Philosophy, the great medium for mental power and corrective of superstition and charlatanism, poetry, rhetoric, the drama, mathematics, the great prayers and religious hymns to the gods among all nations, royal and imperial mandates, and international conventions and alliances, were distinguished by their correct and elegant diction; and the profession of grammarian, γραμματικός, *grammaticus*.

was one of the highest class, and the society of such as bore that title was sought by the greatest potentates.

The word γράμμα, grammar, the technical form being γραμματιστική, was applied, as γράφω was to delineation, to anything written, letters or characters, inscriptions, but especially to laws, national or imperial proclamations, alliances, State documents, etc. Hence the rareness with which ungrammatical documents occur among the ancients, the office of scribe having been originally that of a public official of high standing, either connected with the governmental or religious functions of the State in the service of which he was engaged, and always one of the greatest trust.* In later times the offices of the *scribae* were open to purchase.

The Greeks were *par excellence* the most *cultivated* of the scribe-using nations, and the exuberance of their mental powers led them to become poets, dramatists, historians, and writers of philosophy, quite apart from State or religious functions. These works, always by cultivated men, bore the criticism of the writers of their own day, as they have done that of posterity, and their value is acknowledged. They appear to have been the first most extensive colonisers in western Europe, and from traces of archaic Greek in the East to have extended their voyages not only along the coasts of the Mediterranean, but even to Japan,† through the whole compass of the Erythraean Sea.

* Such officers were unknown in the time of Alfred and Chaucer.

† See my paper reported *in extenso* in 'The Times,' read before the Society of Orientalists in the Inner Temple, September 4th and 5th, 1891. It is probable that the Phoenicians who traded on the

Their poets dwelt with delight on their national and individual adventures by sea, as in the search for the "Golden Fleece," till their daring attempts to open commercial relations with the far East were magnified into the acts of demi-gods. That they were heroes of the highest rank has never been questioned, and that they sought the most dangerous coasts, and were not deterred by customs of the most cruel people, as in their Tauric settlements, is certain. But highly cultivated as they were in literature, metallurgy, and the more refined arts, their expeditions and colonial settlements were clearly, as at Olbia, in Scythia, designed to increase their wealth by *commerce.*

The Greek family of the Tarquins Greecised Etruria, and introduced painting, ceramic art, and even letters, and on *commercial principles.* Tarquin's ancestor, Demaratus, a wealthy noble of Corinth, on leaving Greece, took with him among his skilled workmen, Cleophantus and Eucheir and Eugrammus, professors in such arts (*circa* 650 B.C.).

Italy was more Greek than Italian from their numerous settlements; and the Trojan war, avenged on the fields of Latium and Etruria, was re-acted by the Tarquins on the Roman Trojans, and again avenged by the subjugation of Etruria. In short, though Virgil made his dates to suit his deity, Augustus, yet the Greeks and Trojans fought and re-fought their battles in the arena of Italy.*

Erythraean sea had Greek sailors in their crews. Most of the markings on the sepulchral pottery of Japanese tumuli approach the Phoenician form.

* In a modified sense similar antagonism has lately been going on in South Africa, when Continental skill has opposed British arms.

No wonder, then, that the commercial Greeks sought places of more peaceful residence to pursue their trade, and penetrated to the remote islands and extreme parts of the Continent for that purpose.

The wars of the Latin Julius (Julius Caesar, the Julii were a family of Latium) finally annihilated the national Greek element, though the language still lives in the colloquial *patois* of Southern France, and in no slight degree in our own place-names and colloquial and domestic terms.* How far this pursuit of the Greeks influenced Caesar's invasion of Britain is a matter for interesting investigation.

So many Greek colonies were established in Italy that *Magna Graecia* was their field for the cultivation of the vine and its dedication to Bacchus.† Their settlements and the establishment of the great commercial *entrepot* at Olbia equal, if they do not surpass, the romantic expedition for "The Golden Fleece." They are only removed from romance by being real, real in fact and in most magnificent results, educating and refining mankind.

Sir George Birdwood says:

"With all the enlarged knowledge placed at our disposal by modern botanical science, and with the whole equipments of an empire outstretched over every quarter of the globe at our command, how little shall we ever be able to accomplish in promoting an interchange of economic plants between the East and West, and adding in this way to the happiness of mankind, compared with the unstudied,

* *Infra*, pp. 65, 66, 78—83.

† See Sir George Birdwood's Blue Book to the Indian Government, largely quoted by me in "Dendrophoria" in the 'Transactions' of this Society, 1896.

casual, and almost unconscious transformation effected in the vegetation of the countries of the Mediterranean Sea, with such incalculable results in the increase of their material wealth, and the impulse thus given, and still operative, to human civilization, by the propagation throughout them of the worship of the gods of Phoenicia and Greece! The vine (with wine) followed the Phoenician worship of Dionysus, 'the Assyrian Stranger,' the sun of 'Samlah' or Semele, the course of its westward cultivation being marked by the promontory of Ampelus, now Cape Cavolos, in Crete, Mount Ampelus in Samos, the promontory of Ampelus in Macedonia (Chalcidice), by the land of Œnotria, *i. e.* of 'vine-poles,' the name already given to Southern Italy before the time of Herodotus (B.C. 484—? 434), and by Ampelusia (the el-Arish or vineyard of the Arabs), now Cape Spartel in Mauretania or Morocco."

"The place-names in Canaan derived from the grape and the winepress indicate the immemorial period at which mankind learned to prize the vine and the fermented juice of its clustered fruit. In Deut. viii, 7, 8, Canaan is described as 'a land of vines, fig trees, and pomegranates.' 'The Valley of Eshcol' means the valley of 'grapes,' and Moreshath Gath, Gath-hepher, and Gath-rimmon were all so named from their winepresses. Sibmah, Engedi, and Helbon were widely famous for their vines, and those of Helbon still retain their ancient reputation. The vine, indeed, was one of the national emblems of the kingdom of Judah, and appears as such on the coins of the Maccabees. Although originally a native of the Hindu Kush, the Elburz, and the Caucasus Mountains, it is repeatedly sculptured on the 'Nineveh marbles,' either realistically, as on the slabs now in the British Museum, representing Sennacherib [eighth century B.C.] before Lachish, and again besieging some other as yet unidentified city, and the 'noble Asnapper' ('Sardanapalus,' *i. e.* Assurbanipal, seventh century B.C.) feasting with his queen-consort under *gloriettes* of vines, enarched between cypress trees; or con-

ventionally, as in innumerable representations of the symbolical 'tree of life,' formed of the date palm—

"'Encinctured with a twine of leaves.'"

Their inquiries into the history of people in far distant lands, as described by Herodotus, and their craving for knowledge of every inhabited corner of the globe, indicates their extreme delight in voyages and maritime expeditions.

Modern writers are beginning to see the one-sidedness of Strabo, who probably obtained the appellation "squint eye" from his treating every author he referred to with contempt and doubt; and who, being no traveller himself, his voyages not extending beyond the coasts of Italy, sets down the Greek navigator of Μασσαλια, Massalia, as a mere creator of fables, whereas all that he relates is familiar and common fact to us.

Μασσαλια, MASSALIA, MASSILIA, MARSEILLES.

Pytheas relates that he visited Britain and Thule. The doubts raised by some about the latter place are easily removable. The custom of the ancients was to continually locate further off the supposed most distant islands. Thus the Fortunate Islands, the Hesperides, and others, were, as the Greeks moved westward, changed from Italy, step by step, to beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The unknown and till then untried ocean outside the Pillars was found to have islands. The first was at once made sacred by a dedication to Artemis, and thus became a Massaliot colony. As others met the eye of the adventurous navigator, the plan of the ancients in

shifting the Fortunate Islands further off was evidently adopted, and each in succession would be called Thule, Θούλη, meaning the most remote, through Θου, of τίθημι, to place, to establish as a boundary, as in Homer; and λέα, for λᾶας, a rock; till each received, to distinguish it from discovery of one still more remote, a direct name and title. This alone would not assist much; but added to his description of the unsetting sun in summer and the non-visible sun in winter, and the best authors differing only as to *which* the land he (Pytheas) went to was, and as Pliny, Mela, Tacitus, and the modern writers accept his statement as to the voyage, and his descriptions are now known to agree with fact, it matters little which the land was.

Those who have visited the North Cape, and have compared it with his writings, would see in it an identity of no slight force, far surpassing that of Iceland, both of which places I have carefully examined.* But if this daring voyage be accepted there ought to be no question about Britain. Admitting this, one thing is apparent. He was a Greek, and as he states that he travelled in this country of Britain, he must either have met those who were Greeks, or have found interpreters; *in either case Greek intercourse would necessarily be shown to have existed.* It will be interesting that this should be worked out first, to show the condition of the language Chaucer had to English.

Pytheas was, in the age in which he lived, a

* See my address to the Viking Club, 1897; and "Accounts of the Flora of the North Cape" are given by me in the 'Gardener's Chronicle' in 1894; and of my researches and excavations in Iceland in the 'Builder' in 1883.

thorough geographer as well as a bold navigator. His determining the latitude of Massalia, wanting little correction from modern geographers, is alone sufficient to show his capability and originality, to say nothing of his good use of instruments,—of the rudest class compared with those of modern times.

It will be seen when referring to Pytheas's further travels that the following matters, here mentioned separately for emphasis, reconcile objections taken by various authors.

Herodotus says expressly that neither the Scythians, nor any of the nations north of Scythia, knew anything of the Hyperboreans, showing that the latter were not in the north or east of those people (Bk. iv, ch. 32).

The Issedones spoke of them, but these people appear to have been more to the south, and may have known of the Delian mission.

It is curious that the GRIFFINS, *guardians of gold*, were said to be *south* of the Hyperboreans. This agrees exactly with the Tartessians—say the Iberians of Spain and those of Britain,—as the griffin was their badge, which seems to have originated the Norman, Scandinavian, and Brito-Gallic griffin-dragon standards. While the heraldic lion of the Massaliots may even have become a British badge through their commerce.

The enormous quantity of Irish gold exported has been shown in my article on the Audovicae.*

With the secrecy of ancient merchants, the concealing the offerings to Apollo in wheat straw by the messengers to Delos, and the continual meeting of

* 'British Archæological Journal,' December, 1897.

Hyperboreans and Delphians at Tempe, indicate the *cover* under which the gold was, later on, conveyed to Delphi, which, in common with Delos, was a sacred depository for wealth, and the Tartessian (Griffin) tax would be avoided. This was appropriated by the Massaliots, who acquired great wealth from tolls on the Fossa Mariana, proving the custom of tolls (Strabo).

Modern science has bridged over the main objections to the recognition of Greek influence, and Greek as a language, in Britain, with regard to Caesar's statement that the public and international documents were written in Greek, *as well as private ones*, "*publicis privatisque rationibus, Graecis utantur literis*,"—in their public and private transactions they use Greek letters ('G. W.,' vi, xiv).

An able writer on Caesar's 'Commentaries' says, "It is difficult to understand how Greek could be known in Britain." But not only are the Greeks of western Europe, their language, commerce, refinement, civilisation, and luxury described by Caesar, but they are also stated to have penetrated to northern Gaul, and specifically to the Rhine.

There is much corroborative evidence in other ancient authors, but an exact parallel is in Nonnus, who, describing the Iberians of Spain, extends them to the Rhine, which he calls Iberian; and Plutarch describes Iberian tribes in the Alps. Caesar mentions the name of a tribe, a section of the Volcae, probably the Volcii of Italy, not as evidence of this, not to support his statement; that was a course he never adopted, and though he is sometimes explanatory, he never seems to suppose that his statements can be brought in question. He refers to this refinement

in describing a Greek colony and their commerce incidentally.* It is not, therefore, too much to assume that this was only one of other colonial or tribal people who traded with northern Gaul. This, he states, was so ("*trans Rhenum colonias mitterent*"),† —and as a matter of course with Britain; as he also describes large fleets in all the rivers of Gaul, evidently engaged in the great commerce with south-eastern Britain, as the fleet of the Veneti was with the south-west, as carriers of tin in especial.

The Veneti (or Heneti) were colonists from Asia Minor, and appear to have been in Punic alliance, and to have continued the lucrative trade in the transit of tin by Massaliot merchants after the Carthagenian fleets were destroyed in the Punic wars.

Diodorus refers to the people of south-western Britain as *refined*, from their *intercourse with various nations;* Caesar to the people of south-eastern Britain as *entirely commercial.* The intercourse, therefore, must have been great, and no doubt supported by its traffic the commercial navies described.

The commercial naval bund of maritime traders, of which the Veneti were the most powerful and influential, must have been in communication with and well known to the Massaliots, whose Iberic and Tauric carriers must have stocked the emporium of Massalia with a constant inflow of rich merchandise, not only of tin and copper, but, as the settlements of the Ligurian Coritani attest, with leather goods from

* 'G. W.,' vi, xxiv.

† Livy refers to this as being as remote as the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, about 500 B.C., v. 34.

Corinium (Cirencester), and other places in Great Britain, and hides—then the most valuable articles of commerce,—tanned and prepared at Salinae (now Droitwich), thus stocking the ports of south-western Britain. While the Salinae, or tan-pits (now Sandy) supplied with salt, the then great tanning medium, from the salt ways in the Wash, stocked the south-eastern ports, referred to by Caesar in his memorable passage "*que regio est maritima omnes;*" and after the Carthaginian trade in tin ceased, and, again, when iron began to supplant tin in utility and value, with articles of a wider and more general commerce.

In time and distance we have to travel far, but it is into the most classical parts of England.

The gold coins found at Carnbrè, in Cornwall, without any device—which proves them to have been of the earliest Greek type—Phoenician coins found in Wales, even as far north as the Orm's Head, near Conway, indicate the modes of payment for the import and export merchandise of south-western Britain; while the pre-Roman coins of the Iceni exemplify the same as regards south-eastern Britain. Tacitus, Strabo, and other historians state that gold and silver were natural products of Britain.

It cannot be supposed that the traders in British metal between Massalia and the Veneti by the overland route of the course of the Ligur returned along a river so wealthy in commercial settlements empty-handed.* Along all the great river routes through

* The settlements are enumerated in my article in the 'British Archæological Association Journal' on "Some hitherto little noticed Earthworks in Britain." Congress, 1895.

Gaul the commerce appears to have been reciprocal. The rich wines and "luxuries" of civilisation ("*multa ad copiam atque usus largitur*," as Caesar describes them) from the coasts of the Mediterranean, and even from Asia, as he asserts—"transmarinarum rerum notitia," from *beyond the sea*,—were eagerly looked for by northern merchants. Some of the northern people would barter a boy in exchange for a jar of good wine, thus supplying the slave-market of Rome long before popes existed, or English children were compared by them to angels,—"*non Angli sed Angeli*," etc.

Hence there was a special inducement for the Massaliot navigator, Pytheas, to seek Britain, and to go, as his record attests he did, to the Baltic.

The Veneti had no commercial relations east of the Rhine. They could give no information as to the nature of the commerce of south-eastern Britain, that *altogether commercial or maritime region*. There great commerce, wealthy communities, and merchant princes were established as at present. And if, as asserted by Polybius, Pytheas was poor, here was a means of acquiring wealth by new and important commerce, which would vie with that of the fabled "GOLDEN FLEECE."

Sir Frederick Leighton has correctly and forcibly pictured the beautiful and wealthy female residents in Britain as arrayed in the richly coloured fabrics of Tyrian commerce, in his fresco in the Royal Exchange.

When in Copenhagen some years ago, I called on the most learned Scandinavian antiquary of his day, Professor Stevens, to ask him if there was any

evidence of Phoenician trading in the Baltic? He took time to consider, and informed me that what evidence had come under his notice was of either Greek or Phoenician visitors. Massaliot traders would have trafficked alike in Punic and Greek merchandise. There appears reason to think that a good deal of the Samian (Greek) ware found in Britain was of pre-Roman importation.

There is no reliable data as to the period in which Pytheas lived; the general opinion is that it was long prior to the time of Julius Caesar. Probably so, as the wars of Caesar would speedily have Latinised the Greek populations in Gaul. It is not improbable, therefore, that Pytheas may have been the investigator through whose acquired knowledge the overland traffic in tin by the Ligur was enlarged, or even originated. His name stands *almost* alone as a man of practical science of the Massaliots; and it is quite possible that his voyage to the Baltic was one for establishment of Massaliot commerce in the growing days of that settlement, and that his notoriety was due to the success resulting from it. Everything indicates his having been a founder of Massalian commerce and enterprise, and as some person must have investigated and then organised the overland commerce after the Punic fleets were destroyed by Rome (*circa* 150 B.C.), and as there is no other great navigator or man of geographical science whose name appears in the biography of the Massaliots, it seems more than probable that Pytheas was the originator of the re-organisation of that traffic, though its foundation appears very remote.

Moreover the remarkable mention of a sacred island, Brittia (Heligoland or Rugen), by Tacitus, visited for religious ceremonials by all the tribes of North Germany, and the description of the same, or one of these islands, by Procopius, in connection with Thule and Britain, clearly show how the same route was identified; while the story of the conveyance of the dead to that island in the dark by mysterious vessels, the same story from Brest to the Isle d'Ouisant, Bardsey Island in Wales, and at Avalon, Glastonbury, all show the introduction of the Greek story of Charon and his freights of souls.

Ridicule has been cast on Pytheas from his assertion that the people in Britain breathed mollusca as air, *which he had seen.* The modern use of this word to indicate fish of invertebrate species makes this appear impossible, but the real meaning of the word μαλακὸς, which is Greek (malacos) is simply "*soft,*" our thick fogs in short; and "soft" is the exact word still used in Scotland for a fog or mist. There being no fogs in the Mediterranean, Pytheas would have viewed them with astonishment. Pytheas uses the Greek word, and must have found it so applied in Britain. If the date at which he lived is as remote as some assume, the Greek word, though used in Homer, may even have originated in Britain as an exponent of its fogs; it is impossible that he could have invented it. It is the 'Moly' of Shakespear.

The Massaliots then were not only Greek colonists but Greek colonisers, and introducers of Greek worship. They were intimately acquainted with Asia Minor, nationally, from the Phocaean residents of Ionia among them, and religiously, with

Ephesus, from the priestess of Artemis joining them there, who, being appointed by an oracle the guardian of their religion, built a temple to that goddess at Massalia, and also established her worship; and such temples were built and such worship instituted in all the numerous colonies founded by the Massaliots.

But the Ephesian Diana was not alone; Asia Minor, from Troy southwards to Baalbec, was a country in which the worship of Apollo with the Greeks, or Baal with the Phoenician people prevailed, and Strabo describes the temples to these two deities at Massalia as being on the citadel *—the Ephesium, a temple of Artemis (Diana of Ephesus), and one to Apollo, of whom the founders of Massalia dedicated a bronze statue at Delphi to commemorate a victory over the Carthaginians, which resulted in their possession of the country they then held (Pausanias).

These two worships seem to have extended to Britain, Artemis in Selene, retained in Selby, Selkirk, Selwood, Selborne, etc.,† and the worship of Apollo, described by Hecataeus as that of the Hyperboreans, in which, if so, the great temple at Avebury is referred to. With either or both, Greek priests and priestesses would have been established, and Greek, as a hieratic language, introduced.

The tradition of the introduction of the worship of Apollo and Diana into Britain (the most refined and refining part of the Greek mythological *cult*)

* Still identified by Mont Dragon, and its approach by Rue Dragon.

† *Infra*, pp. 65, 66.

is further exemplified by its being handed down and recorded in the Cottonian MSS. that the two most important parts of the island, the territory of the Trinobantes, now known as London, and its western suburb Westminster, were dedicated, the first to Diana, the last to Apollo; and the discovery and recovery of the beautiful Etruscan-built temple on Thorney Island, which was dedicated to Apollo, is a corroborative proof of such dedication now existing,* and which temple is in my possession.

It is curious that Herodotus (i., 163), describing the adventurous maritime spirit of the Phocaeans, refers to their being pioneers of the Greeks to the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenian Sea, Iberia, Tartessus, etc., but does not mention their settling in the Keltic or Gallic country. This may arise from the fact that the district of Massalia was really not in the country of the Gauls. A vast district north of Massalia was also not Keltic, but was occupied by Ligurians, whose territories extended from the Alps to the Rhone, and around the Hercynian forest (Caesar),—a warlike people and hunters, who visited Britain by the Liger or Ligur route, and must have traded largely with Britain in hides and leather. These hides requiring to be cured, the occupation of curing by salt, the then only known process, obtained for the Ligures the appellation of Salyes, Σάλυες, as the making of leather in Britain at *Salinae* procured for the same people the appellation of Coritani, a purely Italian word derived from the corium or leather which they produced and traded in.

* See my article on the "Ordovicae, or Workers of Irish Gold," 'British Archæological Journal,' Conway Congress, 1898.

Group of five Plates. PLATE 1.] [*To face p.* 50.

PRE-ROMAN TEMPLE FROM THORNEY ISLAND, AT WESTMINSTER.

Exhumed by Dr. Phené, F.S.A.

View of South Elevation, showing Temple, with base of intense strength, with the two bonding "damp courses" of schist; protected by a breakwater of boulders, and steps of ascent from low-water mark upwards.

See the *Cottonian MSS.* in the British Museum, for the Dedication of the District of Thorney, now Westminster, to Apollo, and the four following Plates. To illustrate Etruscan and Pre-Roman architecture in Britain. (London, district of the Trinobantes.)

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

Group of five Plates. PLATE 2.] [*To face p.* 50.

PRE-ROMAN TEMPLE FROM THORNEY ISLAND, AT WESTMINSTER.

Exhumed by Dr. Phené, F.S.A.

View of East Elevation, showing the foundation of base and masonry of steps of ascent, all bedded firmly in the natural sloping gravel of the Thames shore.

See the *Cottonian MSS.* in the British Museum, for the Dedication of the District of Thorney, now Westminster, to Apollo, and the three following Plates.

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

Group of five Plates. PLATE 3.] [*To face p.* 50.

PRE-ROMAN TEMPLE FROM THORNEY ISLAND, AT WESTMINSTER.

Exhumed by Dr. Phené, F.S.A.

Enlarged view of Temple with sculptured enrichments.

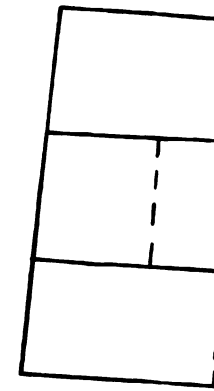
See the *Cottonian MSS.* in the British Museum, for the Dedication of the District of Thorney, now Westminster, to Apollo, and the two following Plates.

[Reg'd. at Stationer's Hall (copyright).

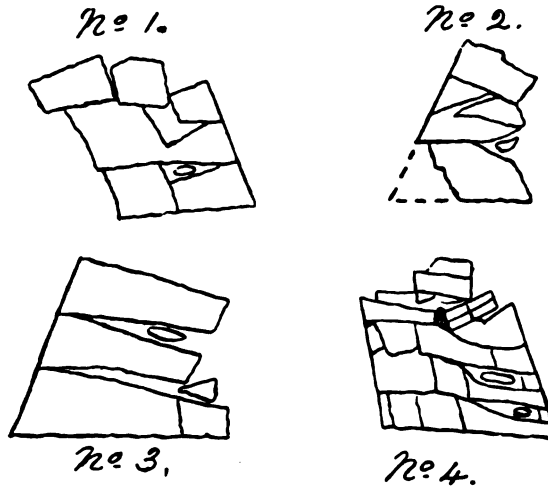
THE TEMPLE AT WESTMINSTER.

Exhumed by Dr. Phené, F.S.A.

In "Cyclopean" or Pelasgic-Etrurian masonry, with wrought face and squared face joints. Batter produced by galets, between rudely-shaped wedge blocks.



Modern mason's work, with bevelled face for batter, with close parallel joints; which goes back to the early Greek period in all points, except only in Etruscan architecture.



WALLS OF ETRURIA, WITH BATTERING COURSES.

From personal surveys by Dr. Phené in 1850-77-84.

No. 1. Russellae. No. 2. Populonia. No. 3. Faesulae. No. 4. Volaterrae.

See the *Cottonian MSS.* in the British Museum, and the three preceding Plates.

Group of five Plates. PLATE 4.] [*To face p.* 50.

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

Group of five Plates. PLATE 5.] [*To face p.* 50.

REMAINS OF PRE-ROMAN AND OLD ROMAN LONDON.

One of several groups of Pre-Roman and Romano-British massive architectural fragments sculptured in hard sandstone, found built as waste material into a bastion of the old Roman Wall of London, and now in the Guildhall Museum. It contains columns, capitals, cornices, friezes, spandrils, volutes, &c., &c., corresponding to those uncovered in the FOUNDATIONS of the OLD ROMAN WALL by Mr. Roach Smith.

See his published account "Londinium", and DR. PHENÉ'S articles on "Old London"; also the *Cottonian MSS.* in the British Museum, and the four preceding Plates.

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

While amongst the Ligurians the appellative attached to the people, in other countries, as Britain, Gaul, and Roman Italy, it attached to the places of production. There are two places named Salinae, Σαλῖναι, in Britain, while those in Italy produced a considerable revenue to the Roman State. They abounded in Italy and its conquered provinces, Liguria, etc.

These *Salinae*, or salt works, were let by the Roman government to the *publicani*, and were estimated at a high value. Rent or tribute was even paid to Rome for those in Britain, Gaul, etc.

In Britain the western *Salinae* (now the town of Droitwich, near Cirencester) indicate the Ligurian from the Phoenician parts of Belerium, Bolerium, or more probably Balerium; Bal is Ligurian and Etruscan for a mine,—and the material extracted from a mine, and *to this day* is so used in Cornwall (Balerium).* It appears also as a Punic word, no doubt a contraction of the original Baal, as the giver of riches.

In the great hunting grounds, in the now eastern and midland counties, the Ligurian Coritani or leather-makers (*i. e.* hide curers) dressed the skins of animals of the chase, and of the large local herds of cattle, at *Salinae* (now Sandy) in Bedfordshire. The extent of their trade may be gleaned from the large number of places in north and south Britain in which *Corium* is incorporated, as Cora in the north, to Corinium in the south. Their strongholds can still be identified by the Graeco-Italian words

* See my article on "Etruscan and English Synonymes" in the 'Transactions' of this Society.

around them, as *cupola*,* for a hollow in a hill; *Braciacae*, a local place-name, etc., both near a main citadel or acropolis, *Carles-Work*, near Hathersage, in Derbyshire; † and on Stanton Moor, Staffordshire, and many other places.

In the park of Sandy House, through which the river Ivel ‡ winds in a remarkably serpentine course, is the name of "Cold Harbour" (*Coluber*), evidently a river deity of the Coritani, who reverenced the serpent. These *Salinae* were supplied with salt by the pre-Roman salt ways, still traceable from the Wash to the Foss Way, so that these hunters and curers of hides supplied largely the commerce of the south-eastern and south-western ports of Britain. In the same park are artificially raised banks facing the south at a convenient slope for stretching the hides; the curing pits come close to the foot of these banks, so that the cured hides could be at once dried in the sun.

A large number of places named "Cold Harbour" are found to be, in most cases, where unusually serpentine forms of rivers are, as near Harpenden, in Hertfordshire, though in some cases a number of tumuli arranged in a studiedly serpentine form take the place of the winding river, as on the Downs near Dunstable. The *Forum Dianae* was traditionally here, and a few miles north-east of it Sundon was apparently a district of Apollo.

The dragon and python are inseparable from water and from death, and the water deity and the

* See my article on "Some hitherto little noticed Earthworks in Britain," 'Brit. Arch. Association Journal,' December, 1897.

† 'Archaeologia,' vol. vii, p. 175.

‡ Ligurian *Ivi*, in that place.

presiding deity of the tombs would therefore be expressively figured under the name *coluber*, of which, as pointed out by a studious antiquary, "Cold Harbour" is a popular corruption. At any rate the facts synchronise so closely as to make it highly probable—as Apollo's emblem, the dragon or python, was the chief deity of these people—that the word *coluber*—in Iberian Culebra—was the original form, of which "Cold Harbour" is a corruption.

This worship would have been most welcome to the Iberian settlers in Spain, who, being in company with the Asiatic Greek settlers from Phocaea,* Ephesus, and other parts of Asia Minor, the Scythic and Tauric Greeks, the Ligurian Italians stretching from Italy to the Rhone, the Carthaginian merchants and later Punic refugees, and the Graeco-Italian settlers, must clearly have been colonists of the Iberians of Asia, and would have held the same worship in their former country. Without priests, temples, or ceremonies their worship would have fallen into disuse, and its revival by the priestess of the Ephesium would have raised Massalia to the highest pinnacle of respect in their eyes, making it the chief city of Western Europe.

The great trade between Spain and Ireland accounts for the extraordinary traditions of serpents and serpent worshippers in Ireland, conjointly with the worship of the sun, from which, as they were both emblems of Apollo, it cannot be separated. The retention of the worship of Apollo in his terrestrial form of a dragon is still one of the most prominent features throughout Spain, as in the popular phrase

* *Circa* 540 B.C.

"*No hay funcion sin Tarascon*"—There is no religious ceremony without the dragon. The description of the dragon as *Tarascon* distinctly indicates the form figuring him on earth,* as the sun did in the heavens, and also accords with the vast semblances of earth, constructed in the forms of dragons, described by Hecataeus, of which forms I have published many extant examples discovered by me, and exhibited them as well during repeated addresses to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, during about forty years, as also to the American Association and the *Association Française.*

The Avebury temple and its monuments combine the sun and serpent forms, indicating that it was the temple of Apollo stated by Diodorus, quoting Hecataeus and others, to be in the *northern island off the coast of Gaul, which was larger than Sicily in extent.* The comparison might have been with Sardinia, as being larger than Sicily; or with Cyprus, Crete, or some other island better known to the Greeks, but that, in addition to its size, Sicily and Britain are both triangular. This triangularity of Sicily was carefully noted by ancient authors, and was equally recorded by them with respect to Britain. Caesar asserted that Britain was triangular—"Triquetra" (Bk. 5, ch. xiii, 'G. W.'). And there is no other island north of Gaul that is triangular or larger than Sicily.

Moreover in those early days of navigation the only way of determining its being as large or larger

* Greek τέρας, a monster serpent. See my account of my taking official part in the Dracontic ceremonies of La Tarasque at Tarascon, in the 'Builder,' August 30th, 1879.

than Sicily was by the extent of space between the angles or promontories. Caesar, quoting older authorities, gives the space between the southern angles as five hundred miles, so that its angularity was known from its comparison with Sicily by Hecataeus, Diodorus, etc.

It seems impossible to conclude, therefore, that any island except Britain was referred to; and it is equally clear the record by Hecataeus, admitted to be only a fragment, is an incomplete introductory fragment. The mere fact of Britain being known to be an *island*, and also to be *larger than Sicily*, in that remote age, proves that it must have been circumnavigated, and only such intellectual explorers as Hecataeus and Pytheas could or would have made such an investigation. In which case its triangularity—a feature which particularly attracted the attention of the ancients as to Sicily, and caused them to name it Trinacria (ἄκραι, ends) = three-sided—must have been taken note of. Moreover it is not confounded with Thule, as the Orcades, Orkneys, and Ebudes, Hebrides would have been seen in such circumnavigation, and the description of the people places it on the north side of Gaul. Hecataeus was the most reliable geographer and navigator of the ancients. A man of wealth, he devoted himself to marine travel in particular, and from the fragments of his works quoted by Diodorus Siculus and others, he not only visited the whole of the eastern part of the Mediterranean, but both its northern and southern shores westward to Spain, as recorded by himself; but he writes of this northern island and its temple to Apollo as though

he knew these also personally. He is the only author that Strabo refers to without sarcastic remarks, or doubt as to the genuineness of his observations. It is by no means improbable that he sailed to the Baltic, and visited Britain, as his observation of this northern island seems introductory to a description of it later on, it being his custom to record minutely the various geographical, physical, and urban features of the places he mentioned; but as his works were in the great Alexandrian library, their destruction makes the quotations from them intensely valuable, and the exception to his rule is a good reason for thinking there was an extended account, to which this was only a preface. He lived about 500 years B.C., about the time of Tarquin's going to Etruria, when the whole world was seeking information as to northern and western Europe, and Pytheas may have been of his time. In any case the description of the northern island off Gaul, and its great *round* temple to Apollo, clearly comes from an eyewitness, and there is no other island or temple answering the description, and this exactly describes them both. And the description goes on into further details. Not only is the temple stated to be *round*, but the Iberian Greek is referred to as a *particular dialect*, and a city sacred to Apollo in the same island (Britain) is mentioned (Thorney).

The identification of Tartessus in Iberian Spain with Tarshish of the Hebrew writers is so early a connecting link between Asia and the Iberians that nothing short of their Asiatic origin can be concluded.

The Apollion of the sacred writings was the

NORTH SEA.

SOUTH.

To face p. 56.]

Professor Klausen, on a careful examination of the voyages made by Hecataeus, gives the above as the representation of the earth and sea referred to by Hecataeus. What is noticeable is, that whereas the OCEAN, which was then unexplored, is shown on the south, and east and the west of the earth, the western end of the CASPIAN SEA, which Hecataeus had probably visited, and the NORTH SEA, which he seems evidently to have visited, *and those only*, have names given to identify them.

To face p. 57.]

REMARKABLE SCULPTURE IN ANATOLIA.

Drawing from the Rock by Dr. Phené.

The night emblem of Apollo, the Graeco-Scythic dragon, driven away by Astarte, the rising moon, is one of the most striking features among the numerous rock sculptures in the ancient district of Pteria. Texier, surveying it hastily, considered the sculptured wings mere rock weathering, and represented the animal form as that of the unicorn. But it was a veritable dragon when examined by DR. PHENÉ in 1856.

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dragon deity of the Greeks. In Anatolia a well-known sculpture represents the dragon form of Apollo, which is emblematic of darkness during night, as the sun was of his presence during day, and accords with the Hesperian python, Ladon, beyond the pillars of Hercules, the exact form of this ancient worship in Spain proving alike its antiquity and location.

Massalia was the great Western Capital of Greek civilisation, as Olbia, in Scythia, was the Eastern, and many Graeco-Scythic words and people came west with the Tauric and Asiatic Greeks: the geographical words are identical, as Olbia, in Sardinia; Olbia, near Massalia; while the Greek kings of Bactria or the Phoenician and Greek traders in the Erythraean Sea may even have originated the Graeco-Scythic dragon worship in China.

These two great capitals civilised the barbarous worships of the eastern and western north, from the Mediterranean to northern Scythia and northern Scandinavia. Their comparatively ameliorating Heliacal worship permeated to every district, and their deity of the night, the python of Apollo, was so universal that the Scandinavians described it as surrounding the whole earth, *i. e.* Midgard, the abode of men. Mr. Gladstone shows that Helios was an Asiatic deity. Selene as Hecate, *i. e.* when set, was one with Demeter, and Persephone's dragons were indicative of her, hence the dragon emblemed the set sun and set moon.

As to Apollo's python and *Coluber*, I have visited all the places I could find bearing the name of "Cold Harbour," and always found a *winding*

stream, sometimes artificially curved, or other serpentine form; in addition to this, rude sheds or shalings were found, and always remembered to have been located near, quite enough to have originated the modern appellation, but which in rude times would have been fair lodging for the pilgrim devotees, who for long and long after the districts became Christianised would have visited these spots; as the many edicts against such worship to a late date—which are enumerated in my article on Dendrophoria to this Society—prove that it was not obliterated; and pagan customs are still kept up in the British Isles, Western Europe, and even in Italy, and frequently at night,—some of which I have seen.

These wealthy capitals rose and flourished entirely on the *commercial* enterprise of the Greeks. Accounts of the great religious ceremonies of both places are historic. The fascination of the Greek worship, both in the East and West, was overpowering, and more than one Scythic king was dethroned for attending the great ceremonies of Olbia; while the Massalian worship of Diana and Apollo spread into all the Massaliot colonies, and must therefore have included Britain.

And as Apollo was worshipped under the form of a python or dragon,* such worship must have been introduced by these immigrants. Indeed, the points of resemblance between the older Greek religion of Dodona, which had reached Etruria and was used by the Aruspici, embraced these dragonistic features

* See my article on "Place-Names in and around Rome," etc., 'Transactions' of this Society, vol. xx, part 1, October, 1898.

in the worship of Apollo in Latium, afterwards transferred to Soracte in Etruria. The Druidical ceremonies in Aricia and on Mount Soracte were those of the Druids of Gaul and Britain, and the remote island of Britain, from its isolation, preserved their original ceremonies with uncorrupted purity, as related by Caesar.

Massalia had its colleges for law, rhetoric, and philosophy; was highly literary, its transcripts of Homeric poems being those used by the Alexandrian commentators on Greek poetry.

Although Caesar's statements refer to Gaul, they are even stronger by implication as to Britain, where he says the students of the Gauls were sent to study law, religion, rhetoric, etc.; and it is impossible that two great centres of learning like Massalia (to which the nobles also sent their sons for the same studies) and Britain could have existed without intercourse, in face of the commercial fleets trading here. It follows also, as a matter of course, that students having passed with honour through either would seek the other for fresh attainments, and in such case a common language would be used, *and that language must have been Greek.* The Latins sent their sons to Massalia to learn Greek.

The ships and ship-building yards of Massalia were well known. Having no agricultural territory, it flourished by commerce alone, and its inevitable trade with Britain would have insured literary intercourse.

Although no original Greek poets are recorded as being Massaliot citizens, yet the use of this poetical work, the transcripts of Homer, in Alexandria

strongly indicates that the works of Massaliot writers would have existed in the destroyed library. These fragments or transcripts seem even to indicate priority of date to the arrangement of Homer's poems by Peisistratus, and were probably used as more reliable in consequence, the Alexandrian critics being carefully exact.

But it is time to cross over to the "Northern island off the coast of Gaul" (Britain), and on doing so the oldest traditions take up the Greek nation there from Scythia to Spain, and even include the most sacred places in and around Greece itself.

The Greek influence, through commerce and friendly intercourse, was much more insinuating and ameliorating than that of the Roman sword, and though the latter dominated, and the chiefs were gained by elevation to Roman citizenship, the former had softened barbarism and remained in the hearts and language of the people, and can be traced to the present time in Southern France and in Anglo-Saxon England. Massalia was recognised as the teacher of civilisation to the Galli (the nation of the Gauls) by historians.

Hence when Rome conquered the West the people loved and adhered to their old Greek customs, language, and religion, and when Rome became Christianised they still retained them. To this day in Italy some Greek mountain tribes have retained their Greek dress, language, and customs, and practise old pagan rites in secret, which all the edicts of the Church could not suppress even in the Pyrenees and in Britain.

The court language of Latin Rome, and the con-

quering sword of Rome, only estranged the people and forced them into stubborn submission, as well in Italy as in Britain.

The refined and Grecised nations of Latium, Etruria, etc., were exceptions, the first being itself Latin, and both, in a sense, unconquered. Their nobles became nobles of Rome, and patrician families claimed descent from them. They were capable of sharing the Government, and soon headed it in the Tarquins, Tullii, Julii, etc., though here and there a man of the people, like Cicero, rose through talent and the use of the court language to power and eminence.

Being in the Northern Island, evidently referred to by Hecataeus, our first business is at and with Avebury—which, thanks to Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury, a noble title), is not yet a thing of the past.

As there is no island in the world that answers the description by Hecataeus except Britain, so there is no temple of its kind in the world so vast as that of Avebury, in which, for that reason, I identify the temple of Apollo, the fame of which extended to the shores of Scythia, the refined city of Minerva (Athens), the sacred Delos, and was clearly known by the Greeks of Western Europe.

Its appearance at once removes it into an antiquity unknown to Stonehenge, and speaks of a people before Rome was, a people altogether unlike the Romans. Its vastness proves it to have been a temple to the greatest deity of the island, and its impressive symmetry, allowing for the rude times of its formation, speaks loudly of the purity and un-

varying form of the Sun God.* The details of the sacking the accumulated wealth of the Iceni, involving destruction of Greek records by the Romans, as at the palace of Prasutagus, accounts for no evidences or existing remains of the Greek writings. Moreover it was the custom of conquerors to destroy archives of their predecessors, as shown from the utter destruction of records of Tyre and Carthage, and from the time of the Pharaohs to that of Edward the First of England; and in the case of Prasu-*tagus* † courtesy was specially due from the Romans.

With all the later and overpowering grandeur of Stonehenge, it is but an earthy pantheon, whereas Avebury speaks of a Monotheism all-pervading, all-powerful, all-inclusive of the All-Father (then thought to be emblemed by the sun), unequalled by any other similar work of man's construction; a work, I have no doubt, made by the hands of Greeks, or more probably of Graeco-Iberians; the "tan," in Bri*tan*nia being Iberian.‡ Certainly it seems the earliest temple of its kind ever constructed, representing the great disc of the sun literally borne on

* A good deal of the irregularity of the embankment, which Sir Richard Colt Hoare complains is not shown by Stukeley, has arisen from *pits* being dug in it to burn the large stones, and from the diggings by treasure seekers. This I have found from personal observation. These pits for burning the stones are actually quoted in Sir R. C. Hoare's great work, and many existed before his time. (*Infra*, p. 64, note.)

† Husband of Boadicea. The termination of his name is Iberian.

‡ Sir R. C. Hoare writes "Abury," Dr. Stukeley "Abiri;" this uncertainty leads to the supposition that Ibiri or Iberi was the original word. Hence Iberian, Abierto, open; Abrir, to enclose, as to the temple, compare the Iberic words Abiosa, a huge snake, as to the serpent, Ibero, an Iberian. Hesiod's Abii (Abiri).

the dorsal folds of a gigantic python creeping upon the earth, far surpassing, though combining, the Egyptian symbolism of the winged sun and its attendant *uraei*. This idea of Stukeley's, expressed before many of the stones were demolished, could not have been without reasonable foundation, or Sir Richard Colt Hoare would not have inserted it in his great work without objections, as where Stukeley is wrong Sir Richard points it out. On the contrary, Sir Richard in a large plate, from a survey made by his professional surveyor, shows both the avenues forming the serpent as existing, though slightly varying from Stukeley's drawing, and so far corrects it.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare states regarding this plan by his surveyor, while finding fault with that by Stukeley:

"On examining this ground-plan, we perceive a degree of symmetry, of which, except upon paper, we could form no conception, *nor for which could we give credit to the early Britons.* We behold the grand circle placed in the centre of the picture, and the large mount of Silbury in a line opposite to it. Two avenues, *like wings,** expand themselves to the right and left, as if to protect the hallowed sanctuary and the holy mount."

Dr. Stukeley seeks Hebrew for the name of this temple, but it is that of a people much nearer at hand, and known to have been the common residents in Britain before the Gauls.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare uses the word Abury, now Avebury, from the Iberic transmutation of b and v.

* Exactly the Egyptian winged sun.

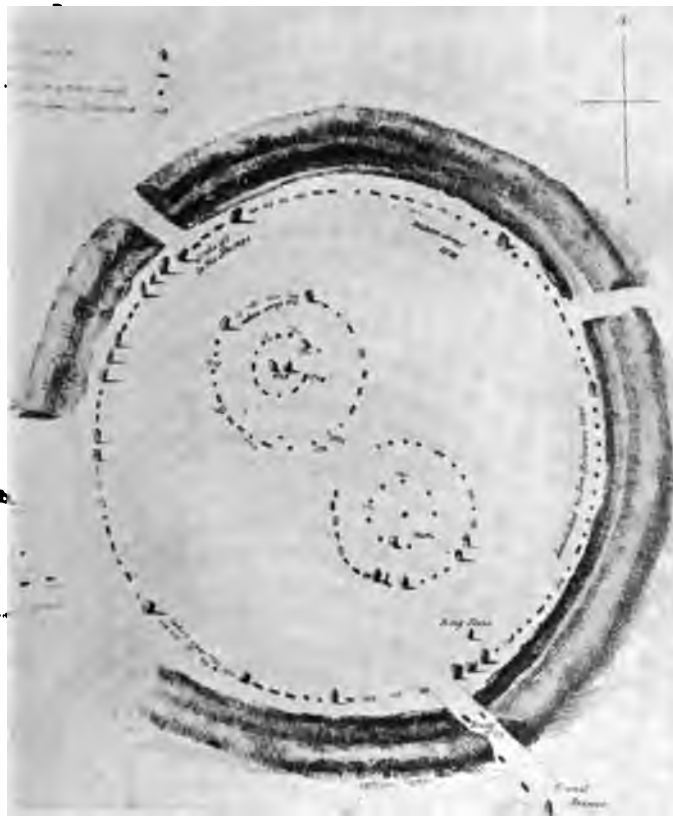
Stukeley more correctly uses Aberi or Abiri, of which Iberi would have been the source.

The name is distinctly Iberic. The Iberic words *Abierto*, open; *Abrir*, to obstruct, or enclose, as by an embankment; *Abra*, a hollow, apply to this as an embanked hollow temple open to the heavens. *Abiosa*, a huge serpent, applies to the form of the wings of the temple; a word apparently combining dimension of dominion or territory, in *aba*, and in the region of the under world, in *osar*, a place of death—the exact description of Apollo's python. *Ibero* is Iberic for an Iberian. Bury in Avebury or Abury is a corruption for Abiri or Iberi, and also in Silbury (Sil-beri). The Iberic *Sill* or *Sil* is an official seat, throne, etc., latterly used as for a bishop's see,* ecclesia, etc. And from Silbury Hill all the great ceremonies within the temple could be well seen. On unearthing a part near the embankment† enormous quantities of burnt earth, bones, horns, etc., were found and carted away. The same things were found on the traditional site of the altar to Diana in London, where St. Paul's now stands. Classical writers state that in sacrifices to the underground deities the whole victim was destroyed by fire, as appears to have been the case with this pythonic semblance at Avebury, and also at the altar of Diana (as above), who, as Hecate—the set moon—became an underground deity.

In my late paper on "Place-Names" I suggested

* Spenser.

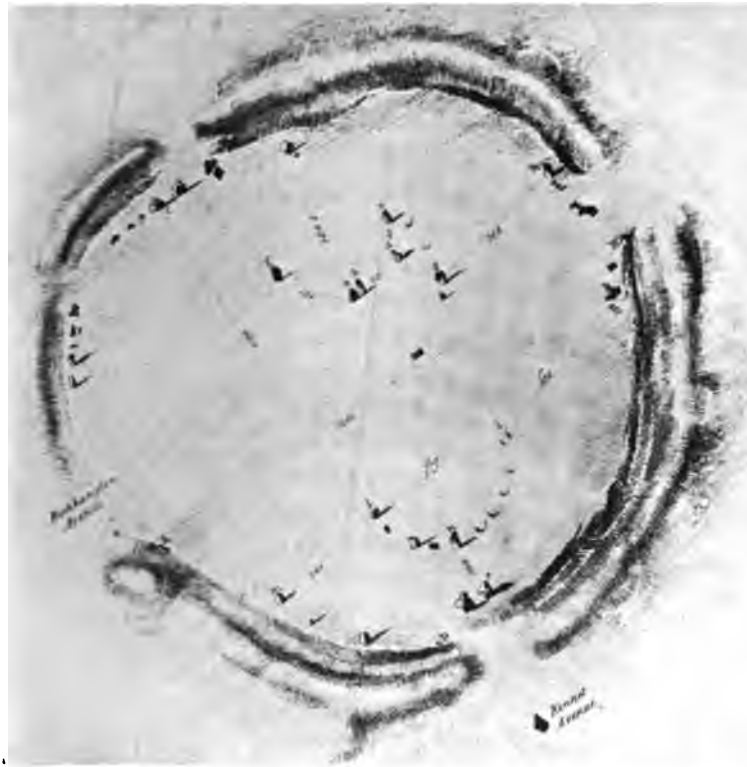
† This digging at the embankment, which seems to have been prior to Sir R. C. Hoare's survey, would have tended to destroy the true form of the temple even more than the pits for burning stone. (See *supra*, p. 62.)



Group of four Plates. PLATE 1, *to face p.* 64.] [*This with three following Plates.*

TEMPLE AT ABURY.

This plan, considered by Sir R. C. Hoare to have been made by Dr. Stukeley in the year 1724, cannot be correctly attributed to him, as it bears the date "1702." As Stukeley measured the circle, in company with Mr. Robert Gale, in 1721, and published his account in 1724, it would appear that he used a drawing by some antiquary, made nearly twenty years before, and perhaps even then copied from some previous examiner, as Aubury in 1663, Dr. Toop, and others. Camden quotes from Aubury's MS., which contains a sketch, seen by Stukeley. Sir R. C. Hoare's survey was made in 1812, being 110 years after the date "1702," and 91 years after Stukeley's survey, during which time great dilapidations, both of the earthwork and the stones of the temple, had occurred. The name Abury, which Stukeley said was *wrong*, in itself shows it was not by him. Sir Richard complains of his making it *too round.*



Group of four Plates. PLATE 2, *to face p.* 64.] [*This with two following Plates.*

TEMPLE AT ABURY.

Survey by Sir R. C. Hoare in 1812.

After 91 years of continuous and persistent excavations into the temple, and wanton injury by persons residing in the surrounding villages, the wonder is rather that the earthwork should have preserved so much instead of so little of its rotundity. The divergence, under these circumstances, is not sufficient to show that the original work was not at least as circular as that in the preceding Plate. Nearly every irregularity bears the impress of the spade of the destroyer, and by the loose and crumbled earth in the more prominent ones, is seen to be the result of unmistakable intent to demolish the form of the embankment.

Group of four Plates. PLATE 3, *to face p.* 64.] [*This and the following Plate.*

PLAN OF ABIRI,

With its two Avenues, and Silbury Hill.

Surveyed by Dr. Stukeley in 1721.

The drawing in this Plate is too mechanical, and Stukeley is wrong in his topography, "Overton Hill" being really Hackpen Hill, as seen in the next Plate. Still, 91 years before Sir R. C. Hoare made his survey was a long period, and a period of destruction of the temple. Dr. Stukeley must, therefore, have had great advantages over Sir R. C. Hoare, and the temple must have been much more perfect, and a large number of stones standing to indicate the Avenues in Dr. Stukeley's time.

the probability of Silbury Hill being incomplete, from its wanting its spiral ascent similar to those still existing on eminences from East Anglia to the frontier of Wales.

Mr. Gladstone describes the Helloi and Selloi (terms which no doubt descended to the sacred administrators of the rites of Helios and Σελήνη, Selene) as interchangeable terms. This arose, no doubt, from their alternation in day and night, and their sometimes, as at rising and setting, apparently almost equal magnitude. It approximates to the term ἕκατος, far-shooting, applied to Apollo, and the feminine ἑκάτη to Artemis as Selene; also to Ἥλιος and Ἥλη.

The latter word, Selene, as abbreviated and incorporated in compound words, is hardly ever found *except in Britain and Greece*, and the few exceptions are in Greek colonies. The less prominence of this appellation of the moon in Greece arises from the numerous other terms applied to it there, as Artemis, Diana, Hecate, etc.; some examples have been already quoted.

The following names illustrate the localities sacred to Selene:

Britain.	*Gaul.*	*Holstein.*
1. Selby.	1. Sellesner-cher.	1. Selenter-See.
2. Selham.	2. Selle.	
3. Selhurst.		
4. Selkirk.		
5. Selling.		
6. Selsdon. (Compare Sundon, etc.)		
7. Selston.		
8. Selwood.		
9. Selsea. (Chelsea may be a corruption of Selsea; if so, Apollo's Thorney would lie midway between the		

rising and setting Selene, both places being on remarkable elevations—St. Paul's and St. Luke's.)

10. Selway or Solway.
11. Selgovie. The priests of the worship.

Camden gets Solway from Selgovie; here again is confusion of the sun with the moon.

Denmark.	*Norway.*	*Russia.*
1. Selle.	1. Sel.	1. Seligher (Lake).
	2. Selbo.	
Germany.	*Italy.*	*Greece.*
1. Selb.	1. Sele.	1. Selinus.
2. Selbitz.		2. Sellasia.
3. Sellye.		3. Selve.
4. Selmeez.		4. Selistie.
5. Selve.		5. Selitza.
The words Selva, Seltz, are not applicable.		6. Selvi.
		7. Selmuo.
		8. Selimnia.

This is pre-Christian Greek.

As strong indications of references to Apollo could be given, but Artemis as Selene is less known, as to the name, to the Greek writers on Britain.

But the moon was associated with Britain in a special manner. Diodorus, quoting ancient authors, says the moon was held to be nearer this island than elsewhere, and Apollo visits the island once in every nineteen years. Leto (Latona), mother of Apollo and Diana, was described as being born here, and Hercules as having visited the island. One ancient writer asserts that on inquiring at Massalia about the navigation in the northern seas, he could get no information.

There is nothing surprising in this. The old story of the Roman and Phoenician ship-masters,

when the latter wrecked his ship rather than let the Roman know his trade course; the determination of the merchants summoned by Caesar not to reveal to him the products of, or the nationalities in, Britain; the ingenious report of the Irish people being cannibals, to prevent gold-dealers seeking the rich Irish gold,—these and other subterfuges reveal the spirit of secrecy as the ruling one of the merchants, whose trade would be open to strangers if known.

The story given by Herodotus of the communication between this island and Greece is too long to insert, but it may be summarised.

He records two sacred deputations from the island so described to the specially Holy Island of Apollo and Diana—Delos. The names of the delegates are given in each case, as—First, two virgins, Arge (Ἀργής) and Opis (Ὄπις), both Greek names signifying a serpent, from its bright and rapid movements, bright light; and under the care and favour of the gods. Second, Hyperoché (Ὑπεροχή), preeminent, a ridge. The Gallic *roches* (rocks) is clearly this word, so that it may be said to be half Greek, half Gallic,* *i. e.* from beyond the rocks or coast = beyond the sea; or Greek ῥόχθος, the roar of the waves, and Laodicé (Λαοδική) (Greek), the law, or custom of the people.

Corresponding missions are asserted to have issued from Greece to the priests of Apollo here, in each case to convey votive offerings to Apollo and Diana.

* Plato and others assert that the Greeks adopted words from the nations they came in contact with.

The missionaries did not return in either case. Those to Greece remained and were buried in Delos. Perhaps those to Britain were interred in the long barrow near Avebury.

It is remarkable, as these two worships involved night and day ceremonies, that the spirally cut hills of England, which appear to have been sacred ascents for such worshippers (as figured in my "Place-names in and around Rome, Latium, Etruria and Britain," in this Society's 'Transactions'),* in the east of England ascend facing the rising sun, and on the west side ascend facing the setting sun.

One of the most singular evidences of night or Dragon worship in the west of Europe, is, that the Python, Ladon, the Dragon form of the set sun, the hidden Apollo, was the emblem of the Iberian Tarshish (Tartessus), as the winged dragon or griffin, and was adopted by the Samians on their first voyage to Tartessus, to commemorate the great wealth their voyage produced (Herodotus, bk. iv, ch. 152), and like the winged dragon sphinx of Oedipos at Thebes, and the Graeco-Scythic dragon at Olbia, ruled from east to west in Asia and Europe.

So bright had been the recollection of the advent, mission, and death of the delegates from Britain, that perpetual rites were maintained at their graves in Delos.

The graves of these missionaries bearing offerings to Apollo and Diana were in Delos, and known to Herodotus, who minutely describes them, as well as the rites performed at them.

The tomb of the earlier ones was behind the

* October, 1898, vol. xx, part 1.

temple of Diana, and faced the east; it was near the banqueting hall of the Ceians; that of the later ones, on the left on entering the *temenos* of Diana, with an olive tree growing on it. Youths and maidens, before marriage, cut off and dedicated portions of their hair to the interred messengers in the latter case; and collections (firstfruits) were made at the other tomb during the chanting of a Lycian hymn, composed for the purpose, and the bones burnt on the altar were strewn over the tomb. These rites existed in the time of Herodotus (bk. iv, chs. 32, 33), *circa* 540 B.C. By the ruined temples' sites I traced their position in Delos myself.

Later missions reached Greece from the *Western countries*, clearly identifying the island in question with the one north of Keltic Gaul (Britain). These minute descriptions are most forcible, and the names impressive.

The poetic fables of Pindar cast a haze over this plain history, by mixing up passages in the Hesiodic poems as applying to the inhabitants of the island in question without authority. Aeschylos, also, in his 'Prometheus' makes similar confusion.

About 279 B.C. a military alliance was made between the Greeks of Delphi and the Hyperboreans, in which the latter sent the leaders Laodicus, Hyperochus, and Pyrrhus (all Greek names, and persons, from, in any case, an island north of Gaul, and assimilating to those of the female priestesses or missionaries, and therefore probably sacerdotal names, or pertaining to the families of high rank in the island), to aid the Delians in resisting the Gauls under Brennus, who was about to attack the temple

of Apollo (the common god of the Delians and Hyperboreans), and their united valour saved the temple (Pausanias). This was nearly two and a half centuries after Hecataeus, when the Hyperborean island *must have been well known;* and its worship of Apollo was evidently at its greatest height. And the recorded missions from this island to Tempe, where it is said the Delians and Hyperboreans assembled to sacrifice to Apollo * down to the late times of paganism, appear to have been constant, and were probably repeated at regular intervals of years on the occasions of Delphic deputations to Tempe.

But further, Cicero, about only 70 B.C. (whose Greek teachers Antiochus of Ascalon, Demetrius Syrus, Zeno, and others would have instructed him in Greek history), writes of Apollo, "Jove et Latonâ natus, quem ex Hyperboreis Delphos ferunt advenisse.†

Having devoted many years to a careful examination of these great temples, in this country and abroad, with most successful results, as published by me in the 'Wiltshire Magazine' of August, 1881; the report of the British Association for Advancement of Science in the same year, and also in 1880; in the 'Times' of August, 1891; and in the 'Transactions' of this Society in October, 1898, I now feel that I can safely add some remarks based upon further researches, and comparisons of these structures.

As the Pythonic games at Delphi were concurrent

* Aelian Ποικίλη Ἱστορία ('Varia Historia'), bk. iii, chap. i.

† 'De Nat. Deor,' bk. iii.

with those of Olympia, which were celebrated till about 400 A.D., and as the Romans did not molest the Iberic ceremonies, and sent Iberian legions into Britain, it is not too much to assume that the Pythonic celebrations in Avebury lasted till the conversion of Constantine terminated Paganism officially, and that the colonies of Greeks, Iberians, and Gauls frequented them in crowds, as at Delphi, and originated the enormous dimensions of the Temple, and the unparalleled provision for seating the spectators. The Romans, therefore, had good reason to erect the superb structure of Stonehenge as their contribution to the sacred vicinity.

There is nothing Druidical about Stonehenge or Avebury. The former appears certainly a Roman construction to compliment the people of the country. (See my address at Stonehenge, August, 1881, 'Wiltshire Magazine.')

The temple at Stonehenge is, as I have pointed out in such published accounts, evidently a Roman structure on an enormous scale, in imitation of the smaller ancient temple within it. This is clear from the chiselling by metal tools visible on the larger structure, and noticed by R. C. Hoare. But the *shapes* the stones are chiselled into are unlike anything in the world, except parts of the smaller temple and the counterparts in the island of Minorca. As the only person who has *discovered* this unique peculiarity, together with the similarity with certain relics in Africa almost in the longitude of Minorca, and in other islands on the north coast of Africa, I am strengthened in the views I have expressed on the grand temples in this island.

Illustrations are given of several unique temples, of five of which I have been the sole discoverer, those in my survey in North-west America, Samothrace, Minorca, North Britain, and that to Apollo on Thorney Island.

Just as the great temple in Minorca is the *only extant example* of *the Pelasgian form and position of a temple*, or a theatre of assembly, so Stonehenge is the lithic arrangement which was subsequently followed in constructing the earlier Pagano-Roman basilikae. These, no doubt, were originally circular, but as the Romans became acquainted with other nations the oval form would follow. Finally the Greek rectangular form was adopted. But the oviform shape was simply transformed in position, and, as in the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, retained in the external approach, while the Sacellum, or holy of holies, became the temple itself. This was really the original form, as in the temple of Gozo.

Each trilithon represented an aperture sacred to a deity or a ceremony, in later times perpetuated by lateral recesses with figures of Roman emperors, and in still later times by saints and chapels dedicated to them.

The worship of the dragon in Spain existed (even anterior to the settlement of the Greeks) among the Ligurians from Italy, who already possessed it from the Greek Pelasgians. And in the older Asiatic settlement *on the shores of the Atlantic*, in which the Iberians were located, was a grand commercial emporium, Tartessus, with which the Tyrians had traded in very remote times. The place was so

Eleven Plates. PLATE I., *to face p.* 72.] THE GREAT STONE SHIP TEMPLE IN MINORCA. [*This with ten following Plates.*

From a photograph by DR. PHENÉ, made in his survey of the Balearic Islands. It is built in the form of an inverted ship in Pelasgic masonry. The lower parts are formed by huge blocks; the upper courses and roof by carefully-selected stones of similar thicknesses. It is very symmetrical. The sides of the stones are bevelled, like the cap stones in the following plates, *but inverted* in position. The stones have not been worked by metal tools, but beaten with stone blocks or hammers, and in some parts rubbed with a precision similar to that in the walls at Mykenae, to which date and style of art this Ship Temple belongs.

Eleven Plates. PLATE II., *to face p.* 72.] THE STONE SHIP TEMPLE IN MINORCA. [*This with nine following Plates.*

The plan of the Temple in the preceding Plate, with elevations, lateral and longitudinal sections. From a careful measurement by DR. PHENÉ, made in his survey of the Balearic Islands. The upper sections take us direct to New Grange, in Ireland, between which and similar interiors in Etruria, Minorca is midway. The lower sections show the truncated bases of *three masts*, indicating that the Cretans and Mycenæans had three masted vessels. The work is all stone hammered. The Athenians built and used vessels having two and three masts

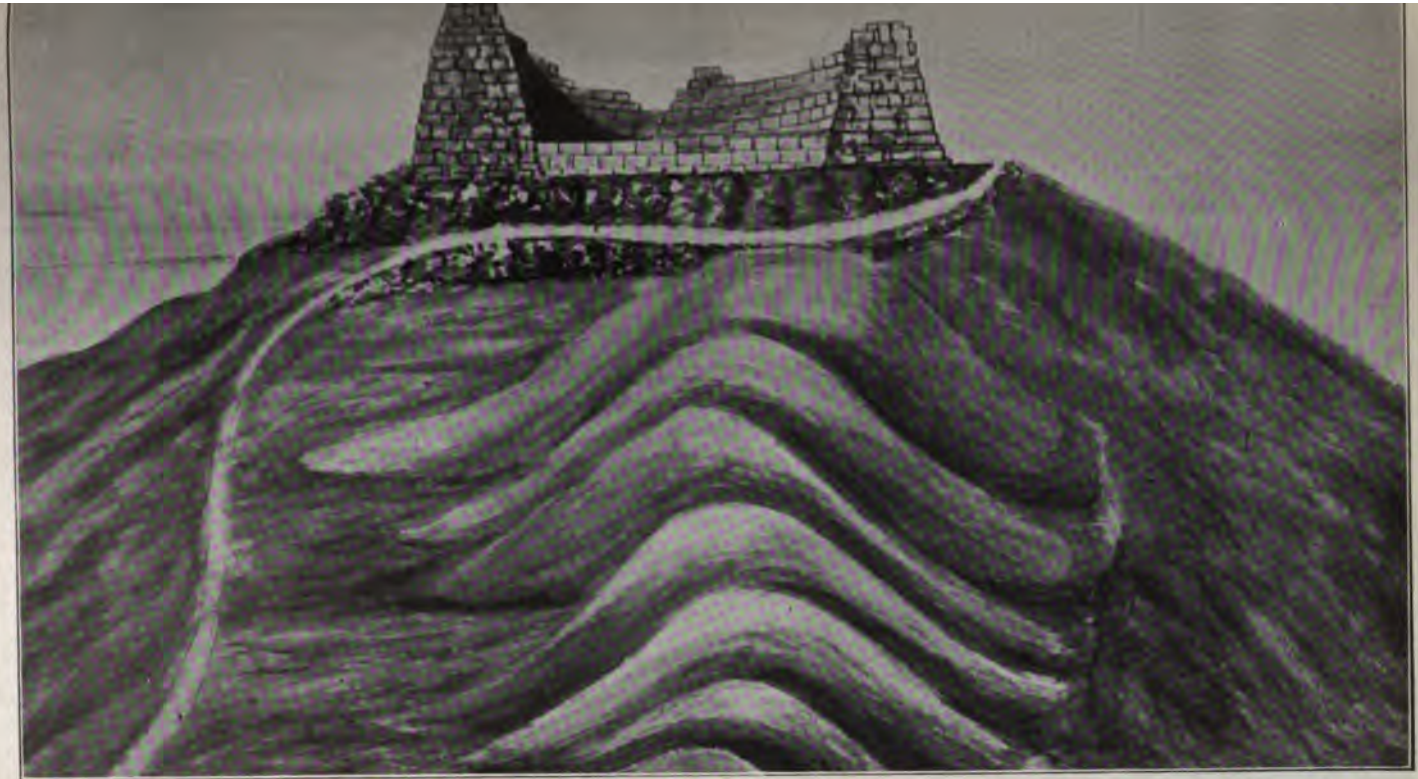
Eleven Plates. PLATE III., *to face p. 72.*] THE GREAT PELASGIC SUN TEMPLE IN THE CENTRAL PART OF MINORCA. [*This with eight following Plates.*

The Sun Temple faces south. The courses of masonry are stone hammered externally, as in the preceding Stone Ship Temple. The Temple is surrounded by "Taulars," indicating Tyrian intercourse. The word TAU being the Tyrian three-membered cross, which these taulars simulate. The cap stones are bevelled inwards from the top, like those so shaped at Stonehenge, shown in Plate VII. of this group. From

Eleven Plates. PLATE IV., *to face p.* 72.] A VIEW OF SOME TAULARS IN MINORCA. [*This with seven following Plates.*

The cap stones are bevelled inwards from the top. Many of them are surrounded by standing stones, as shown in the central plan, and in three of the views. The lateral supports (columns with round caps) are Moorish. There are also trilithons, as at Stonehenge. (Plate VII.)

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).



Eleven Plates. PLATE V., *to face p.* 72.] A TEMPLE ON THE STAR MOUNTAIN IN ANATOLIA. [*This with six following Plates.*

It is of almost exact design with the great Pelasgic Sun Temple in Minorca. From measurements and drawings by Dr. PHENÉ, in a tour in Asia Minor, during the Crimean war. It is in the district in which the dragon form of Apollo is being driven away by the light of Astarte's messengers; a well-known rock sculpture referred to in page 57. So that this temple and the dragon form accompany each other in Asia and Assyrlakius

Eleven Plates. PLATE VI., *to face p.* 72.]

A SIMILAR AND ALMOST IDENTICAL TEMPLE WITH THE LAST.

[*This with five following Plates.*

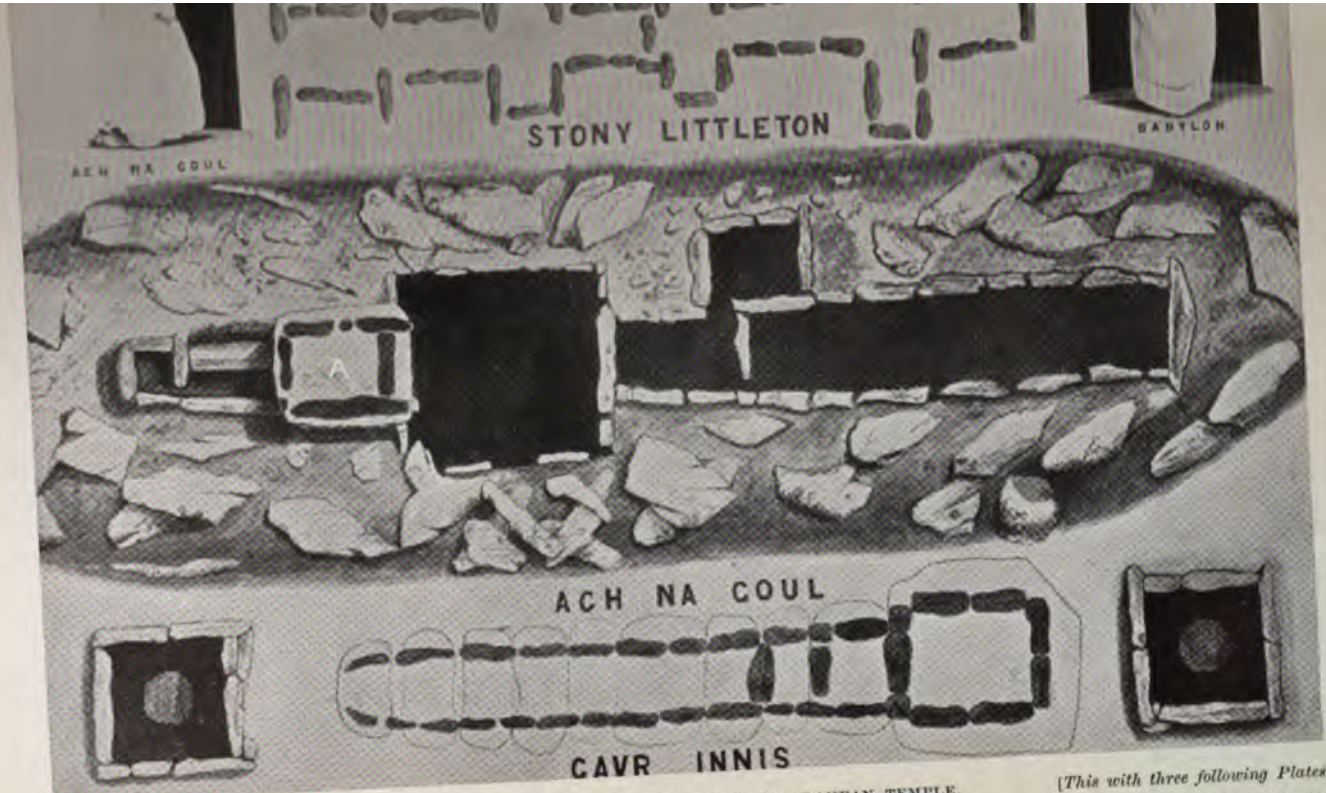
It is at the extreme upper end of Glen Elg, in Argyllshire; generally considered, from want of knowledge of comparative archaeology, as a ruined brock; whereas it has hardly any indications of ruin. Its discovery, *as a Temple*, was made by DR. PHENÉ, on his opening, in the same Gle in the presence of a body of scientific professional men, a mound in the form of a serpent (see that on Plate
archaeological finds in each

Eleven Plates. PLATE VII., *to face p.* 72.]

A VIEW OF STONEHENGE.

[*This with four following Plates.*

Taken from a point showing the shapes of the cap stones, as bevelled inwards from the top in imitation of smaller cap stones of the old original temple; which is not formed of the local stone, but of stones considered by lithologists as not native to the British Islands, and therefore an imported temple. The large cap stones at Stonehenge have been worked with metal tools (Roman).



Eleven Plates. PLATE VIII., *to face p.* 72.] GREAT CHAMBERED TUMULUS OR SUBTERRANEAN TEMPLE. [*This with three following Plates.*

It is at Ach-na-Goul, on the Duke of Argyll's estate, near Inveraray. Excavated by DR. PHENÉ, F.S.A., in 1870. The largest example in Europe. The cap stone to a trilithoned entrance (**A**) seemed too important to be removed. Its sides were shaped like those of the cap stones at Stonehenge, Minorca, and Evora, in Iberia. The two obstructing stones were movable doors. The left-hand support was broken by age.

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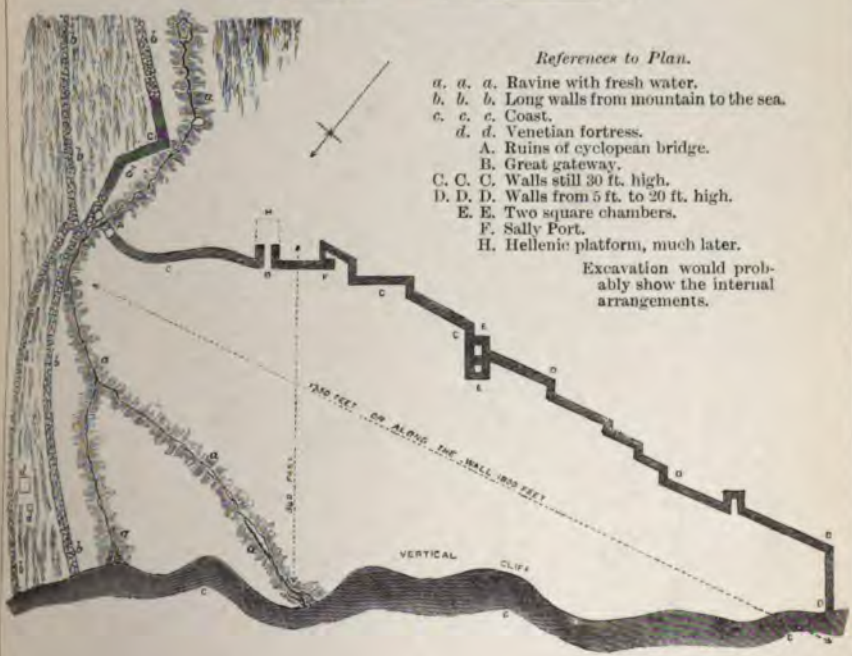
Eleven Plates. PLATE IX., *to face p.* 72.] PLAN OF SERPENT-SHAPED MOUND IN GLEN LONAN, ARGYLLSHIRE. [*This with two following Plates.*

In 1871 this mound, over 300 ft. in length, was discovered by DR. PHENÉ in his survey of the Hebrides and the adjacent coasts. On the summit of the circular head was a cap stone on supports, not unlike that in the following Plate (X.) at Evora, in the part of Spain formerly known as Iberia. The cap stone was bevelled from the top downwards. DR. PHENÉ thought this object too important to be disturbed without his describing it to the British Association, then at Edinburgh, which he did. In his absence the cap stone was destroyed. The mound, like that at Glen Elg, was opened by him in the presence of a large body of scientific men, who all certified to the details shown on the drawing

e p. 72.] A STONE STRUCTURE AT EVORA, IN ANCIENT IBERIA (SPAIN).

l from the top downwards, like those in Minorca and at Stonehenge in the foregoing I
vere a Pelasgic people, refugees from the Scytho-Greeks; settling, on their route, i
itain, and Ireland. A large number of other corroborative evidences have been o



Eleven Plates. PLATE XI., *to face p.* 72.]

TEMPLE, TEMENOS, AND CYCLOPEAN FORTRESS ON THE ISLAND OF SAMOTHRACE, ON THE COAST OF THRACE. BUILT IN THE MOST ANCIENT TIRYNTHIAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

From a survey of the Islands in the Aegaean Sea by Dr. Phené. A Copy from which was published in *The Builder*, August 18th, 1877.

The Austrian Imperial *Scientific Commission*, sent out some months previous to Dr. Phené's survey, to explore the Island, *were unable to make the ascent of the mountain*, or to discover this, the most ancient place of the Cabeiri; *both of which Dr. Phené accomplished in his survey.*

great in importance that Iberia and Tartessia were synonymous, and by the large number of *crania* in the barrows of early Britain of Iberian type, it is clear that these people were amongst the earliest settlers here. The crania in these barrows illustrate the invasion of the Gauls into Iberic Britain. These Tartessian Iberians were in early communication with the Greeks of Asia and of the Peloponnesus, and would also have spoken Greek, and would have introduced their worship of the sun and serpent on their coming into Britain. Herodotus states that the commercial men in his time spoke, from their traffic with foreign traders, at least seven languages; Greek was the one most in use by interpreters.

The description of the wealth and commerce of Tartessus is overpowering. It vied with that of Tyre, and from it Tyre obtained its enormous wealth; and the trade clearly extended to the Britannic Islands.

Their emblem was the griffinic dragon, adopted no doubt from the old traditions of griffins being guardians of treasure, and its worship must have been introduced by them into these islands.

But the Iberians had not the expansive energy of the Greeks. Local wealth made their commerce. The Greeks had then the commerce, civilisation, and luxury of the Tartessians, and of the Tyrian merchant princes settled amongst them, as a basis to act on, as the Romans had that of the Greeks.

The gold of the Asturias was as abundant as it was pure, and was said to be guarded by the griffons (dragons) of Tartessus. Massalian gold included

the British and Irish, and that mart finally absorbed the Tartessian trade in Asturian gold.

In such case the Asturian mountains would take the place of the *Rhipaean* mountains of the Greek poets, which from the perpetual cold north wind from their snow-covered summits would have caused them to be described as the mountains of (Boreas) the north wind, ῥιπαί, the cold wind of the north mountains. There is no continuously snow-covered mountain chain north or west of the Alpine latitudes except the Asturian.

The ancients often, in error, identified the west with the north, as shown in some of their maps even as late as the time of the early maps of Britain, some of which I have. Caesar, who had not come to Britain by the coast of Spain, had been misled by this, and while dwelling on the triangular form of Britain, described it as lying towards Spain—*Alterum vergit ad Hispaniam* (bk. v, ch. xiii).

The Greeks naturally surpassed the Iberians, and Massalia eclipsed Tartessus as Olbia did the Scythic ports of trade (*supra*, pp. 5, 6).

Caesar's statements are, therefore, supported by a long chain of evidences showing that Greek, which he states was officially and privately used in Britain, was the medium of commercial intercourse and public transactions, and that the luxuries from beyond the seas, traded in by the Massaliote Greeks, were in common use among the wealthy and educated settled colonists of this island.

Indeed, so completely had Greek the ascendency, that on the decline of the classic writers and orators it became again the language of the capital of Italy,

and only died out by permissive alternate orations in Greek and Latin down to the end of the Middle Ages. And the most important documents were bilingual, being written lineally in Greek and Latin, examples of which are in the Vatican library.

The same thing to an extent prevailed in Britain, but was suppressed by the Augustinian or new branch of the Church. The Saxons having embraced the new faith under the Latins, and Britain having been, in common with South and West Europe and Africa, previously Christianised from a Greek source, religious as well as national antagonism acted and reacted in the national divisions.

It has been asserted by powerful writers that any great mental outburst is the result of expansion of political pent-up feeling. This, no doubt, is so, and it may be traced in the grand array of the writers of Greek literature on the removal of the overshadowing malific influence of the Persian power; in the beauty and excellence of the Latin writers, when for a time the temple of Janus * was closed and the swords of the legions sheathed; in the writings of Alfred and the scholarly men he surrounded himself with on the subjugation of the Danes; in the Chaucerian period by the desire to escape from Latin as a language and a ruling power; in the Middle Ages by the great struggle for civil and religious liberty, the combatants for which were, in more recent times, known as reformers, and the forces of which parties have only abandoned the sword for controversy, but still exist as two great political powers.

* From which the name January is derived.

The Greek language, civilisation, and refinement had been obliterated by Roman rule; Roman civilisation and refinement by the sluggish ignorance and sensuality of the monastic orders in the dark ages. At last, under the reaction from great military pressure, Alfred reduced to order the phonetic colloquial language of his people.

With no books but those of the ecclesiastics, no dictionaries (though it is stated that Bishop Asser wrote a glossary for his Boethius), and with no official scribes, as the Greeks had, he produced by his critical translations, not only a new *written* language, but one containing historical matter of the deepest interest, including all that was then known of the geography of the world. But the language was hard, the characters far from easy, and the students few.

This was the heterogeneous state of mental culture which Chaucer had to contend with when the Anglo-Saxon tongue had to be Englished. The national mind being barren of literary knowledge beyond the ecclesiastical, he took up the most popular feature in which that knowledge found an external expression, and produced a dramatic and picturesque effect through his pilgrims (pilgrimage being then the grand feature of the age), tending to instruction, moral bearing, and lasting mental pictures of entertainment, incorporating the mediaeval play-loving feature with a lofty purpose, and through an attractive medium.

His sagacity did not stop at this. It can hardly be supposed that, any more than Homer, he had a preceptor, nor an example to go by; but, led into a

channel which has resulted in great good to the posterity of his country, he put all this graphic matter into *verse*.

Prose is a long, laborious, and heavy process, suited only to a thoroughly understood language and subject. Poetry, from its shorter sentences, apt allusions, pungent satire, vivacity, and general powers, possesses a grasp which secures the memory in the most enticing form, and when brilliant, joyous, and descriptively picturesque, enables the unlearned to take hold with delight on a subject, and produces an unforgettable enjoyment. But beyond this, its power over words, its grammatical constructions and variations, its musical cadence, metre and rhythm, render it, whether the Homeric or Chaucerian poems are in question, a means of framing a language, grammaticising, and conveying instruction, particularly that of history, which no other medium possesses.

As the Homeric poems formed the basis of the Greek language, so the Chaucerian are the substratum of the English; and if, as was the case, no language in ancient times equalled the Greek, so certainly no language in modern times equals the English.

Its effect on the manners and customs of the people is markedly prominent.

But, it may be urged, as the Saxons had nothing to do with the Greek nation, its language, policy, and customs, why has so much space been occupied with Greek influence in Europe?

The Saxons had nothing to do with it till they came to Britain, but in spite of the rise, culmination and decay of Roman pagan power, Greek still

lived and now exists *in effect* in Great Britain. To state this without having shown the *wide-spread* influence of Greek as a language, Greek customs, luxuries, refinement, commerce, and intercourse, would be to court incredulity regarding it; but taking Plato's statement that the Greeks adopted words from the language of those they came in contact with, many similarities, which excite the surprise of students, may be looked on as by no means accidental. In Gaelic, Greek words are found, and the roots of certain words in Greek are not known, simply because the roots are in other languages. Examples can be given, but it is only necessary, as an illustration, to mention a *few* of the Greek words still in the English language. They are homely words, showing that they have cropped up into Anglo-Saxon from the people's *former vernacular.* In some parts of East Anglia, when a person does not speak so as to be easily understood, the old story crops up, and he is told "*You are a Grecian.*" Rites to Apollo are *still practised* in remote glens in Scotland,* and in Brittany and Spain,† a circular hoop enveloped in fire being the emblem of the Sun god.

The following are a few of the Greek and English similarities:

Πατήρ Pater	Father; hence patrimony, etc.
Μάτηρ Mater	Mother, maternal, etc.

* 'Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,' vol. xii, pp. 391—395, 1899–90.

† In these countries I have been present at such rites.

Μονάρχης Monarches	Monarch.
Πατριώτης Patriotes	Patriots = countrymen.
Μανικός Manicos	Maniac.
Μέ Me	Me.
Μαίος Maios	May; an adopted word, and rare.
Φορά Fora	Fare or value for anything, as rent, food, forage, etc.
Πάτος Patos	Patha, path, trodden down, patten.
Πόρκος Porkos	A pig = pork.
Κάδδος Kaddos	A box to collect votes in; hence our caddy, for tea, etc. A closed place in the mountains, as Caddington.
Κλώθω Clotho	To spin; hence to make clothes, to clothe, cloth, etc.
Κλίνω Clino	To lean against—re-*cline*.
Κύκλος Cuclos	A circle.
Κίστη Kiste	Kist, chest, box.
Γάλα Gala	Rare, dainty, with milk; hence our gala feast or festival.
Μονοπωλία Monopolia	Monopoly.
Φυγή Fuge	Flight, fugitive.

Γίγας Gigas	Giant.
Πλαθάνη Plathane	A platter.
Ἀγρός Agros	Country; hence agriculture, land.
Ἀήρ Aer	Air, aërate.
Κώρυκος Corucos	A projecting leathern sack, coracle.
Κώπη Cope from	A handle of an oar, because it *cuts* (*chops*) the water. Of a mill, because it breaks (*chops*) the grain.
Κόπτωκόπος Coptocopos	To cut, *chop;* hence to cope or contend, coping-stone.
Σάλος Salos	Tossing of the sea; hence sailor.

The word ναύτης is really shipman, not sailor. See Acts, ch. xxvii, v. 27.

Ναυτικός Nautikos	Nautical, navy, naval.
Ἱστός Istos	Mast. It has acquired the M. The vowel uncertain; hence (M) Ist, or Ast, without the affix ός.
Σχοῖνις Skoinis	A cording together, a *skein*, a cord or rope, sieve, etc.
Πορφύρα Porphura	Purple; hence porphyry.
Πόρος Poros	Pores, porous.
Χορός Choros	Choir, choral, chorus, etc.

Χόλος Cholos	Choler (anger).
Σπογγιά Spongia	Sponge—double γγ is pronounced ng.
Πένης Penes	A poor man; hence our penury.

Porous, penury, etc., have special Greek words, but the English (Graeco-English) does not come from them.

Ἰδέα Idea	Idea.
Ἰδίωμα Idioma	Idiom.
Ἰδιώτης Idiotes	An ignorant, low, clumsy fellow; hence idiot.
Εἴδωλον Eidolon	Idol.
Εἰ Ei	If.
Κλείς Cleis	Key, close.
Λακωνικός Lakonikos	Laconic.
Λαμπάς Lampas	Lamp, torch, beacon, etc.
Λαικός Laikos	Layman.
Λεπρός Lepros	Leprous.
Κόχλος Cochlos	Cockle, a fish.
Λίνον Linon	Linen.

Ἐμπόριον Emporion	Emporium.
Μνήμη Mneme	Memory.
Μίλιον Milion	A mile.
Μυριάς Murias	Myriad.
Μυστήρια Musteria	Mysteries.
Μυθικός Muthikos	Mythical.
Νέκταρ Nektar	Nectar.
Νεύω Neuo	To nod.
Εἴκελος Eikelos	Like. We have simply transposed the l—*ike*(l).
Σύστημα Systema	System.

And hosts more. Many of these words are found in Iberian and Ligurian.

These words are in the order of common use to avoid the alphabetical. The Latins adopted some from the earlier Greek words.

Modern Greek scientific words are avoided, the Greek and English being identical in them.

In addition to these homely words, a long list of Greek and Graeco-Italian names abounding on the roads of pre-Roman traffic in Britain was given in my paper read at Oxford before the Vice-Chancellor of the University and a Council, as mentioned in my

article on "Place-names in and around Rome, Latium, Etruria, Britain, etc.," in the 'Transactions' of this Society.

In my paper in the 'British Archæological Journal' on "*Old London in Pre-Roman Times*" I showed that the names of the places were Greek, and also those of the people, as Ic-eni from Ic-nield, ἴχνος, a way; Trinobantes—*Trin*, three; *Baino* (bantes), to walk = The travellers or traders on the three great roads intersecting their country, Watling Street, the Icnield Way, and Ermin Street. We must look for many of our place-names in Greek and Iberian, not in Gaelic. *Evora*, or the Greek *Eboura*, York, a chief city of Britain, was distinctly Iberic. Also the Ebudes, Hebrides.

Moreover, the custom, still in use in Wales, of religious services alternately in English and Welsh, is a remnant of former services in Greek and Welsh, that being a common custom with the early Christianised peoples, as essential for those understanding only their own vernacular, so that Greek became a *second time* a *hieratic* language of Britain. Greek alternately with the language of Italy was customary in Rome.

The Saxons, and later on the colonies of Danes and Northmen, Norwegians, Jutes, Frisians, and Angles (there appears little, if any, evidence of the Swedes visiting Britain), were Christianised in the Latin faith, all the latter mostly through Saxon influence. But as these tenets progressed northwards they came in contact with Graeco-British and Graeco-Gaelic proselytes. Long-maintained antagonisms ensued, and the Arthurian element, which commenced nationally, was perpetuated religiously, of

which the Ossian, Fingalian, and Irish poems were vehicles. The names Columba, Κόλυμβας, and Patrick, Πατρικός, are both Greek: the first meaning, one coming by or over the sea; the second, of or from the fathers. Ossian, Ὀσσειά, divining, foreboding, superstitious fear; Fingal, from Φέγγος, light, splendour, are also Greek. The difficulty in many Irish words and names arises from their being bad corruptions of Iberic-Greek,—and many words in Welsh have a close affinity with Greek parallels and synonyms.

All this formed a basis for internecine strife, in which the Saxons were ultimately successful. But the heart-burnings of the subdued peoples still exist; there is no cohesion but that of law. To this day the educated in every branch of the Gaelic family speak Greek like natives.

Greek was the official language of the Church in Rome, at least down to about A.D. 400, during which period Dean Milman says "the Church in Rome was a Greek religious colony." This is shown from all the early lithic inscriptions being in Greek. Military Rome destroyed all traces of Greek and Greek customs prior to Christianity, and Latin Rome did the same with the Greek Christian and other Greek traces, except those accidentally preserved in the early *loculi* of the Greek Christians near Rome. Suetonius C. Paulinus is an example of the first, Edward the First of the second class of Iconoclasts of Greek evidences in Britain, including Scotland and Wales. The rude wooden figures found in the peat in Scotland, and deep in the clay at Newton Abbot in Devonshire—which I have seen,—are so precisely

PLATE I.] [*To face p.* 84.

EXAMPLES OF CARVED WOODEN FIGURES.

Found deep in the peat in Scotland, and deep (25 ft.) in the clay of Newton Abbot, in Devonshire; agreeing with the descriptions by Pausanias of the wooden figures in minor temples in Greece, and similar to the so-called "Black Virgins" in Minorca, Loretto, &c.

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

PLATE II.] [*To face p.* 84.

EXAMPLE OF A CARVED WOODEN FIGURE.

A similar Plate to the last. From deep peat in Scotland.

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

PLATE III.] [*To face p.* 84.

BRONZE HEAD OF A COW.

A drawing by Dr. Phené.

Excavated from deep peat, near Cork, Ireland. Showing direct evidence of Phoenician trade with Ireland. Drawn by DR. PHENÉ at the request of the late James, Lord Butler. The horns were golden, and were screwed on and off for security. The drooping tongue indicates sleep, *i.e.*, the *set* moon. The crescent moon is shown as below the sun disc of day.

[Reg'd. at Stationer's Hall (copyright).

PLATE IV.] [*To face p.* 84.

AN ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE.

A drawing by Dr. Phené.

Excavated on one of the estates of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, in Devonshire. Showing the wide commerce of the Greeks and Phoenicians from Assyria to Britain. The drawing was made by DR. PHENÉ, while on a visit to the Earl at Mount-Edgcumbe.

[Reg'd. at Stationers' Hall (copyright).

of the class of the so-called "Black Virgins" in various parts of Europe, and of those found in mummies in Egypt, as seen in these photographs, that it is clear they were early Greek deities, like those described by Pausanias and other writers as being in the temples and sacred groves of Greece, and were probably imported by Massaliotes, or other Greek or Iberian colonists, into Britain.

The antique enamels of miscalled "Keltic" work are shown in my paper on the "Audovicae, or Gold Workers of North Wales," to be evidences of early Greek art by colonists located here ('British Archæological Journal,' Conway Congress, 1898).

As an evidence of the truth of the statement with which this section of the subject commenced, viz. that great mental production is the result of the expansion of pent-up political feeling, it may be pointed out how few are the literary productions of the Gaelic national families compared with those of the English; and the most notable of the latter are in marked epochs of struggle for, or the attainment of, new political freedom.

The works of Piers Plowman and Walter Mapes and others are examples. These and similar works are not crude or wild phantasies; they are the exponents of matured feeling, and occur at moments when those against whom their shafts are aimed are unable, in short, dare not suppress them.

Such powerful works never appear without cause. Abuse of power, bad government, through supineness, inability, misappropriation, and degradation of the great responsibilities of supreme power produce them; but people are slow to bring them forward,

and when they do appear and produce their natural result amongst those who govern themselves by mental power, they mostly produce permanent but bloodless and benign revolutions. In short, public opinion is now so well understood, that reason would prevail against abuse of power with only temporary mental commotion.

This is the growth of what Chaucer sowed. Unknowing of course what might be the eventual result, he framed in the most attractive manner the groundwork of a language which now influences the world and bears fruit in the most brilliant literary works of the Elizabethan and Victorian ages; not ephemeral, but forming as it were fortified citadels, round which the meretriciousness of political and immoral ribaldry lurks, full of baleful influence it is true, but lurks and raves ineffectually.

The grandeur of the English language, its power for good in lofty expression of thought, high principle, and nobility of being, equals in this age the force of the Greek language in its day. That was supreme, for it had no preceding equal, just as the high art of Greece excelled that of modern times. But our grandest and most lasting work is the substratum of Chaucer; and the fairy edifices *built on it* by a Shakespeare, a Milton, etc., are equally without precedent in originality and beauty, and tend to elevate national honour and character above that of all other nations.

Quite apart from the history, the romantic incidents, and the splendid cast of his plays, the short, pithy, and apt aphorisms of Shakespeare keep his memory before us as of a living companion. Shake-

speare eclipsed Chaucer, because he erected a matchless palace on the foundation Chaucer laid; but in his own age, and probably down to the time of Shakespeare, Chaucer would have been quoted as Shakespeare has since been. With the change of time in customs, manners, and language, Chaucer's writings became antiquated. The refinement of mind, elegance of diction, and improvement in manners resulting from his writings were not, as in the case of the Greek and Roman civilisations already described, laid aside as the English language and national power expanded in force and effect. The crude quaintness, of course, disappeared, but the tree remained, and has brought forth and will bring forth fruit in poetic diction and classic prose. But for the substratum of the English language which was his foundation in the midst of unequalled difficulties, the beautiful flow and wonderful point in Shakespeare's living pictures could hardly have existed.

The English language was less influenced by the Norman-French than might have been expected, which found a more favourable reception in Scotland and the northern counties, in which much of the Norman elements remained. Chaucer studied and used French, thereby securing the Norman and Saxon ear alike.

But the Saxons and Normans never assimilated. Both of Scandinavian origin, one from the high, the other from the low countries, the Norman blood was purer and less Teutonic, and the people had maintained their oriental mountaineer chivalry untarnished. The Saxons, on renouncing paganism, became agricultural and commercial, and the re-

spective interests never coalesced in language or habits. Yet Chaucer happily infused into his writings sufficient high-class spirit to interest the Normans, and so became popular at Court.

The many French expressions in modern English are the result of the expansion of commercial and social intercourse, and, like the *scientific* Greek and Latin words, are to a great extent of late introduction.

On the other hand, the Greek words now in the people's phraseology of Anglo-Saxon as at present Englished, cannot have been introduced by the Greek Christianisation of Britain, as the Saxons were antagonistic to the people of the West, nationally before becoming Christians, and ecclesiastically ever since, and politically throughout, and would in no case have permitted it. They must, therefore, have remained from the earlier use of Greek here. There even appear to be older Greek words here than in classical Greek itself, in which they appear to have become quite obsolete, as "sailor" from σάλος, the Greek word being ναύτη; clothes from κλωθώ, to spin, the Greek words being ἀναβολή, ἐπίβλημα, etc.; and others. Ναύτης is shipman, which only partially represents sailor, as many duties of shipmen are not those of sailors, and *vice versâ*.

In short, the Greek Christianisation of Britain which was welcomed at a very early period in our era, which applies to the east part as well as the west, before the Gauls and Iberians were driven westward, is distinct proof, both, that it was more commercial than Scandinavia, and the lands and people east of the Rhine, which were not then Christianised, and that the *commerce* was still *conducted in Greek.*

As the mild heliacal worship of Apollo had acted benignly on the Tartessian Iberians, who, influenced by the homicidal customs of Tauric, Tyrian, and Carthaginian worships, groaned under the burden; still more forcibly must the soft influence of the new faith have cheered the devotees of sun worship with its exacting ceremonials. Brought by emissaries from their former Asian home, who had Greek customs and the Greek language, Christianisation would have been spontaneous; and immediate adoption, proved by the tenacity with which its early tenets are still held in the west and north of Great Britain, resulted in unquestioned sincerity.

Their descendants, bound to England more by law than by love, are England's great chivalrous warriors, who with the Normans and the noble Scandinavian Hibernians, for the love of right and liberty, maintain its military glory and its flag of freedom, as their ancestors in history did in Greece and in pre-Grecian times, when Trojan, Mykenean, and Cretan civilisation ruled.

There can be no doubt that, so protected, the literature of England has expanded the Anglo-Saxon mental capacity, so that the enterprise, commerce, colonial acquisitions, military and naval supremacy, and every species of undertaking have been fostered by it, conducing markedly to the wealth, just and fair government, and permanent advance of the English-speaking race. This had, of course, a beginning, and that beginning was in the works of Chaucer, the foundation of English poetry, and of historic and histrionic portrayal. It has now culminated in Britannic and Colonial Imperialism.

Chaucer's may be said to be not only the first poetical, but the earliest grammatical works in English, at a time when there were no dictionaries, nor any grammar; and the references to his writings by modern lexicographers, show that his literature became the dictionary and grammar of the English language, from which Spenser, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan writers in general, must have largely drawn.

Probably when the "horn-books" became wearisome, glossaries came in, but the child's 'Primer,' 'Spelling-books,' 'Pinnock's Catechisms on Science,' and Johnson's omniscient 'Dictionary' ruled in my school days, and it is only in recent years that derivative, pronouncing, and compendious dictionaries with grammatical formations have been published.

Mental culture, by the exercise of thought, removes man gradually from the animal towards the Divine, and the softening and refinement of English manners, though slow in progress, may be said to date from Chaucer's writings, the language created by which will in the end govern the world.

It is not possible to refer to the depth, breadth, and brilliancy of the literature of our great Victorian age; even if time allowed, it would be forestalling history, which is not the object.

It is enough to select three prominent typical names, as illustrating, refinement, Macaulay; politico-historical force, Carlyle; and for the soul of poetry, Tennyson. The age was never equalled, and can hardly be surpassed.

ADDENDUM.

It is remarkable, considering the various opinions advanced by literary men about Pytheas, and the records of his travels, that no writer on either side has expressed, what, from a close study of the subject, appear the real facts of the case.

Doubt hung over the whole history, which those following Strabo considered sufficient to class the entirety as fiction. In face of the statements by Pytheas, now known to be facts, this is clearly untrue, but this does not remove the whole difficulty. The date, parentage, and social position of this person are unknown, which in one so prominently put forward creates grave doubt. The very statement of the greatest interest—his determining the latitude of Massalia—is the most doubtful point of all, though on this the whole of his intelligence is based. The incredibility arises from the fact, that it is not even probable that he ever visited Byzantium, the geographical point with which he is said to have compared it, as he appears never to have been in Greece. Yet, it is clear that the latitude of Massalia *was so determined and recorded* by some one.

The only other great nautical traveller who visited the coast of Spain was Hecataeus, a native of Greece, and from whose literary fragments in the Alexandrian library the information about Pytheas is obtained.

It has never been noticed that both the names are clearly assumed. In short, nothing is known of the date and parentage of Hecataeus, though he is

said to have been wealthy. He claimed to have been descended from a god (Herod., ii, 143). The age ascribed to him is one marked by the emigration of wealthy Greeks, as (*e. g.*) Demaratus of Corinth to Etruria, selected perhaps simply for convenience,—as the several dates given do not agree.

Many of the learned Greeks assumed names from vanity, or had names applied to them for greatness by their disciples, and such names generally incorporated the name of their patron deity, as *Helio*dorus, *Apollo*dorus, etc. The Tyrians, Carthaginians, and others did the same, as Jeze*bel*, Hanni*bal* (baal), Asdru*bal* (baal). The name *Pytheas* covers the pythonic Apollo, as *Hecataeus* covers that of Hecate. The fact that both these names represent the nocturnal condition of the sun and the moon is strong evidence that they were assumed for *concealment of identity*.

The facts recorded are now known to be true, but the recorders of those facts, in all their *then* improbability, as they would appear in that age, had no desire to be martyrs to science. Indeed, to make identification more difficult, it is probable that even the duality was an assumption, and that the same great investigator assumed the titles both of the sun and the moon to indicate the wide extent of his journeyings; and of the set sun and the set moon to indicate his visiting the regions where the sun and moon both set, and where the long invisible sun of winter seemed to indicate a descent and prolonged stay; equivalent to the abduction of Persephoné by Pluto. This would have exasperated the inquiring Greeks, who would feel that they were brought into

ridicule by a relation of what was, to them, impossible.

Such concealment, by *anonyme*, for protection of the writer, by no means impugns, but rather strengthens the faithful records of facts, which are now known to be true. It has been a custom from the earliest times. "*Daedalus*" was extensively used by innovators in Greek art, to cover an individual transgressor, under its meaning of success in the art. The authors of 'Piers Plowman,' 'Walter Mapes,' 'Junius,' and others, have been surmised, but never discovered—they never withdrew their masks; yet the facts written of were real, and the writings influenced society. The name of an author is not essential to the truth or merit of the work, as whether Homer wrote, recited, or only collected his poems does not take away their merit, beauty, or efficiency.

RAMAYANA: THE ODYSSEY OF ANCIENT INDIA.

BY PROFESSOR ROMESH DUTT, C.I.E., F.R.S.L., BARRISTER-AT-LAW, LECTURER ON INDIAN HISTORY, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

[Read October 24th, 1900.]

It is little over a year ago that I had the privilege of reading in these rooms a paper on the *Mahabharata*, the Iliad of Ancient India. It gives me great pleasure to appear before you again to-night, and to read a short paper on the *Ramayana*, which may not be inappropriately described as the Odyssey of Ancient India. These two great epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*, comprise the whole of the epic literature of ancient India, and therefore stand apart from all the other literary productions of that country, rich and fertile as that country has always been in the highest results in every department of literature, poetry, and science.

This learned Society, while it very properly devotes the greater portion of its time to the literature and thought of England, has nevertheless encouraged researches into the literatures of other lands and of other times, and has from time to time endeavoured to interest Englishmen in all that is best and truest in the world's literary achievements. All that interests the cultured mind in the productions of various ages and various nations has occasionally been the

subject of papers which have been read within these rooms. The works of Dante and of Moliere and of Goethe are as familiar to many members of this Society as the works of Chaucer and of Shakespeare; and the works of the ancients have not unfrequently formed the subjects of discussion in this hall. I rejoice, therefore, that this Society occasionally turns its attention to the rich literature of India; and as a Fellow of this Society I consider it a proud privilege to have placed before this Society, and before English readers generally, a condensed metrical translation of the two vast Indian epics.

There are special reasons why Englishmen should feel a living interest in India's ancient literature. The beauty of ancient thought, and graphic pictures of ancient life, must always appeal to modern nations of all countries. But more than this, Great Britain and her colonies and India form to-day one great empire—the greatest that the world has yet seen. It is necessary that there should be not only community of interests, but community of thought and feeling within this great empire. And it is necessary that Englishmen should appreciate Indian thought and culture as we in India appreciate English thought. For, believe me, your greatest authors, your noblest poets, your boldest philosophers, are not more closely studied in Oxford and in Cambridge, in Edinburgh, and in London, than they are studied and appreciated in Calcutta and in Bombay. Shakespeare's matchless creations are a living world to thousands of Indian students; Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson are studied with reverent admiration in India; the great Walter Scott fascinates,

and the inimitable Charles Dickens amuses, tens of thousands of Hindu and Musalman boys! Young India appreciates English thought and literature; it is necessary that Englishmen and Englishwomen should understand ancient Indian thought, which permeates modern Indian life and institutions to a far greater extent than we generally imagine. The great past is not dead and buried in India; past traditions, past institutions, even ancient poetry and romance, are a living reality in India of the present day,—in India not of the educated and cultured few, but of the millions of agriculturists and labourers who till her grateful soil, people her shady villages, and know more of Krishna and Rama than they know of all the heroes of the modern world. To be in touch with the people of modern India you must know her ancient traditions; to ignore her ancient thoughts is to isolate yourselves from modern India.

There are learned translations of oriental literature prepared by generations of devoted scholars, and which appeal mainly to scholars. It is necessary that the average reader and the busy man of work should have before him more handy and readable and attractive works, reproducing, as far as possible, the spirit, and the beauty, and the true significance of Indian poetry and Indian thought. This work has not yet been done. There is an undiscovered world for Englishmen still to explore, an undiscovered mine for literary miners to work upon; and I can assure you that the labour will not be thrown away, and Englishmen, even with a splendid literature of their own, will be all the richer when

they possess themselves of Indian thought and literature. And the world will be richer in its wealth of ideas, when all that is beautiful and true in eastern culture is added to all that is fresh and vigorous in modern European thought.

India has a long, and a not inglorious, ancient history. It may be two thousand years before Christ that the ancestors of the present Aryan Hindu nation were settled on the banks of the Indus, conquering the Punjab from the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, extending cultivation and the arts of peace, and invoking the "bright gods" of Nature in beautiful hymns which have been still left to us in that collection known as the *Rig Veda*, which is the oldest literary work now extant among the Aryan nations of the earth. For several centuries the Aryan conquerors were confined to the Punjab; their numerous petty states and kingdoms, their wars against the aborigines, and their arts of peace, were all confined to that land of five rivers, or rather the land of seven rivers as it was then called; and the rest of India which lay beyond was almost unknown to them. This long period of the Aryan settlements in the Punjab is generally known as the Vedic Age; so called from the Veda to which allusion has been already made. But I do not propose to-night to speak of this first and earliest period of Indian history.

It was in the subsequent age that the Aryan Hindus, issuing from the Punjab, spread over the whole of Northern India, and founded powerful kingdoms on the banks of the Ganges and the Jumna. It is this second period of ancient Indian

history which is known as the Epic Age, because the two epics of India described the kingdoms and the nations which flourished in Northern India during this age. It is of this second age of Indian history, this Epic Age as it is generally called, extending from the fifteenth to the tenth century B.C., that I propose to speak to-night.

Among the many powerful nations which flourished in Northern India in this age, the Bharatas and the Panchalas were the most celebrated in the west, and the Kosalas and the Videhas were the most celebrated in the east. The Bharatas and the Panchalas lived along the upper course of the Ganges, *i. e.* in the country between modern Delhi and Kanouj; and the Kosalas and the Videhas lived further to the east, *i. e.* in those provinces which we now know as Oudh and North Behar. The deeds or legends of the western tribes, the Bharatas and the Panchalas, are described in the great epic known as the *Mahabharata;* while the deeds or legends of the eastern tribes, the Kosalas and the Videhas, are described in the other great epic known as the *Ramayana*. The *Mahabharata* may, therefore, be described as the epic of the Western Aryans; the *Ramayana* as the epic of the Eastern Aryans.

But this is not the only distinction between the two epics. The nations of North-western India have generally been known for their sturdy and warlike virtues; while those of North-eastern India have been known for their peacefulness and their culture; and this distinction pervades the two epics. The characters of the *Mahabharata* are men of flesh and

blood, with the virtues and crimes of great actors in the historic world; the characters of the *Ramayana* are more often ideals of manly devotion to truth and of womanly faithfulness and love. The poet of the *Mahabharata* describes the supposed incidents of a real and sanguinary war with all its lofty heroism and chivalry; the poet of the *Ramayana* hands down the memories of a golden age with all its ideals of piety and faith and domestic love. As a heroic poem the *Mahabharata* stands on a higher level; as a religious poem, delineating the softer emotions of our everyday life, the *Ramayana* sends its roots deeper into the Hindu mind.

These remarks will be best illustrated if I narrate to you briefly the story of the *Ramayana*, as I narrated to you the story of the *Mahabharata* last year. I may remark, in passing, that the *Mahabharata* in Sanscrit consists of more than 90,000 verses, and that the *Ramayana* consists of more than 24,000 verses. In condensing these vast epics I have not attempted to tell the story in my own language; but I have selected those portions of the original which tell the leading incidents, and have translated them in full; and I have connected these selected passages by short notes so as to place the complete story before the reader. The plan has this advantage, that the main story of the epics is told, not by the translator in his own way, but by the poet himself; the passages placed before the reader are not the translator's abridgements of long poems, but are passages from the original poems. It is the ancient poets of India, and not the translator, who narrate the ancient story; but they narrate only the leading

incidents of the story, so as to limit the poems within a reasonable compass. I may add that the *Ramayana*, like the *Mahabharata*, is a growth of ages; generations of later Indian poets adding their quota of verses through long centuries to the poem as it originally stood. It is possible, therefore, that in limiting my translation to those passages which describe the leading incidents, I have presented the great poem somewhat in the form in which it originally stood, and in which it was first recited in the Courts of Northern India. And I have generally translated each Sanscrit verse into a corresponding English verse, following the Sanscrit metre in English as far as was possible. I may be pardoned for making these few remarks about my own work; it was necessary to do so, as I shall have to quote pretty often from my own translation. And here I should also make some mention of my great predecessors in this work—of Gorresio, who completed an Italian translation of the *Ramayana* in 1867; of Hippolyte Fauche, who completed a French translation of the epic shortly after; and of Ralph Griffith, who has given us an almost complete rendering of it in six octavo volumes of English verse.

With these preliminary remarks, I will now turn to the story of the epic itself. The *Ramayana* virtually commences with a description of the kingdom of Ayodhya or Oudh, then ruled by the ancient monarch Dasa-ratha. In this description we have at once the ideal of an ancient Hindu king and of an ancient Hindu people; and the passage is important as depicting the Hindu conception of a golden age. I will therefore read a few verses.

Like the ancient monarch Manu, father of the human race,
Dasa-ratha ruled his people with a father's loving grace,

Truth and Justice swayed each action and each baser motive quelled,
People's Love and Monarch's Duty every thought and deed impelled,

And his town like INDRA'S city—tower and dome and turret brave—
Rose in proud and peerless beauty on Sarayu's limpid wave!

Peaceful lived the righteous people, rich in wealth, in merit high,
Envy dwelt not in their bosoms, and their accents shaped no lie.

Fathers, with their happy households, owned their cattle, corn, and gold;
Galling penury and famine in Ayodhya had no hold.

Neighbours lived in mutual kindness, helpful with their ample wealth;
None who begged the wasted refuse, none who lived by fraud and stealth!

And they wore the gem and earring, wreath and fragrant sandal paste,
And their arms were decked with bracelets, and their necks with *nishkas* graced;

Cheat and braggart and deceiver lived not in the ancient town;
Proud despiser of the lowly wore no insults in their frown;

Poorer fed not on the richer, hireling friend upon the great,
None with low and lying accents did upon the proud man wait!

Men to plighted vows were faithful, faithful was each loving wife;
Impure thought and wandering fancy stained not holy wedded life.

Robed in gold and graceful garments, fair in form and fair in face,
Winsome were Ayodhya's daughters, rich in wit and woman's grace!

Like other monarchs of the East, Dasa-ratha rejoiced in a large household, and in the company of many queens, and three of these queens were the foremost in rank, and shared among them the affections of their lord. Kausalya the eldest queen was the mother of Rama, the hero of the epic. Kaikeyi, a young and beautiful and imperious queen, was the mother of Bharat. Sumitra the third queen gave birth to twins, one of whom, Lakshman, became the faithful and devoted follower of his elder brother Rama. The names of these two loving brothers, Rama and Lakshman, are to this day household words in every Hindu home.

So far we have confined ourselves to the story of the royal family of Oudh; let us now turn to the adjoining kingdom of Videha or North Behar. That ancient kingdom was ruled by a pious and learned king, Janaka; and Janaka had a lovely daughter, Sita, the heroine of the epic. Suitors from distant lands came for the hand of Sita, for Janaka, like the warriors of olden times, had declared—

"He shall win my peerless Sita who shall bend my bow of war!"

That bow was a god-given weapon, tremendous in

its size and weight; and many princes who came to seek the hand of Sita failed to bend the bow, and went back humbled and disappointed. Rama and his faithful brother Lakshman came wandering from their own kingdom to the kingdom of Janaka, and the mighty weapon was produced before Rama, so that he, too, might try his strength and skill.

Wond'ring gazed the kings assembled as the son of Raghu's race,
Proudly raised the mighty weapon with a warrior's stately grace,

Proudly strung the bow of Rudra which the kings had tried in vain,
Drew the cord with force resistless till the weapon snapped in twain!

The astonished and gratified monarch of Videha kept his promise; the lovely Sita was wedded to Rama; and the proud and victorious prince returned with his bride to his own land amidst the blessings of Brahmans and the acclamations of the people.

Years passed away and Rama grew in grace and learning and valour; and, according to an ancient Indian custom, his old father desired to place on him the burden of the kingdom, and to pass his few remaining years in religious rites and pious meditation. The old King's increasing feebleness, and Rama's growing worth and abilities, alike pointed to this course as the most expedient; and in the poet's description of Rama's virtues we see once more a Hindu's ideal of a model prince, bold in war, rich in learning, loving and bounteous towards his people.

For his Rama strong and stately was his eldest and his best,
Void of every baser passion and with every virtue blest.

Soft in speech, sedate and peaceful, seeking still the holy path,
Calm in conscious worth and valour, taunt nor cavil waked his wrath,

In the field of war excelling, boldest warrior 'midst the bold,
In the palace chambers listening to the tales by elders told,

Faithful to the wise and learned, truthful in his deed and word,
Rama dearly loved his people and his people loved their lord!

To the Brahmans pure and holy Rama due obeisance made,
To the poor and to the helpless deeper love and honour paid,

Spirit of his race and nation was to high-souled Rama given,
Thoughts that widen human glory, deeds that ope the gates of heaven!

Taught by sages and by elders in the manner of his race,
Rama grew in social virtues and each soft endearing grace,

Taught by inborn pride and wisdom patient purpose to conceal,
Deep determined was his effort, dauntless was his silent will!

Peerless in his skill and valour steed and elephant to tame,
Dauntless leader of his forces, matchless in his warlike fame,

Higher thought and nobler duty did the righteous Rama move,
By his toil and by his virtues still he sought his people's love!

Dasa-ratha convened a great council, one of those great assemblages which were summoned by the Hindu kings of ancient India when great questions of State were under consideration. I will not give that council the modern name of a Parliament; but it is a fact that not only the chiefs and peers of the realm, but also representative burghers were invited from the towns and villages of Oudh to advise their king. And Dasa-ratha spake to them:

"Known to all, the race of Raghu rules this empire broad and fair,
And hath ever loved and cherished subjects with a father's care,

In my father's footsteps treading I have sought the ancient path,
Nursed my people as my children, free from passion, pride and wrath,

Underneath this white umbrella, seated on this royal throne,
I have toiled to win their welfare and my task is almost done!

Years have passed of fruitful labour, years of work by fortune blest,
And the evening of my life-time needs, my friends, the evening's rest.

Years have passed in watchful effort, Law and Duty to uphold,
Effort needing strength and prowess,—and my feeble limbs are old!

Peers and burghers, let your monarch, now his lifelong labour done,
For the weal of loving subjects on his empire seat his son,

Speak your thought and from this bosom lift a load of toil and care,
On the proud throne of my fathers let me place a peerless heir;

Speak your thought, my chiefs and people, if this purpose please you well,
Or if wiser, better counsel in your wisdom ye can tell,

Speak your thought without compulsion, though this plan to me be dear,
If some middle course were wiser, if some other way were clear!"

It is needless to state that the people, by whom their prince was dearly loved, approved of their old king's suggestion, and gave their consent by acclamation; and preparations were made to decorate the city of Ayodhya or Oudh in a manner suitable to the occasion. As we read the account of these decorations we realise how much of the life and manners of ancient India survives to the present day in modern India; and every Englishman who has passed years of his life in India will realise in the following verses, written thousands of years ago, a not unfaithful description of the way in which towns and marts are decorated in India in these days, to evince the loyalty of a grateful people to those rulers whom they love to honour.

Rama shall be Heir and Regent, Rama shall be crowned to-day,—
Rapid flew the gladdening message with the morning's gladsome ray,

And the people of the city, maid and matron, man and boy,
Decorated fair Ayodhya in their wild tumultuous joy!

On the temple's lofty steeple high as cloud above the air,
On the crossing of the pathways, in the garden green and fair,

On the merchant's ample warehouse, on the shop with stores displayed,
On the mansion of the noble by the cunning artist made,

On the gay and bright pavilion, on the high and shady trees,
Banners rose and glittering streamers, flags that fluttered in the breeze!

Actors gay and nimble dancers, singers skilled in lightsome song,
With their antics and their music pleased the gay and gathered throng,

And the people met in conclaves, spake of Rama, Regent Heir,
And the children by the roadside lisped of Sita, sweet and fair!

Women wove the scented garland, merry maids the censer lit,
Men with broom and sprinkled water swept the spacious mart and street,

Rows of trees and posts they planted hung with lamps for coming night,
That the midnight dark might rival splendour of the noonday light!

Troops of men and merry children laboured with a loving care,
Woman's skill and woman's fancy made the city passing fair,

So that good and kindly Rama might his people's toil approve,
So that sweet and soft-eyed Sita might accept her people's love!

But while these preparations were made for Rama's coronation as Prince Regent, a dark scheme was on foot in the palace. Among the three queens of the palace, Kausalya, the mother of Rama, rejoiced at the prospect of her son's coronation. Kaikeyi, the mother of Bharat, too, looked forward to it with pleasure, until ambition and jealousy were roused in her heart by an old nurse of the family; and this portion of the Epic has always struck me as one of the most powerful in the whole poem. The greatest of English poets conjures up three strange witches to stir up in the soul of Macbeth the first flames of a restless ambition which leads him to deeds of crime and violence; and the poet also gives him a fitting helpmate to speed his flagging purpose and stifle his scruples. With no less dramatic force and true insight into human character, the poet of the *Ramayana* brings on the stage the figure of a crooked-formed and crooked-minded old nurse, who stirs in the mother of Bharat the flames of ambition and of jealousy. She speaks with terrible effect to Bharat's mother when she urges:

"Trust me, queen, thy Bharat's merits are too well and widely known,
And he stands too near and closely by a rival brother's throne;

Rama hath a wolf-like wisdom and a fang to reach the foe,
And I tremble for thy Bharat, Heaven avert untimely woe!

Happy is the Queen Kausalya, they will soon anoint her son,
When on Pushya's constellation gaily rides to-morrow's moon;

Happy is the Queen Kausalya in her regal pomp and state,
And Kaikeyi like a bond-slave must upon her rival wait!

Wilt thou do her due obeisance as we humble women do?
Will thy proud and princely Bharat as his brother's henchman go,

Will thy Bharat's gentle consort, fairest princess in this land,
In her tears and in her anguish wait on Sita's proud command?"

For a time the Queen Kaikeyi repels these insinuations and answers:

"What inspires thee, wicked woman, thus to rail in bitter tone,
Shall not Rama, best and eldest, fill his father's royal throne?

What alarms thee, crooked woman, in the happy rites begun,
Shall not Rama guard his brothers as a father guards his son?"

But the old nurse is importunate. She urges again and again:

"Thou hast borne the princely Bharat, nursed him from thy gentle breast,
To a queen and to a mother need a prince's claims be pressed?

To a thoughtless heedless mother must I Bharat's virtues plead?
Must the Queen Kaikeyi witness Queen Kausalya's son succeed?

Trust thy old and faithful woman who hath nursed thee, youthful queen,
And in great and princely houses many darksome deeds has seen;

Trust my word, the wily Rama for his spacious empire's good,
Soon will banish friendless Bharat and secure his peace with blood!

Speak thy mandate to thy husband, win thy son a happy fate,
Doom him not to Rama's service or his unrelenting hate;

Let not Rama in his rancour shed a younger brother's blood,
As the lion slays the tiger in the deep and echoing wood!

With the magic of thy beauty thou hast won thy monarch's heart,
Queen Kausalya's bosom rankles with a woman's secret smart;

Let her not with woman's vengeance turn upon her prouder foe,
And as crownéd Rama's mother venge her sorrows in thy woe.

Mark my word, my child Kaikeyi, much these ancient eyes have seen.
Rama's rule is death to Bharat, insult to my honoured queen!"

Like a slow but deadly poison worked the ancient nurse's tears,
And a wife's undying impulse mingled with a mother's fears;

Deep within Kaikeyi's bosom worked a woman's jealous thought,
Speechless in her silent anger mourner's dark retreat she sought."

The scene which follows is tragic. The old king sought out his beautiful and imperious queen in the mourner's chamber, implored her to state her wishes, and promised with many solemn vows to fulfil them. And then, when the queen disclosed her dark purpose, that her son Bharat should be crowned, and that Rama should be banished to the woods, the feeble old king was stunned and speechless. He was roused to anger and said:

"Have I courted thee, Kaikeyi, throned thee in my heart of truth,
Nursed thee in my home and bosom like a snake of poisoned tooth;

Have I courted thee, Kaikeyi, placed thee on Ayodhya's throne,
That my Rama, loved of people, thou should'st banish from his own?

Banish far my Queen Kausalya, Queen Sumitra saintly wife,
Wrench from me my ancient empire, from my bosom wrench my life!

But with brave and princely Rama never can his father part,
Till his ancient life is ended, cold and still his beating heart!

Sunless roll the world in darkness, rainless may the harvests thrive,
But from righteous Rama severed, never can his sire survive;

Feeble is thy aged husband, few and brief on earth his day,
Lend me, wife, a woman's kindness, as a consort be my stay!

Ask for other boon, Kaikeyi, aught my sea-girt empire yields,
Wealth or treasure, gem or jewel, castled town or smiling fields;

Ask for other gift, Kaikeyi, and thy wishes shall be given,
Stain me not with crime unholy in the eye of righteous Heaven!"

Coldly spake the Queen Kaikeyi: "If thy royal heart repent,
Break thy word and plighted promise, let thy royal faith be rent;

Ever known for truth and virtue, speak to peers and monarchs all,
When from near and distant regions they shall gather in thy hall;

Speak, if so it please thee, monarch, of thy evil-destined wife,
How she loved with wife's devotion, how she served and saved thy life;

How on plighted promise, trusting for a humble boon she sighed,
How a monarch broke his promise, how a cheated woman died!"

But the feeble king's heart still rebelled against a deed of shame and of injustice, and he pleaded with the feebleness of a doting old husband against the unalterable purpose of a passionate young wife and an imperious queen. She kept the monarch bound to the heedless promise he had made and to the vows he had taken, and to all his pleadings her answer was still the same.

Coldly spake the Queen Kaikeyi: "If thy royal heart repent,
Break thy word and plighted promise, let thy royal faith be rent.

Truth-abiding is our monarch, so I heard the people say,
And his word is all inviolate, stainless virtue marks his sway.

Let it now be known to nations—righteous Dasa-ratha lied,
And a trusting, cheated woman broke her loving heart and died!"

It is needless to add that the young wife had her own way, and the dark deed was done. Rama was sentenced to banishment, and heroic in his obedience and duty as he was heroic in feats of arms, Rama left his kingdom and his home without a word of protest.

But the banishment of Rama was the death of his old father. He never recovered from the blow,

never forgot the wrong he had done to the best of sons and the best of men. For six days he suffered from the agony of grief and repentance; and, like a pious Hindu, he attributed this suffering to his own misdeeds in past years. Lying on his death-bed he narrated to the mother of Rama the story of his youth: how he had gone to hunt in a forest, how he had killed a hermit's son, how the old and sightless hermit had cursed him for that deed.

"Years have gone and many seasons, and in fulness of the time
Comes the fruit of pride and folly and the harvest of my crime.

Rama, eldest born and dearest, Lakshman true and faithful son,
Ah! forgive a dying father and a cruel action done!

Lay thy hands in mine, Kausalya; wipe thy unavailing tear,
Speak a wife's consoling accents to a dying husband's ear.

Lay thy hands on mine, Sumitra, vision fails my closing eyes,
And for brave and banished Rama wings my spirit to the skies!"

The midnight slowly passed away, and the ancient king died on the seventh morning from that of his son's banishment.

Meanwhile, Rama had not departed to the woods alone. He was followed by his wife Sita; and here the character of Sita—the Hindu ideal of a woman's devotion, faithfulness, and love—comes prominently

before the reader. It may be stated without exaggeration that no creation of the human imagination —no character in the literature of ancient Greece or ancient Rome or of modern Europe—has ever had such a hold on the mind of any nation, as the matchless character of Sita among the millions of India. Her womanly love and faithfulness, her unfaltering truth and devotion, her steadfast virtue in trials and temptations—all this is not merely a literary tradition among the learned in India, but a priceless and undying heritage among the millions. There is not a Hindu woman living in that vast continent whose earliest memories of childhood do not cling around the story of the saintly Sita repeated in every Hindu nursery; whose moral education through life is not dominated by the conception of that pure and spotless woman, and whose last yearnings after righteousness in old age are not inspired and strengthened by the lofty example of that almost divine character.

Rama, banished to the woods for fourteen years, implored Sita to stay behind until his return from banishment, but Sita repelled the idea with a woman's pride and a wife's devotion.

"For my mother often taught me and my father often spake,
That her home the wedded woman doth beside her husband make,

As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful wife,
And she parts not from her consort till she parts with fleeting life!

Therefore bid me seek the jungle and in pathless forests roam,
Where the wild deer freely ranges and the tiger makes his home,

Happier than in father's mansions in the woods will Sita rove,
Waste no thought on home or kindred, nestling in her husband's love!

World-renowned is Rama's valour, fearless by her Rama's side,
Sita still will live and wander with a faithful woman's pride,

And the wild fruit she will gather from the fresh and fragrant wood,
And the food by Rama tasted shall be Sita's cherished food!

Bid me seek the sylvan greenwoods, wooded hills and plateaus high,
Limpid rills and crystal *nullas* as they softly ripple by,

And where in the lake of lotus tuneful birds their plumage lave,
Let me with my loving Rama skim the cool translucent wave!

Years will pass in happy union,—happiest lot to woman given,—
Sita seeks not throne or empire, nor the brighter joys of heaven,

Heaven conceals not brighter mansions in its sunny fields of pride,
Where without her lord and husband faithful Sita would reside!

Therefore let me seek the jungle where the jungle-rangers rove,
Dearer than the royal palace, where I share my husband's love,

And my heart in sweet communion shall my Rama's wishes share,
And my wifely toil shall lighten Rama's load of woe and care!"

Vainly gentle Rama pleaded dangers of the jungle life,
Vainly spake of toil and trial to a true and tender wife!

Lakshman too followed his elder brother to the woods. They left the town of Ayodhya amidst the lamentations of the people; they stole away at night, and crossed the Tamasa river to avoid the crowds of people who followed them, and they crossed first the Ganges and then the Jumna on their way to the south. The wanderings of exiled Rama through various unknown tracts, which fill a large part of the Epic, remind the reader of the wanderings of Ulysses for many a long year: but the Indian story has a far greater hold on the national mind than the story of the ancient Greeks. The illiterate modern Greeks will be at a loss to narrate the story of their hero's wanderings; but in India, thousands upon thousands of the ignorant and the illiterate make annual pilgrimages along the path which Rama and Sita and Lakshman are supposed to have traversed, thirty centuries ago. The past is not dead or buried in India, it is a living faith and a reality among the millions.

In the meanwhile, while Bharat's mother had succeeded in securing the throne for her son, Bharat himself would not accept it at the price of the banishment of his elder. He left Ayodhya in quest of Rama, crossed the Ganges and the Jumna, found out Rama in the hermitage where he was living as an anchorite, and implored him to return. But

Rama's reply was worthy of him, he had received a mandate from his father, and would not violate it.

Among the many discussions which took place in this hermitage, the most remarkable are the arguments of an Indian sceptic, named Jabali. In ancient India, as in ancient Greece, various schools of philosophy flourished side by side, some of them orthodox and some of them exceedingly heterodox and even atheistic, and the greatest latitude of free thought was tolerated. Jabali was a freethinker of the broadest type, denying God, and ridiculing ideas of duty and of a future life; and he pressed Rama to return to his kingdom in words which would stagger even a modern sceptic. He said:

"Wherefore, Rama, idle maxims cloud thy heart and warp thy mind,
Maxims which mislead the simple and the thoughtless human kind?

Love nor friendship doth a mortal to his kith or kindred own,
Entering on this wide earth friendless, and departing all alone.

Foolishly upon the father and the mother dotes the son,
Kinship is an idle fancy—save thyself thy kith is none!

In the wayside inn he halteth, who in distant lands doth roam,
Leaves it with the dawning daylight for another transient home.

Thus on earth are kith and kindred, home and country, wealth and store;
We but meet them on our journey, leave them as we pass before!

Ah! I weep for erring mortals, who on erring duty bent
Sacrifice their dear enjoyment till their barren life is spent;

Who to Gods and to the Fathers vainly still their offering make;
Waste of food! for God nor Father doth our pious offering take!

Crafty priests have forged these maxims, and with selfish objects say—
Make thy gifts and do thy penance, leave thy worldly wealth and pray!

There is no Hereafter, Rama, vain the hope and creed of men;
Seek the pleasures of the present, spurn illusions poor and vain.

Take the course of sense and wisdom, cast all idle faith aside,
Take the kingdom Bharat offers, rule Ayodhya in thy pride!"

But the sophistry of the philosopher had no more influence with Rama than the affectionate pleadings of his brother; and he replied to the philosopher's reasoning in words which give us an insight into the lofty determination of the great hero of the epic.

"Sweep aside thy crafty reasoning, Truth is still our ancient way;
Truth sustains the earth and nations and a monarch's righteous sway.

Mighty Gods and holy sages find in Truth their haven shore,
Scorning death and dark destruction, Truth survives for evermore!

Deadlier than the serpent's venom is the venom of a lie,
From the false, than from the cobra, men with deeper terror fly;

Dearer than the food to mortals, Truth as nourishment is given;
Truth sustains the wide creation, Truth upholds the highest heaven!

Vain were gifts and sacrifices, rigid penances were vain,
Profitless the holy *Vedas* but for Truth which they sustain;

Gifts and rights and rigid penance have no aim or purpose high,
Save in Truth, which rules the wide earth and the regions of the sky!

I have plighted truth and promise, and my word may not unsay,
Fourteen years in pathless forests father's mandate I obey;

And I seek no spacious reasons my relinquished throne to win,
Gods nor Fathers nor the *Vedas* counsel tortuous paths of sin!

Pardon, *rishi*, still unchanging shall remain my promise given
To thy mother Queen Kaikeyi, to my father now in heaven.

Pardon, *rishi*, still in jungle we shall seek the forest fare,
Worship Gods who watch our actions, and pervade the earth and air;

And the deep and darksome jungle shall be Rama's royal hall,
For a righteous father's mandate duteous son may not recall!"

Failing in his endeavour to induce Rama to return, the younger Bharat returned to Ayodhya; while Rama penetrated into the deeper jungles of the south to avoid fresh solicitations from his friends and relations. Accompanied by his wife and Lakshman, he travelled to the south of the Vindhya mountains, and at last chose his retreat near the sources of the Godavari river, at a place now called Nassik, not far from modern Bombay. Here the faithful Lakshman built a humble leafy cottage, thatched with reeds and jungle grass, and here Rama and his wife passed some of the happiest years of their life in the lone retreat of what was then an interminable wilderness.

The poem takes a new turn now; and we exchange the quiet life of a righteous exile in holy hermitages for the more stirring incidents of war. Ravan was the powerful and terrible king of Ceylon, and Ravan's sister, wandering in the wilderness, met Rama and fell in love with him. The too forward maiden was punished by the angry Lakshman, and she went and complained to her royal brother, the king of Ceylon. Ravan meditated a deep revenge, and he lured away Rama and Lakshman from their humble cottage in order to fall on unprotected Sita.

This was the great crisis of Sita's life, when Ravan, disguised as a hermit, approached her lone and unprotected cottage, and the poet describes the critical moment in befitting verse.

Quaking Nature knew the moment; silent stood the forest trees;
Conscious of a deed of darkness fell the fragrant forest breeze,

Godavari's troubled waters trembled 'neath his lurid glance,
And his red eye's fiery lustre sparkled in the wavelets' dance!

Mute and still were forest creatures when in guise of anchorite,
Unto Sita's lonely cottage pressed the Raksha in his might,

Mute and voiceless was the jungle as he cast on her his eye,
As across the star of Chitra, planet Sani walks the sky!

Ravan stood in hermit's vestments,—vengeful purpose unrevealed,—
As a deep and darksome cavern is by grass and leaf concealed,

Ravan stood sedate and silent, and he gazed on Rama's queen,
Ivory brow and lip of coral, sparkling teeth of pearly sheen!

Lighting up the lonely cottage Sita sat in radiance high,
As the Moon with streaks of silver fills the lonely midnight sky,

Lighting up the gloomy woodlands with her eyes serenely fair,
With her bark-clad shape of beauty mantled by her raven hair!

Ravan fired by impure passion fixed on her his lustful eye,
And the light that lit his glances gave his holy texts the lie,

Ravan in his flattering accents, with a soft and soothing art,
Praised the woman's peerless beauty to subdue the woman's heart!"

Sita, in the simplicity of her heart, still believed the intruder to be a hermit and a guest, offered him the welcome due to a religious man, and narrated to him in her simple and pathetic language the story of her life, and of her husband's banishment into the woods. The scene is dramatic in the highest degree, and the simple tale told by the trustful Sita of her joys and her sorrows to the cruel and crime-polluted Ravan darkly determined on her destruction, is one of the most touching passages in the whole epic.

Ravan at last disclosed himself. And he proposed to Sita that she should leave the homeless Rama, and henceforth be his queen, and the proud Empress of Ceylon. It was then that Sita discovered the terrible nature of her situation; and her natural gentleness and sweetness gave way to the noble wrath of an insulted woman. And she repelled Ravan's proposal with the scorn and indignation of a true wife, proud of her warlike lord. And she said to Ravan:

"Sure thy fitful life is shadowed by a dark and dreadful fate,
Since in frenzy of thy passion courtest thou a warrior's mate,

Tear the tooth of hungry lion while upon the calf he feeds,
Touch the fang of deadly cobra while his dying victim bleeds,

Aye, uproot the solid mountain from its base of rocky land,
Ere thou win the wife of Rama, stout of heart and strong of hand!

Pierce thy eye with point of needle till it racks thy tortured head,
Press thy red tongue cleft and bleeding on the razor's shining blade,

Hurl thyself upon the ocean from a towering peak and high,
Snatch the orbs of day and midnight from their spheres in azure sky,

Tongues of flaming conflagration in thy flowing dress enfold,
Ere thou take the wife of Rama to thy distant dungeon hold,

Ere thou seek to insult Rama unrelenting in his wrath,
O'er a bed of pikes of iron tread a softer, easier path!"

But all her threats and protests and entreaties were in vain, the cruel and relentless Ravan seized the unprotected woman, forced her into his chariot, and took her away to Ceylon. The helpless Sita, writhing in agony, like a snake in the talons of an eagle, vainly called for the help of Rama and of Lakshman, who were far away in the woods; she invoked the spirits of the woodlands and of the earth and air; and she doomed Ravan to destruction in words of terrible import and truth.

"Deed of sin, unrighteous Ravan, brings in time its dreadful meed,
As the young corn grows and ripens from the small and living seed,

For this deed of insult, Ravan, in thy heedless folly done,
Death of all thy race and kindred thou shall reap from Raghu's son!"

The account of the invasion of Ceylon by Rama, and of the war which followed, need not detain us long. The aboriginal dwellers of Southern India who helped Rama in this invasion are described by the poet as monkeys and bears; and the defenders of Ceylon are described as monsters; and the incidents of the war, though often spirited and stirring, lack the human interest of the war of the *Mahabharata*. As a heroic poem, the *Ramayana* cannot be compared with the *Mahabharata*; we miss in the *Ramayana* those stirring descriptions of real battles, and the encounters of real warriors, which strike us so forcibly in the *Mahabharata*. Lakshman the brother of Rama is, however, a truly fine soldier-like character; he kills the terrible son of Ravan in fair fight; and then Rama himself kills Ravan and recovers the stolen Sita.

That saintly woman, who had remained faithful to her wedded lord in all her trials and sorrows, proves her purity by an ordeal of fire, and returns to the embraces of her victorious lord, and they both return to Ayodhya with Lakshman, the period of exile being now over.

In a fine passage the poet describes the victorious brothers and Sita, sailing over the whole continent of India in an aërial car, crossing over the mighty hills, the majestic rivers, the far-extending woods, and the towns and hamlets and smiling fields which lay beneath them spread out like a map. And when the car performed this marvellous journey from Ceylon to Oudh, the city of Oudh once more decorated herself to welcome her returning lord and monarch.

Elephants in golden trappings thousand chiefs and nobles bore,
Chariots cars and gallant chargers speeding by Sarayu's shore,

And the serried troops of battle marched with colours rich and brave,
Proudly o'er the gay procession did Ayodhya's banners wave.

In their stately gilded litters royal dames and damsels came,
Queen Kausalya first and foremost, Queen Sumitra rich in fame,

Pious priests and learned Brahman, chief of guild from near and far,
Noble chief and stately courtier with the wreath and water jar.

Girt by minstrel bard and herald chanting glorious deeds of yore,
Bharat came,—his elder's sandals still the faithful younger bore.—

Silver-white his proud umbrella, silver-white his garland brave,
Silver-white the fan of *chowri* which his faithful henchmen wave.

Stately march of gallant chargers and the roll of battle car,
Heavy tread of royal tuskers and the beat of drum of war,

Dundubhi and echoing *sankha,* voice of nations gathered nigh,
Shook the city's tower and temple and the pealing vault of sky!

Sailing o'er the cloudless ether Rama's Pushpa chariot came,
And ten thousand jocund voices shouted Rama's joyous name,
Women with their loving greetings, children with their joyous cry,
Tottering age and lisping infant hailed the righteous chief and high.

Bharat rendered back the kingdom of Oudh to Rama, and Rama and Sita were consecrated as king and queen of a happy and joyous nation. And to this day the traditions of the people of India represent the reign of Rama as a period of felicity and happiness when

Trees their ample produce yielded as returning seasons went,
And the earth in grateful gladness never failing harvest lent,
Rains descended in their season, never came the blighting gale,
Rich in crop and rich in pasture was each soft and smiling vale,
Loom and anvil gave their produce and the tilled and fertile soil,
And the nation lived rejoicing in their old ancestral toil!

The real epic of Rama ends here. There is an *Uttara Kanda*, or supplement, which prolongs the story, and gives it a sad and mournful ending; but it is unnecessary to go into that supplemental story to-night. Enough has been said to explain the character of this wonderful ancient poem of the Hindus,

embodying the highest ideals of manly devotion to truth and womanly faithfulness and love.

One word more, and I have done. I have remarked elsewhere that in India the *Ramayana* is not merely an ancient epic, but is still a living tradition and a living faith. It forms the basis of the moral instruction of a nation, and it is a part of the lives of two hundred millions of people. It is necessary to add that when the modern languages of India were first formed out of the ancient Sanscrit and Prakrits, in the ninth and tenth centuries after Christ, the *Ramayana* had the greatest influence in inspiring our modern poets and forming our modern tongues. Southern India took the lead, and a translation of the *Ramayana* in the Tamil language appeared as early as 1100 A.D. Northern India and Bengal and Bombay followed the example; Tulasi Das's *Ramayana* is the great classic of the Hindi language, Krittibas's *Ramayana* is a classic in the Bengali language, and Sridhar's *Ramayana* is a classic in the Mahratta language. Generations of Hindus in all parts of India have studied the ancient story in these modern translations; they have heard it recited in the houses of the rich; and they have seen it acted on the stage at religious festivals in every great town and every populous village through the length and breadth of India.

More than this, the story of Rama has inspired our religious reformers, and purified the popular faith of our modern times. Rama, the true and dutiful, was accepted as the Spirit of God descended on earth, as an incarnation of Vishnu, the Preserver

of the World. The great teacher Ramanuja proclaimed the monotheism of Vishnu in Southern India in the twelfth century; the reformer Ramananda proclaimed the same faith in Northern India in the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and his follower, the gifted Kabir, conceived the bold idea of uniting Hindus and Mahomedans in the worship of One God. "The God of the Hindus," he said, "is the God of the Mahomedans, be he invoked as *Rama* or *Ali*." "The city of the Hindu God is Benares, and the city of the Mahomedan God is Mecca; but search your hearts, and there you will find the God both of Hindus and Mahomedans." "If the Creator dwells in tabernacles, whose dwelling is the universe?"

The reformer Chaitanya preached the same sublime monotheism in Bengal, and the reformer Nanak in the Punjab, in the sixteenth century. And down to the present day the popular mind in India, led away by the worship of many images in many temples, nevertheless holds fast to the cardinal idea of One God, and believes the heroes of the ancient epics—*Krishna* and *Rama*—to be the incarnations of that God.

Down to the present century the lessons of the great epics are a perennial source of instruction to the people of India. Early in this century Reginald Heber, the Bishop of Calcutta, met among the wildest tribes of Western India the great Hindu reformer Swami Narayan, who had tamed the manners of his countrymen, and preached to them lessons of purity and humanity and the love of God, under the name of Krishna. The Bishop, escorted

by the East India Company's guards met the Hindu reformer surrounded by his faithful followers.

"Had our troops been opposed to each other," writes the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, "mine, though less numerous, would have been doubtless far more effective from the superiority of arms and discipline. But, in moral grandeur, what a difference was there between his troops and mine. Mine neither knew me, nor cared for me; they escorted me faithfully, and would have defended me bravely, because they were ordered by their superiors to do so, and as they would have done for any other stranger of sufficient worldly rank to make such an attendance usual. The guards of Swami Narayan were his own disciples and enthusiastic admirers, men who had voluntarily repaired to hear his lessons, who now took a pride in doing him honour, and who would cheerfully fight to the last drop of blood rather than suffer a fringe of his garment to be handled roughly."

The Bishop entered into conversation with the reformer, and this is how the reformer explained his idea of God:

"Many names there may be, and have been, given to Him who *is*, and is *the same*, but whom we also, as well as the other Hindus, call Brahma. But there is a spirit in whom God *is* more specially, and who cometh from God, and is with God, and is likewise God, who hath made known to men the will of God and Father of all, whom we call *Krishna* and worship as God's image."

These are words which the Hindu reformer uttered to the Christian Bishop early in this century; and these words describe to us accurately how the pictures of the Perfect Man, handed down to us by our

ancient epics, have enabled Indian reformers through centuries and thousands of years to rally the nations of India in the worship of one God, whose image on earth is the Perfect Man. In the teeming villages of Bengal, in the ancient shrines of Northern India, and far away in the towns and hamlets of Southern India, the prevailing faith of the million is a popular monotheism underlying the various ceremonials in honour of various images and forms,—and that popular monotheism generally recognises the heroes of the two ancient epics,—*Krishna* and *Rama*, as the earthly incarnations of the one God pervading and ruling the universe.

To know the two Indian epics is to understand the Indian people better. And to trace the influence of the Indian epics on the life and manners of the Hindu nation, and on the development of their modern languages, literatures, and religious reforms, is to comprehend the real history of the people during three thousand years. As mere literary works, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* are among the greatest and loftiest creations of the human imagination. And unless I am very much mistaken in my estimate, the two epics of India, when they are better known in Europe, will take their rank along with the works of Homer, of Dante, and of Shakespeare, as undying works of art, composed for all times, all countries, and for all mankind.

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WILLIAM COWPER

From the Painting by Romney in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE POET COWPER AND HIS SURROUNDINGS.

BY WILLIAM BOLTON, F.R.S.L.

[Read November 28th, 1900.]

It was a singular coincidence that while the Royal Society of Literature was engaged in listening to the closing lecture on the *fifth* Centenary of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English literature, that at that very moment, namely on the afternoon of the 25th of April last, several thousands of English people in a small country town were engaged in celebrating the *first* centenary of another poet, who may be said to have completed, in a sense, that pure English style which Chaucer began, and the freshness of whose poetry is to-day just what it was a hundred years ago, namely William Cowper, the Bard of Olney.

There are only two places in this country of England where one single predominant name in literature overshadows everything else. London has produced many of our greatest writers—Chaucer, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Gray, Byron, Keats, and Robert Browning among them,—but what stranger ever comes to London expecting to find any of these great names as the one overwhelming influence of the place? The birth-spots of these authors are now lost beneath the masses of railway stations and

city warehouses, and even their later residences have been improved away. In country towns it is much the same thing; Lichfield has produced a Johnson, and his birthplace still stands; but the Cathedral of Lichfield extinguishes Johnson, whose shade haunts other spots, notably the narrow courts running out of Fleet Street. Ottery in Devonshire saw the birth of Coleridge, but the shade of Coleridge is not to be sought for in that place, but rather at Stowey, or Bristol, or Keswick, or Highgate. It is true the genius of Wordsworth has thrown an enduring spell over the whole Lake country, but not specially does it rest upon one particular spot. Scott's mighty genius has thrown a mantle over the whole of Scotland. Burns's lyric celebrity diffuses itself over a wide area of space, and it may be said that wherever there is a Scotchman, there is the influence of Burns. Thus it remains that two places only in this island of ours can be cited which are peculiarly under the local spell of a single name: one is *Stratford-on-Avon*, sacred to Shakespeare; and the other is the small town of *Olney*, in the extreme north of the county of Buckingham, sacred to William Cowper.

There is, however, just this difference between the two: Shakespeare was born at Stratford, while Cowper was not born at Olney. Shakespeare, as far as we know, never wrote anything at all of his native place, except from memory in a few fragmentary touches; while to Cowper Olney scenes were his all in all for nearly thirty years. Washington Irving says: "the mind refuses to dwell at Stratford on anything that does not belong to Shakespeare;" and so, when once the pilgrim enters the long

unadorned street of Olney—coming as he probably will do now from the railway station,—a single street of common and dull white-washed houses, some of them still thatched, and all built flush with the road, without a single flower garden in front of any of them or a bit of bright colour to catch the eye; notwithstanding all this monotony, the mind is absorbed with one idea only, and that idea is Cowper. The street in its general characteristics can be but little changed since his days, though now no workers of fine pillow lace sit with their bobbins at the open door. At the lower end of the town there is the triangular piece of open ground with its fine elm tree in the centre, and facing the spectator as he comes along is Cowper's house, *the* house, the house of himself and Mrs. Unwin, the house of the "Task," and of all his longer and greater poems. A little further still is the bridge; not indeed the same bridge which Cowper knew, but a successor, which still "with wearisome but needful length bestrides the general flood;" not an architectural bridge of stone arches, but only little more than a causeway raised a few feet above the meadows, and in its simplicity fully in harmony with the quiet prospect on three sides, of green fields with the river Ouse slow-winding through them, the distant trees on the one hand of Weston, and on the other the wooded bank of Clifton, affording to us the identical view which Cowper saw and enjoyed for thirty years. Still less altered, or, rather, not altered at all, is Cowper's summer-house, a shed of rough planks "not much larger than a sedan chair," where he passed so many hours, and wrote much of his poetry, and which

holds in the floor a sort of sunken well, where erst his clerical visitors kept their tobacco pipes. The visitor of to-day wonders how so frail a structure could have lasted for a century and a half. The walls, once white, are now black with the autographs of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world.

From the lower end of the town the footpath begins, which crosses first some fields and then a stream, and terminates at Clifton, where Lady Austen, who inspired him to write the ballad of 'John Gilpin' and the 'Task' resided, and which said footpath, with its mud and mire, he has playfully celebrated in one of his minor pieces. On the other side is Weston Underwood, with the trees of its park within less than a mile, still a beautiful park, with masses of greenery and open lawns. Easily to be found within the enclosures are various things Cowper has sung of, or described in excellent prose—the "Spinney," for instance, in a dingle where he and his party of fair ladies were wont to picnic, with a wheelbarrow for a table; here, too, is the famous Alcove, the subject of one of the books in the 'Task;' here are the avenues or green colonnades; and in the Wilderness the large stone urns, which still retain the inscriptions he wrote for Lady Throckmorton's dogs. At Weston, too, apparently little altered, is the comfortable-looking house to which he removed after twenty-one years' residence in Olney market-place; and on returning to Olney the visitor will have before him the beautiful tower and spire of Olney Church, from which, perchance, he may catch "the sound of cheerful bells just undulating on the listening ear," greeting us as they

did him. In Olney itself are many other spots familiar to his readers, such as the district called "Silver End," redolent in the poet's time of unsavoury essences, and inhabited by rather troublesome neighbours. Further away, though within a walk, is Yardley Oak, just within the Northamptonshire border, a hoary tree many centuries old, not otherwise interesting in itself, for "we have a hundred such elsewhere," but for having been sung by the poet. These are but a few things, to mention no more, which still attract the admirers of Cowper. To any who know him only by his poems, the district offers the attractions of a pilgrimage worth making. They will not expect to discover romantic scenery; but they will be rewarded in finding real English landscapes worthy of being painted or sung. It is really impossible for anyone to get Cowper out of mind for a moment when at Olney, and nobody ever does. The railway has, indeed, of late years come there, but the station is happily not very near the town, and does not at present interfere with the spirit of the place, which is for the most part as old-fashioned as ever. There are not many shops, and plate-glass windows have not appeared. Around are the same water-meadows, with possibly the same mud; and there is the same Ouse—a river that performs more eccentric gyrations in the neighbourhood than does any other river in all England, making a course of twenty-five miles about a district the diameter of which is only eight.

The life of Cowper divides itself into two portions, one his early career, and the other his residence at

Olney; the first embracing his school days, his so-called study of the law, and his residence in the Temple; the second covering his literary career. The public interest is in the latter portion. It is difficult to say anything about it that has not been said before; but there may be perhaps some dropped threads worth taking up. No poet of later times has had so much written about him, both on his writings and his personality. I have thought it best, therefore, in preparing this paper to avoid consulting any other books than those written by himself, and to draw my observations partly from these, and partly from personal experience, for the study of Cowper has been almost a life-long pleasure.

Cowper's individual character was sweetness itself. I do not remember ever reading of his getting out of temper for a moment. Everybody who approached him loved him, and his human love was unbounded. Before his time no man wrote as he did on Liberty, and perhaps no poet has since equalled him on the subject. His life has been written by many—by Hayley, by Grimshaw, by Southey, by an Anonymous author in 1855, and by Thomas Wright among others. Sketches and essays also, more or less valuable, are still more numerous. Of the biographies, I prefer that of Southey, who adorned whatever he touched, for general information; and that of the Anonymous writer for reflective conclusions. I shall confine myself chiefly to his own statements for all I have to say about him.

First for his family. His mother was a Donne, coming from the same stock which produced the

satirical poet of King James's days, now best known from his life by Izaak Walton. This Dr. Donne claimed a descent from Sir Thomas More; but beyond that, the pedigree of the poet's mother could be traced through four distinct branches up to King Henry III. This never made him vain. Respecting it, he says:

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The son of parents passed into the skies."

On his father's side there is a good deal more to be said, and it affords much interesting matter, especially for one event which, connected with it, influenced Cowper's whole life, changed his character, and from a giddy young man about town, produced a poet, emphatically the Poet of Nature and the Home.

Having had occasion some time ago to search into Cowper's genealogy, I was able to light upon some curious facts, not hitherto noticed by any writer.

The Cowper family are descended from John Cowper, of Strode, in Sussex, who married Joan Stanbridge, an heiress, in the time of Edward IV. Some of the family—certainly a cousin of the poet and a namesake, W. Cowper, of the Park, Hertford, —if not the poet himself, quartered the Stanbridge arms on their shield. Passing over several descents we find a William Cowper, of Kent, created a Baronet in the year 1642. His son, another William, left two sons, the elder of whom, a lawyer of eminence, became successively, a Judge, a Keeper of

the Great Seal, and in the time of Queen Anne, Lord Chancellor. While he was a judge he was accused of the murder of a Quakeress, and acquitted. Lord Macaulay introduces this episode in his history, and wonders that the poet never once alluded to it in his letters. His Lordship married a certain Mary Clavering, as second wife, a lady who kept a private diary, which diary, after lying *perdu* for one hundred and fifty years, first saw the light in the year 1865.

Of this important diary I must speak again; but it is necessary for a time to keep to the genealogy. The second son of the above-mentioned William, viz. Spencer Cowper, brother of the Earl, the Chancellor, left at his decease three sons, the eldest one, still a William, was "Clerk of the Parliaments," of which office a good deal is to be said shortly; the second son was Ashley, who was a lawyer, and the third was John, father of the Poet. John Cowper entered Holy Orders, and became Rector of Great Berkhampstead, where the future poet was born in the year 1731. The Rectory House is now demolished, and, indeed, in the poet's own time it would seem to have lost connection with the name, for he says of it in his great poem on his mother's picture:

> "'Tis now become a history little known
> That once we called the pastoral house our own."

Young William was a most sensitive and timid child, both at home and at school, yet always thoughtful, and with tastes uncommon in a boy of the period. When at Westminster School he loved

to leave the outdoor games, though he excelled in them, and to indulge in country rambles. He says:

"I have loved the rural walks through lanes
Of grassy swarth close cropped by nibbling sheep,
O'er hills and vallies, and by river's brink,
E'er since, a truant boy, I passed my bounds
T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames."

Among his schoolfellows at Westminster was Charles Churchill, the brilliant satirist; George Colman, afterwards translator of Terence and author of some standard plays; and above all, Warren Hastings, of whom, when the country rang at the time of his trial, his former schoolmate refused to believed anything but good.

Removed from Westminster, we find him articled to an attorney, his companion being Thurlow, afterwards Chancellor. He, however, instead of studying law, as Thurlow did, idled three years of his life away, passing much of his time in making love to his cousin Theodora, daughter of his uncle Ashley, with whom he boarded. This attachment was broken off by the father, but not before a vast number of poetical love letters had been addressed to the young lady, who was his Delia, while he was her constant William, not her Strephon or Colin as might be supposed. It is hard to guess what might have happened had the fates permitted the union. Certainly they did not meet again. *He* became "a stricken deer and left the herd." *She* never ceased to love, and in the melancholy latter days of the poet, provided him anonymously with a private annual income. He then entered the Temple, and

set up chambers, and for want of something better to do joined himself to a gay set of young bloods, and passed more of his important life in trifling time away. These men could not have been a bad set after all, for they established a literary club among themselves, and set up a magazine, to which all contributed, Cowper among the rest, who wrote ballads, which became so popular that they were sung about the streets; but, unfortunately for us, nobody has ever been able to trace one of them. That the poetical faculty was germinating within him is proved by one early production which has been preserved, the verses written on finding "the heel of an old shoe at Bath." This contains one of the best alliterative lines in the language. As if foreboding his own career, the verses end thus:

> "Left
> Basely deserted, from his airy height
> Headlong he falls, and through the rest of life
> *Drags the dull load of disappointment on.*"

His father, who had married again, was now dead, and his income had diminished to sixty pounds a year, which, though it probably went as far in the year 1762 as double that amount goes at present, was yet all insufficient to support a young briefless barrister. At length his first cousin, Major Cowper, who possessed the presentation of several lucrative offices under Government, offered him the post of "Clerk of the Parliamentary Journals." This offer was soon changed for the higher post of "Clerk of the Parliaments," which had been held by his uncle the father of the Major, who had died in 1740. Here

was a fortune to hand, could it have been grasped; but if "there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," it is pretty sure that if the tide be missed the vessel will drift. So it was with Cowper. He had not mental strength to breast the water; and, brooding over fancied difficulties, his mind gave way, and he twice attempted suicide. He has given us full particulars even to the smallest detail of his agonies in an autobiography; and in the end, instead of the Government sinecure, he had to be put under restraint, whence he emerged a sadder and a wiser man in the year 1765.

So far so good; and leaving him now to enter on new relations, for the good of himself and still more of mankind later on, it is now necessary to revert a little, and to ask what was this particular post of Clerk of the Parliaments, and why it was that post and other sinecures were in the gift of the Cowper family. Among all Cowper's biographers, none seem to have inquired into this point. Nobody cared, and nobody wanted to know, until the information needed came from a source wholly unexpected, namely, from the Diary of Lady Mary Cowper, wife of Earl Cowper, the Chancellor, which fully explained the business, and revealed to us a bit of scandalous history little dreamed of. It was while searching for other things that I was led to look somewhat closely into matters concerning the Cowper pedigree, that the following facts evolved themselves; not indeed that they could not have been traced out by others, only that nobody seemed to have done it or thought of it.

Whatever honours the office of Clerk of the Parliaments may have carried with them, there is no doubt they were a shameful scandal a hundred and ninety years ago, for we find from the diary of Lady Cowper that in the year 1714 the post was actually *sold* for money, and probably to the highest bidder! It was held in the time of Queen Anne by a Mr. Johnson, in whose possession that office was at the time of the accession of King George the First. Immediately after that event we find court favours were shamefully fished for, and bestowed upon all manner of new favourites, mostly Hanoverians, without any regard to right or fitness; and among such posts was this office of Clerk of the Parliaments. One of the King's German sycophants was a certain Robethon, a servile creature whom the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, was sharp enough to detect as a knave. Through Baron Bernstorff, a German, who was king's interpreter—for George knew no English—this Robethon obtained from the King, before he had been five months on the throne, the promise of the place *in futuro*, and no sooner had he secured the said promise than he *sold* his right to its future possession. This transaction is told by Lady Cowper, who was then Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, and her exact words, quoted from the diary, are as follows:

"*December* 25, 1714.—This day Monsieur Robethon procured the Grant of the King of Clerk of the Parliament, after Mr. Johnson's death, *for anybody he would name.* He let my brother [*i.e.* Spencer Cowper] have it in reversion for his two sons for £1800!"

Such is an episode of court intrigue and mutual disgrace, innocently written at the time, of a back-stairs trick worthy of the worst days of Charles the Second. What effect this miserable business had upon poor Mr. Johnson we are not told, except that he died soon afterwards, and the purchaser of the place—Spencer Cowper—immediately bestowed it upon his eldest son, William, at whose death, in 1740, the gift fell by reversion to his brother, Ashley, and in 1765 the post was offered to the poet. Not only was this place in the Cowper gift, but there were other tit-bits also, and we read that in the year 1731 "William Cowper and the Rev. Mr. John Cowper, Chaplain to Her Majesty, and Rector of Berkhampstead (the poet's father), were appointed Clerks of the Commission of Bankruptcy," which latter clerkship, on the death of the said John, Rector of Berkhampstead, fell to the youthful poet himself, who was then a young briefless barrister in the Temple; but, as we have seen, its emoluments had fallen as low as sixty pounds a year! The Parliamentary places and gifts, even at the death of Ashley Cowper in 1788, were still kept snugly in the family, and at least one of them was held by another nephew, Henry, as Deputy Clerk down to the year 1825.

We can now turn again to the poet's own career. It was a good thing for him, and a happy thing for us, that the office in question was resigned. Had it been accepted there would have been no Cowper of Olney, and we should never have had 'The Task.' This circumstance, coupled with his knowledge of the family "job," makes it clear why it is that in

some of his poems Cowper is continually uttering his protests (often very melodious ones) against State corruptions, bribery, and what he calls "pick-locks to places." Such things moved his indignation, and he inveighed bitterly against them, particularly in the long poem called 'Expostulation,'—which is one of his best,—not unmindful of what his own career might have been, had not a series of circumstances, terrible as some of them were, led him to wash his hands of the dirt, though the struggle left him poor for life—circumstances which, except on the part of two cousins, one the Theodora of his early love, and the other her sister, known to us as Lady Hesketh, entailed the neglect of his other kindred,* none of whom appear to have made the slightest overtures to him, though it was no more than a drive over to Olney from their splendid seat in the next county; while he, forsooth, whom posterity has put above titles, will be regarded to all time in two hemispheres as the real head of the Cowper race.

After his restoration to sanity it was thought it would be best that he should reside within reach of his brother, who was at Cambridge, and the town of Huntingdon was therefore fixed on for his abode. This again was a happy arrangement. His whole course of existence, had now become directed into another channel. The gay Lothario of the Temple was now a thoughtful Christian; and here began in him that special attention to and love of outward

* He writes in 1786 that he had not heard for many years anything of his relations, and knew as little of them as if oceans and continents had divided them instead of fifty miles only.

nature, which he afterwards turned to such good account. Like a bird let loose from a cage to rejoice in the open air, he felt for the first time real freedom; and we find him exploring the district, wandering by the Ouse and bathing in its waters, the same Ouse by which he dwelt for the next thirty years. More happily still, it was at Huntingdon that the Unwins found him out, and invited him to reside with them. He entered into their habits with zest, and passed a time of enjoyment until the death of Mr. Unwin broke up the circle. As Huntingdon may fairly rank among the surroundings of Cowper, I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to one of my own visits to that town, and relate a small experience. It is always a delight to follow the footprints of any author one particularly loves, and at Huntingdon, therefore, after I had exhausted what it could suggest of Cowper himself, I set myself to find the grave of Mr. Unwin, and came at length upon it in an obscure corner of All Saints' Churchyard. Nobody seemed to have known it, and I took some pleasure in the pains of making myself a sort of Old Mortality by clearing away the thick crust of moss and soil which had filled up the deep cuttings of the inscription, and in bringing the letters back again to the light of the sun for Cowper's sake.

Perhaps I have said enough of Olney, and may now inquire how it is that such tame scenery and quiet resting-places could have satisfied one who may be called eminently the poet of the open air? There is nothing around Huntingdon, Olney, or Weston Underwood, but meadows, streams, and groves—certainly nothing we can call a real hill, or

any eminence commanding a wide prospect. He had seen the sea once at Brighton and once at Margate, but possibly at those places in its calms only; and with the sea excepted, we may safely say, he had never seen anything in Nature that might be called grand. He never saw rock scenery, never saw a glen, never saw a waterfall, never saw a mountain or a lake; neither had he any taste in architecture. The church at Olney, still a fine one, was in Cowper's days still finer. It is the most southerly church of that chain of fine churches which begin at Olney and dot the valley of the Nen all the way to Peterborough; but Gothic architecture was not within his ken, and to expect him to have admired it as we do would be unreasonable. He rather loved the classic alcove with its stone pillars; the green avenues of limes or poplars; and the beds of water lilies in the Ouse; he loved the tints of spring and autumn foliage; and above all he loved the retirement to enjoy them alone and unseen. We can imagine him on his strolls by the water side, with his spaniel, Beau, himself dressed like a country gentleman, with wig, three-cornered hat, and cane, his coat green, his waistcoat buff, his stockings white, with silver buckles in his shoes; and we can even imagine him coming towards us in one of his more melancholy moods as painted by himself:

> "Look where he comes—in this embowered alcove,
> Stand close concealed, and see a statue move,—
> Lips busy and eyes fixed, foot falling slow,
> Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below."

I must now briefly allude to Cowper's fits of

insanity, or mental delusions as it is better to call them. They seem to have occurred about once in every ten years, and they departed often as suddenly as they came. Some people who do not recognise the fact that they were constitutional, lay the blame on his religion and his religious friends. This charge is often made, and even the 'Times' newspaper, after describing the Centenary the other day, laid the blame for much of Cowper's mental condition on the influence of his friend John Newton, which caused a Cambridge professor to reply, in vindication of the Olneyan divine. The 'Cornhill Magazine,' in a late number, repeats the same charge against Newton; but the whole of that article is too light and trivial to merit attention. Certainly the second attack that Cowper had did unsettle his mind for good on one point, and it never recovered the balance. This was the distressing idea that he was an outcast from Heaven, while all the rest of mankind might be within the pale. This is not the place to discuss his delusion. The attacks took the form of imbecility rather than madness, and he himself says of them that during the time they lasted he "never lost his senses, but only the power to exercise them," and "could return rational answers to difficult questions," but that "a question was necessary, or he never spoke at all." This we should call melancholia rather than actual insanity. Sometimes the sight of some pleasing natural object dispelled the fit in a moment, after lasting for months. I will not pursue the point further.

When his poems became generally known, they brought a small troop of friends to his side, Hayley,

the once popular poet, at their head, author of the 'Triumphs of Temper,' a poem after the manner of the 'Rape of the Lock,' which is almost unread now; and a better poet than Hayley, also now unread, Darwin of Derby, came to Cowper's aid; but his chiefest friends, if we except John Newton, William Bull, the younger Unwin, and his cousin Johnson, were those of the other sex. Mrs. Unwin, who was the companion of his solitude for so long through all his sorrows and joys, comes first among them, and her name will live with Cowper's while English literature shall last; next comes Lady Austen, a resident first at Clifton and then at Olney, who must be named as the inspirer of the 'Task.' Judging from her portrait in Southey's 'Cowper,' she must have been eminently handsome after the Lady Hamilton style of beauty; and a sly bit of scandal attributed a portion of jealousy on Mrs. Unwin's part towards her, which broke the connection off. After her, came his cousin Harriet, sister of his Theodora, best known to us as Lady Hesketh, who came to cheer him. Besides these we have the ladies of Throckmorton Hall and his cousin Ann Bodham, all of whom have their due share in posthumous fame, and who, having all so loved Cowper, are entitled to *our* love for his sake.

Hayley invited Cowper to Eartham, in Sussex, where the poet first saw and trod those fine Downs, which have also enchanted other lovers of nature, such as Gilbert White, of Selborne. On his return home to Weston, Cowper became subject again to hypochrondia, but was quite able to govern himself, as we can glean from a letter in which, writing under

date of Sunday, November 29th, 1792, he says:—"The other morning, *while I was shaving myself*, Sam announced the clerk, &c." Some parts of this letter are printed in Hayley and Southey,* but the very remarkable words, "while I was shaving myself," are omitted by both of them. In the same letter is another remarkable passage, also suppressed by those compilers, in which, after alluding to the melancholy which had again gathered around him "with as black a cloud as ever," he adds, "The first book of the 'Paradise Lost' is in truth so terrible, and so nearly akin to my own miserable speculations, that I am a little apprehensive, unless my spirits were better, that the study of it might do me material harm." The point in these words, which have never appeared before, is to show that while "the black cloud" of his aberration was upon him, he should be calmly using an instrument which, had his malady been as dangerous as some assert, would have ended his life in a second. I look, therefore, upon these suppressed passages as most valuable in the attempts to elucidate the diagnosis of Cowper's peculiar constitutional malady.

But the end, though protracted, was not very far off. He removed, at the advice of his Cousin Johnson, into Norfolk, the home of his mother's kindred; where after a stay of some time at Mundesley, at which place he saw a rougher sea than he would have met with at Brighton or Margate, he removed to East Dereham, where poor Mrs. Unwin died, to be followed shortly after, viz. on the 25th of April in the year 1800, by his own decease. Both were

* See Appendix for the entire letter.

buried in the north transept of the fine church of that town, the spot where the surroundings of Cowper are completed, and his poor head was for ever at rest.

I have not attempted, in this somewhat diffusive sketch of Cowper, to venture on any analysis of *any* of his writings either in verse or prose. His letters, with their "divine chit-chat," as Coleridge called it, are among the choicest treasures we possess in that branch of literature. Every letter he wrote and almost every line in them is important, not merely for their easy style and beautiful English, but for their information. In them he portrays his own character with a sort of moral X-ray light, probes himself to the quick, and narrates all his terrible conflicts and despairs. When the hallucination passes, and his sky brightens, we can go with him into the fields, and with him hear the thrushes sing, and see the bluebells blow. Entering with him into the Olney home we are greeted with the tame hares, and being introduced into the parlour on the left hand, are regaled by Mrs. Unwin "with the cups that cheer but not inebriate." We can then follow him into the garden, visit his greenhouse, which, though now destroyed, we can replace in imagination; pass from the garden through the gate in the vicarage wall, and in fancy behold Mary Unwin "conveying" the famous rose to Anna Austen, and, a score of other things beside. We know many of the Olney people personally:—Teedon, the mad schoolmaster and false prophet; Cowper's pensioners and tormenters; and even think we see the beggar

at his door disdaining the vermicelli soup sent out to him as being inferior food.

I must not make many quotations from Cowper's works. His *forte* as a poet was many-sided. Satire was a great point with him, almost as great as his observation of outward nature. There are two lines of his which have to myself always appeared very fine, descriptive of a shower of rain in the country. They run thus:

> "See where it smokes along the sounding plain
> Blown all aslant, a driving dashing rain."

Here we have motion and sound combined. The rain at once smokes, dashes, drives, is blown aslant and sounds, all in two lines, so perfect as to make us feel ourselves standing on the lee side of a wood, beholding the storm.

There is another fine passage descriptive of a statesman released for a time from the turbulence of debate, and coming home to his estate in the country. Of him in such a case he says:

> "Nature in every form inspires delight;
> Her hedgerow shrubs, a variegated store,
> With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er,
> Beauties he lately slighted as he past,
> *Seem all created since he travelled last.*"

One more quotation will be sufficient. It refers to the effect of external nature on his own mind in certain conditions. The lines are not commonly quoted; I give the whole. He calls it a Song:

"When all within is Peace,
How Nature seems to smile;
Delights that never cease,
The live long day beguile;
From morn to dewy eve,
With open hands she showers
Fresh blessings to deceive
And soothe the silent hours.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;
Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously arrayed
In Nature's various robe,
With wondrous skill displayed;
Is to the mourner's heart
A dreary wild at best;
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest."

I do not remember ever to have read any critical dissertation on Cowper's poetry that was not highly favourable. Byron, it is true, did not much like him, and sneeringly called him "the Calvinist"; Rogers lamented in his later days that he had not tried to make Cowper's acquaintance when he had the opportunity. Burns heard of Cowper, and took great pains to borrow a copy of the 'Task,' which he praised to the highest degree. Only one of

Cowper's contemporaries ventured to write disparagingly, and that was Wordsworth, who, attempted in the Appendix to the 'Lyrical Ballads' to pull to pieces the famous verses, "Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk," objecting specially to the expression "the church-going bell," as a strange abuse of language, forgetting that he himself was in the habit of frequently using similar forms of speech, notably, too, in one of the poems in that very volume (published, too, in Cowper's lifetime), namely 'Lucy Gray,' where Wordsworth says she was

> "The sweetest thing that ever grew
> Beside a *human door.*"

Now, whether a "church-going bell" or a "human door" is the more natural expression, it does not want a critic to decide.

Time does not allow, nor have I any inclination to say anything about Cowper as a translator. He wrote and published two versions of both the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' One of these versions hardly anybody has seen, while the other is read only by a very few. Of that translation, competent judges pronounce it to be more Miltonic than Homeric, and, that while Pope's version may be compared to a gilded gallery of battles, like that at Versailles, Cowper's resembles a cold and naked Roman temple; and that after all the best English version of Homer is the rugged one of old Chapman. There is an inedited manuscript letter, a copy of which is at the present moment before me, in which Cowper informs his friend and old schoolfellow Rowley of

his views of Pope's version. This is the earliest letter of the series addressed by Cowper to that particular friend, and it forms a connecting link with the remainder. Southey omits it in the collective correspondence; but as it is partly autobiographic and throws light on Cowper's habits, and exhibits his easy style of writing to his friends, it is given here entire in an Appendix.

In conclusion, I have to say that this paper only professes to deal with some of Cowper's surroundings, and to throw some light upon what was to be the great turning-point of his life. And in this the first Centenary of the Olney Bard, it seemed fitting that his name and associations might fairly be brought before the Royal Society of Literature.

The portrait of Cowper prefixed to this paper is from a painting by Romney now in the National Portrait Gallery. It was purchased in the year 1894 from the collection of Miss Romney, granddaughter of the painter, and was afterwards presented by Sir G. Scharf to the National Collection. For the use of the block I am indebted to the publishers of the 'Home Counties Magazine,' where it appeared some months ago, with an account of its previous history.

APPENDIX.

I.

To Clotworthy Rowley, Esq., Dublin.

Weston Underwood;
February 21*st*, 1788.

My dear Rowley,—

I have not since I saw you seen the face of any man whom I knew while you and I were neighbours in the Temple. From the Temple I went to St. Albans, thence to Cambridge, thence to Huntingdon, thence to Olney, thence hither. At Huntingdon I form'd a connexion with a most valuable family, of the name of Unwin, from which family I have never since been divided. The father of it is dead. His only son is dead. The daughter is married and gone northward. Mrs. Unwin and I live together. We dwell in a neat and comfortable abode in one of the prettiest villages in the kingdom, where, if your Hibernian engagements would permit, I should be happy to receive you. We have one family here, and only one, with which we much associate. They are Throckmortons, descendants of Sir Nicholas of that name. Young persons, but sensible, accomplish'd, and friendly in the highest degree. What sort of scenery lies around us I have already told you in verse; there is no need therefore to do it in prose. I will only add to its printed eulogium that it affords opportunity of walking at all seasons, abounding with beautiful grass-grounds which encompass our village on all sides to a considerable distance. These grounds are skirted by woods of great extent, belonging principally to our neighbour above-mentioned. I, who love walking, and always hated riding, who am fond of some society, but never had spirits or would endure a great deal, could not, as you perceive,

be better situated. Within a few miles of us, both to the east and west, there are other families with whom we mix occasionally; but keeping no carriage of any sort I cannot reach them often. Lady Hesketh, widow of Sir Thomas, whose name at least you remember, spends part of the year with us, during which time I have means of conveyance which else are not at my command.

So much for my situation. Now, what am I doing? Translating Homer. Is not this, you will say, *actum agere?* But if you think again, you will find that it is not. At least for my own part I can assure you that I have never seen him translated yet, except in the dog-Latin which you remember to have applied to for illumination when you were a schoolboy. We are strange creatures, my little friend; everything that we do is in reality important, though half that we do seems to be push-pin. Consequences follow that were never dreamt of. Not much less than thirty years since Alston and I read Homer through together. We compared Pope with his Original all the way. The result was a discovery that there is hardly the thing in the world of which Pope was so entirely destitute as a taste for Homer. After the publication of my last volume I found myself without employment. Employment is essential to me; I have neither health nor spirits without it. After some time the recollection of what had passed between Alston and myself in the course of this business struck me forcibly. I remembered how we had been disgusted, how often we had sought the simplicity and majesty of Homer in his English representative, and had found instead of them puerile conceits, extravagant metaphors, and the tinsel of modern embellishment in every possible position. Neither did I forget how often we were on the point of burning Pope, even as we burnt Bertram Montfitchet [?] in your chambers. I laid a Homer before me. I translated a few lines into blank verse. The day following a few more. And proceeding thus till I had finished the first book, was convinced that I

could render an acceptable service to the literary world should I be favour'd with health to enable me to translate the whole. The 'Iliad' . . . without interruption. That done I published . . . subscription, and can boast of a very . . . * Soon after I was taken ill, and was hindered near a twelvemonth. But I have now resumed the work, and have proceeded in it as far as to the end of the fifteenth 'Iliad,' altering and amending my first copy with all the diligence I am master of. For this I will be answerable, that it shall be found a close translation—in that respect as faithful as our language—not always a match for the Greek—will give me leave to make it. For its other qualifications I must refer myself to the judgment of the public when it shall appear. Thus I have fulfilled my promise, and have told you not only how I am at present occupied, but how I am likely to be for some time to come. The 'Odyssey' I have not yet touched. I need not, I am confident, use any extraordinary arts of persuasion to secure to myself your influence as far as it extends. If you mention that there is such a work on the anvil in this country in yours, perhaps, you may meet somebody now and then not disinclined to favour it. I could order you a parcel of printed proposals if I knew how to act. But they are not indispensably necessary. The terms are, two large vols. 4to royal paper, 3 guineas; common 2.

I rejoice that you have a post which, though less lucrative than the labours of it deserve, is yet highly honourable, and so far worthy of you. Adieu, my dear Rowley—may peace and prosperity be your portion.

Yours very affectionately,
WM. COWPER.

* MS. torn here.

II.

To William Hayley.

Weston;
[*Sunday*],* *November* 25*th*, 1792.

[My Dearest Hayley,

The desired picture comes not, though I have heard from Johnny since I wrote last, that he called on Romney, as he was commissioned to do, and gave him all necessary directions. Romney, I know, is neither idle nor unmindful where you are at all concerned; and perhaps he would not forget even me; but he has little leisure, and therefore I must have more patience.

"Achilles and Hector and Homer and all
When your face appears shall come down from the wall;
And mine, theme of many an angry remark,
Shall then hide its pick-pocket looks in the dark."]

How shall I thank you enough for the interest you take in my future Miltonic labours, and the assistance you promise me in the performance of them? I will some time or other, if I live, and live a poet, acknowledge your friendship in some of my best verse, the most suitable return [that] one poet can make to another. In the meantime I love you, and am sensible of all your kindness.

[An author so liberal deserves a liberal bookseller, and I rejoice that you have found one. Mine too, I believe, is of that character; but he is an idle rogue. He knows I have no books, and yet has sent me none. My reason for accounting him liberal, for I have not always been clear on that point; has occurred lately. My cousin spent an evening with him when he was in town on his way home, and

* Parts of this letter only in Hayley and Southey. Those parts marked [ ] are now printed for the first time.

in the course of their conversation learned from him that he designs a new edition in my poems that shall sort with the new one of Homer, and to present me with the profits of it. I told you once on a time that he is proprietor by gift of those two volumes; he took the hazard of their failure or success upon himself, and is therefore under no obligation to admit me to a share of the advantage.]

You wish me warm in my work, and I ardently wish the same; but when I shall be so God only knows. My melancholy, which seemed a little alleviated for a few days, has gathered about me again with as black a cloud as ever. The consequence is absolute incapacity to begin. [The first book of the 'Paradise Lost' is in truth so terrible, and so nearly akin to my miserable speculations on the subject of it, that I am a little apprehensive, unless my spirits were better, that the study of it might do me material harm. If it be the will of God that I should ever labour in that field of fire and brimstone, he will doubtless give me a frame of mind, and in a proper time too, that shall fortify me to endure the strain of it. There is no haste, as I understand Johnson talk'd much when Johnny was with him of the difficulty of procuring artists and of fixing them when procured, to one business only, and did not seem even to hope that their part would soon be ready. This is not a reason for wilful delay, but it is comfort under delay that is necessary.

I doubt not that when I see any of the Chester family I shall be able to get the 'Fall of Innocence,' and the expectation of soon seeing some of them has prevented my ordering it from London. I abominate Nat. Lee for his unjust compliment to Dryden, so much at the expense of so much a greater poet. But the world had hardly taste enough in those days to relish Milton, and if Nat. was a Goth in that particular, Dryden was as much a Goth as he. So I have both condemned and excused him in the same breath].

I was for some years dirge writer of Northampton, being

employed by the clerk of the principal parish there to furnish him with an annual copy of verses proper to be printed at the foot of his Bill of Mortality. But the clerk died, and, hearing nothing for two years from his successor, I well hoped that I was out of my office. The other morning, however [while I was shaving myself], Sam announced the new clerk; he came to solicit the same service as I had rendered [to] his predecessor, and I reluctantly replied, doubtful, indeed, whether I was capable. I have, however, achieved that labour, and I have done nothing more.

I am just sent for up to Mary, dear Mary. Adieu! She is as well as when I left you; I would I could say better. Remember us both affectionately to your sweet boy, and trust me for being

Most truly yours,
W[M]. C[OWPER].

[Jocket is never forgot.]

III.

The Cowper Book-plate.

It is somewhat uncertain whether the book-plate, of which a *fac simile* is annexed, and which dates from about A.D. 1792, was really engraved for the

William Cowper Esq.r

poet's books, or whether it is the book-plate of his namesake cousin, of the Park, Hertford. At all events, copies of it were found pasted inside the covers of some of the poet's books after his death,

and therefore marked his own personal belongings. The arms described heraldically are as follows :

"First and fourth argent: three martlets gules; on a chef engraled of the last, as many annulets or for *Cowper*. Second and third: or, on a chevron sable, three escallops argent; on a chef of the second, a lion passant of the third, for *Stanbridge*. Crest a lion's gambe erect and erased, or; holding a branch vert, fruited gules."

The poet's engraved seal, however, omitted the Stanbridge quarterings, and introduced a crescent for cadency.

PRIMAL INSTINCT AND CULTURE IN ART.

BY PHILIP H. NEWMAN, R.B.A., MEMBER OF COUNCIL, R.S.L.

[Read February 27th, 1901.]

SOME time ago, having read that interesting but somewhat disappointing book 'What is Art'? by Count Leo Tolstoy, I was tempted to put pen to paper myself, and on somewhat other lines than those of that able Russian writer who laments, as I do, many of the phases of Art, both in and out of fashion, I endeavoured to carry the analysis further than the Count has done. My only excuse for reviving the subject at the present time lies in the fact that the end of the century, and the commencement of the bi-millennial epoch is a fitting opportunity to take stock, so to speak, and see how we stand in this reputed age of progress in so important a matter as Art, which whether mechanically, materially, or æsthetically considered, contributes largely to the well-being and enjoyment of the human race, manifesting and registering at the same time its ethical condition and its intellectual aspirations. It would moreover seem that the opportunity is the more exceptionally fitting from the multitude of phases Art has in our time passed and is passing through, tending to render more extensive

than ever the generally pervading misconception as to its origins, purposes, and application, and indeed, in numerous instances to that open-eyed blindness prevalent in all communities, at all times, I mean the empty gazing at a good or beautiful thing, and the failure to recognise it, blindness which may be attributed in many instances as much to culture dwarfing instincts as to national insensibility.

Now the casual observer would say that there never was such a time for Art as that of the present, and probably think we must be the most artistic people in the world. Art meets us everywhere, every newspaper, every hoarding, every shop, and almost everybody has something to say about it; we are getting as weary of it as we are of soaps, whiskies, and patent medicines, and are always in dread that the advertising scourge will have some new revelation of it. We can buy it at so much a yard at our drapers, and obtain it framed and glazed at the same emporium for tenpence-halfpenny or less. We know of course in most instances that it is not Art at all, but we experience hesitancy in asking our purveyors for plain articles in like manner as we fear that pitying our deficiency in taste they may endeavour to force their Art wares upon us. We provide Art in a not quite elementary form at our board and parish schools, and teach enough of it in connection with Guilds and Departments of Art to make us boastful. This boastfulness, however, is tinged with the regret that the demand does not equal the supply, and that when we have adorned our most promising pupil with a national medallion, or even endowed him, or her, with a travelling

studentship, the poor boy, or girl, finds too late that the certificated faculty for making studies from the antique, paintings from the life, and sketches from nature, does not in the least guarantee that subsequent productions will be at all marketable commodities, or even ensure their display at current exhibitions. One is sickened at the thought of all these deferred hopes, and feels it would have been better had they not been encouraged, and the useful life made useless by wasting the period of the acquisition of knowledge in preparation for a career where Art aptitude was only indicated by well-coached technique.

From time to time during the last decade of the closing century, the hope has been expressed that the Victorian epoch might be greatly signalised in Art, as it has been in other things, by the supposedly crowning merit of having developed a more or less permanent style. This hope—for good or ill—has been unfulfilled, and the present chaotic condition of Art matters, if nothing else, must convince the most sanguine that it never will be fulfilled, either in this or any succeeding epoch. Indeed, the advent and persistence of a style now would not only argue a stagnation of Art expression, but it would mean a petrifaction of human thought entirely at variance with the modern spirit. By style, of course, must be understood to be meant that outward manifestation of an inward life that characterises and stamps, so to speak, the architectural, constructive, and ornamental environments of the peoples of antiquity, character, and stamp—by the way—that endure and abide it would seem in the inverse

ratio of a people's development. In the present generation so much has been written on Art, Art is so much talked about, that it is reasonable matter of comment that this subject of style, amongst others, is not more fully understood, and a juster appreciation than obtains of what Art is, derived from what Art has been.

It is my purpose now—with your permission—to try and disentangle some few facts and leading principles that should help us to get some order out of the chaos to which I have alluded, and extricate Art from the glamour of cults and fashions, setting in their true light the character of works that, whatever artistic merit they possess, can never be justly considered high Art, which may be termed man's highest intellectual impulse graphically expressed.

I have said the highest intellectual impulse graphically expressed, but it should be borne in mind, that such a standard should be taken relatively to race, tradition, and development. To make my meaning clear, it will be necessary not only to compare the great works of antiquity with those of a later period, but to grope in the abyss of time, and in prehistoric remains endeavour to reconstitute the artist, his impulses, his models, and the origins of his Art.

It has been deemed sufficient hitherto, and fairly satisfactory, by learned writers such as Mr. Haddon, Dr. Gosse, Dr. March, Professor Steinen, etc., to trace the origins of design in an artistic sense in mechanical combinations of willow and basket-work interlacings, textile weavings, and the gradual angularization and conventional treatment of animal and

totem forms.* While allowing much to this view on the ground of economic probability under certain conditions, I must admit that it seems to me far too sordid and narrow a platform upon which to raise and construct any work of intellectual effort, much less the fairy palace of the world of Art. The extremes may touch at a certain point, and the psychical be jogged by the dynamic, but this would only serve to show the polar distinction and separation between an æsthetic ornament and a mechanical pattern. The ornaments of the past are, indeed, more than mere pattern-making, and not infrequently may be looked upon as the flora of an instinct of design which bloomed luxuriantly over every object of utility in the ancient world; such ornaments indicating by suitability to purpose an intellectual growth which controlled either reticence or redundance with a discretion and in a manner to which modern Art must ever bow.

The origin of Art may surely be traced further back than these writers have gone, and I venture to think it may be found in a primal instinct of design, which man has the capacity of developing by intellectual culture; but which as an instinct he shares in common with the bee, the ant, birds, the beaver, and many other animals. What is this primal instinct of design, this faculty of symmetry, if I may term it so, and which we recognise as widespread in the animal kingdom? Do we not refer to it when we who draw, make the common reply to the inquiry as to the origin of some happy combination of lines that arouses admiration or curiosity—

* See 'Evolution in Art,' by F. C. Haddon.

that modest reply we utter, though rarely wishing it to be believed—"Oh! I don't know, the pencil did it"? Our interrogator does not believe it, and we neither of us know how true it is. The Divine afflatus? Yes! but not especially ours; the same Divine impulse is visible in the rock, and in the plant, as well as in the human brain. Force is constant and relatively the same, whether its phenomena be exhibited in the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal; the crystallisation of the one is paralleled by the medullary radiation of the other, and who shall say that the composition and resolution of force exhibited so abundantly in a crystalline oxide, and shown in the equally symmetrical growth of a plant, is limited to inorganic matter or the humbler forms of living organisms?

Pulsations of sound we know will so affect finely divided matter, sand, etc., as to arrange it in groups of grains or in masses of more or less geometric form. The regular and incessant beat of an engine will rearrange small objects in a museum in certain and constant directions, as infallibly as it will throw down a wall to which it may be accidentally connected. The regular tread of a marching troop has to be varied in traversing a weak bridge, or the regularity of the tramp will destroy it. The throb of the human heart pulsates the entire body, and the motor nerves are vibrant or palsied if not under control. These are considerations which may be taken in connection with a theory that human nerves may convey movements to a pencil, and produce results as dependent for their origin on material as on mental idiosyncrasy.

I have said that the faculty of symmetry is prevalent in the animal kingdom; growth and motion indicate it on every hand without reference to those animals who possess constructive habits. Watch a parrot as with measured beat and slow it will synchronise its movements to that of your hand or any object moved before its cage. Watch that wretched wolf at the "Zoo" incessantly making that figure of eight in his den; his is no *salle des pas perdus*, for his footsteps fall for hours in the selfsame places, and make a pattern there. The remarkable relations of force and form are ever before us, though their analysis eludes our grasp. The subtle harmony that arranges grains of sand on a glass plate in response to musical vibration is as little understood as the delicate featherings of the frosted pane, the gigantic sweeps of the cyclone, or the dynamically determined elliptical orbits of the solar system. This harmony of force and form is surely at the root, then, of what I have ventured to term man's primal instinct of design, and existed in the busy brain before the plaiting of the reeds and withies, or the woven flax, made obvious mechanical design and pattern. Form to primitive man one must suppose was a mode of expression as soon as he had anything to express, and it should be borne in mind in this respect are linked the great problems of Literature and Art, viz. whether sound form and graphic form were coincident modes of expression; and it may be asked, did the sign precede the articulate utterance or the word the sign? If this question does not lie outside the scope of my present paper it may be worth considering here,

does the answer depend on the reliability of phrenology or an attempted localisation of faculty in the lobes of the brain. Are we sure that the impulse of expression is always connected with a storehouse of thoughts or that it may not be referred to other causes. Whether, in fact, cases of so-called unconscious cerebration are not sometimes due to physical influences on nervous idiosyncrasy? In any case it is as surely more than a metaphor to say that the heart prompts as it is certain that the brain has to be taught to control.

But in pursuance of this primal instinct let us, as I have said, grope in the abyss of time, and bridging the gulf of ages, in imagination conjure out of the dim long ago primitive man, picturing to ourselves, however faintly, that creature in the cave, the engraver of reindeer bones, the artist of the mammoth and the wild horse. To have any hope of success in doing this we must turn down all our modern lights that aid our Art, and setting aside all our impressionisms, our romanticisms and æstheticisms for the time, let his figure be illumined alone by the motive, impulses, and necessities of his Art—his silent companion, shadow, and witness, before he and his descendants had made her rules, canons, laws, and conventions to fetter her withal. And here let me say that if I venture to treat this part of my subject in a familiar strain, I may perhaps be excused for an effort for *vraisemblance* in so unfamiliar a person and period as those I endeavour to portray.

Let us go back in imagination, then, to the primary stone age—the paleolithic, the unpolished

flint-implement period, as the scientists have it; let us see our unpolished ancestor, the mighty hunter, after one of his mighty hunts;—and mighty hunting in those days, we know, was the only safeguard against being mightily hunted; not to kill and eat meant too often that you would be killed and eaten. Let us picture to ourselves, I say, our mighty hunter, who had not only killed, that himself and his family might not starve, but had slain, moreover, many things which he could not eat, such as a Saurian or two which mayhap had outlived their time and epoch, and overlapped humanity. I don't know, a cave bear might serve, or any monstrous beast, dragon or otherwise is immaterial, which had threatened good neighbourhood and our hunter's belongings, and to make a meal of them.

I repeat, picture to one's self the old world flint chipper curled up before the remains of his fire, watching maybe the ladies of the family through the smoke in his cave, making winter garments out of the hide of some woolly rhinoceros.

He has done his day's work, taken his evening meal; but, alas! the gentle stimulant of coffee and the solace of tobacco are unknown to him. We, when we have killed our dragons in the counting-house, the Stock Exchange, or the studio, can indulge in these luxuries, and stimulate our imagination with whiffs of a mild Havana, or the strains of Beethoven at a "Monday Pop." But are we doubtful that our mighty hunter had his sources of inspiration too? on the contrary, we are certain that he possessed them, and that they impressed him vividly. We are certain that although he could not express it his

imagination was capable of being impressed, and that probably he was as susceptible to awe-inspiring sights and sounds as we are ourselves.

We, when we see the sun rise, riven mists, or a lovely sunset on the sea, or hear those mysterious sounds in nature we cannot explain, are apt to recall some half-forgotten passage in a great Adagio of Schubert or Beethoven; or when in the forest we hear the leaves rustle and the torrents roar, or autumn sighing its farewell among the pines, we think of Weber and "Der Freischütz," while on the combes and sea-cleft cliffs the air is salter as we recall with every booming wave Wagner's "Fliegende Holländer" or the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge.

Paleolithic man could not do this, the cosmical harmonies were as yet unechoed by the music in his soul; but though vocally unscored, the music was in him or it could not have been in us. That river that is running so many feet below our hunter's cave now was then rushing close to his door, the sound of many waters was giving its everlasting concert, and the winds swaying the primeval oaks and thorns let a glimmer of sunshine into the trackless forest, to make the weird shadows only weirder still.

These things were there for the flint chipper, and sources of inspiration as much for him then as they have been for Beethoven, or any other since, be he painter, writer, or musician, who has awakened symphonic chords in the heart of man; nay more, our paleolithic friend had necessarily a far greater imagination than ours; he imagined because he did not know. We know, and our imagination suffers

proportionately. We, without the imagination but with the knowledge, screw our courage to the sticking place, fearing only natural enemies and events. He, with the imagination far in excess of his knowledge, feared everything he could not see and understand, though brave as a lion in a daily life of battle with a very tangible and hostile environment. The supernatural, the product of the primitive or savage imagination, acts and reacts upon it; tradition, myth, and fable, being the outcome.

But what is tradition? Some history we are apt to regard as fabulous, handed down for the monition of the survivors. How handed down? verbally or by signs; add to the words or sounds the imagination of the individual handing down the tradition, surrounding the event, in fact, with supernatural fears and attributes, we then have the dawnings of poetic art. Now if we bear in mind that mankind at the early period we are speaking of lived at all times in very limited communities,—and in the very earliest period the numbers may well have been the most limited—the very want of society would only serve to stimulate the imagination and increase the source whence all folk-lore, folk-song, and myth must have originally sprung.

But to return to our flint-chipping "hunter." Had he been a modern, and awakened himself with the resonance of his own slumbers, he would not have avenged his broken sleep, as he probably did, by hurling a piece of the cervical vertebræ of some animal with damaging effect at his eldest hope, but in a soliloquy deeper than it was loud would have lit pipe or cigar, and strolled into his billiard room,

and yielded himself to the facile fascination of "fifty up;" but, as we have seen, he was quite as oblivious of the dreamy delight of watching intertwining circles of fragrant honeydew, as he was incapable of the practical mathematics of the green cloth; all such fields for mild dissipation as billiard rooms were spots barred to him: no! he must find other avocations to while away the long evenings of days fully occupied by vigorous pursuits. Hard drinking was not invented then—so far as we know. We do not hear much of that until the bronze age, when there was certainly a large beer- and mead-drinking class among the jarls of Scandinavia. Yet, although these things were not available for our mighty hunter to play and amuse himself withal, the human nature then was much the same as it is now, and the mood to play, if not the means, was present. How then shall he employ it? That superabundant cosmic force in that primitive brain must find an outlet; the cosmic force that gives the mood to play at marbles or billiards, that devotes our idle moments to scratching squares and circles with the points of our umbrellas in the sea sand; that geometric or formative energy which finds satisfaction and solace even in the intertwining circles of our tobacco smoke, compels our idle hunter, as he lies dreamily before the embers of his fire, to make patterns in the ashes with his finger or an unburnt twig. What is he doing?

Our mighty hunter is doing a mightier thing than he wots of; he is making the last link in the chain that inseparably binds mind and matter for ever and ever. The forces of cosmos, that urge and

control the universe, that rule the planetary spheres and spaces, that dominate and arrange the atoms of inorganic matter, crystalline and dead in the mineral, vigorous and alive in the vegetable, but equally mathematical and precise, whether in the stem or leaf-stalk of the sturdy oak, or the tenderest petal of the most delicate flower, this force, I say, is oozing out at our paleolithic friend's finger-tips, and the pattern he is making in those ashes of his prehistoric fire is the beginning of Art; it is the pattern of the infinite, as he dreams of it, the pattern of eternity, the pattern of life and death, the pattern of the warp and woof of God. Yes, these finger scratchings on a primeval hearthstone may well have been the first expressions of man's intellectual activity, the dawning of that heartfelt burst of gratitude that causes humanity to give back beauty for beauty to the Earth-mother, as he lays up on her lap his best-born and loveliest child—Art!

Well, we need not wait to see the descendant of our friend whittling sticks, or carving fanciful notches and lines upon the haftings of his implements; we know that he did so, because we find the same sort of Art energy as that of their prototypes among the aboriginals at present existing; but our paleolithic friend's fire ashes, if not swept away with his own, bear no trace of his early Art now We find, it is true, some later indications, but these are infinitely more ambitious; he was getting on to be a figure draughtsman when he did these, and evidently had some sporting commission or inspiration when he engraved on his implements elk, mammoth, or horse, as we see in the British Museum. It

would be interesting, however, to know the lapse of time between the earliest effort on the hearthstone, or wherever it was made, and the animals in illustration of a primeval 'Sporting Life.' Yes, that priceless scratching, the plain and vigorous outline in all its elementary simplicity, and with all its technical faults, tells us emphatically as any written language could do the prime interests and ruling passions of the people who, relatively to ourselves, stand at the other end of time, across that dim abyss conjecture, and not history, has bridged. We must not deem, however, that language did not exist, or that thoughts and ideas found feeble expression in it. We know that Art existed; we also know that Art is multiform, multiform in its expression if uniform in its origin, viz. the desire to establish brotherly union among men, as Tolstoy has said; we may surely argue, then, that these crude engravings on the hunter's horn implements plainly indicate to us that other forms of expression existed then as now, and that an inglorious though not mute Milton may have lived side by side with his more fortunate compeer who has made his expression felt across the ages—the Artist of the Mammoth and the Elk. Not quite inglorious, perhaps, if we consider that the words of this early reciter or poet may be echoing still in some familiar folk-song, old as time itself; or that they served to frame some abiding myth, pleasing to us from its picturesqueness, though its meaning and origin alike be lost. Be this as it may, however, unless these indications of early Art by flint implements are stupendous forgeries, and all authoritative opinion on their authenticity be

grossly misled, they are sufficient for our purpose, as showing that at almost the earliest time at which man's existence on the earth is traceable, he had capability and some leisure for a pursuit which we have considered, and shall continue to deem, intellectual. Indeed, however and whatever science may discover and infer—that such efforts are linked with forces wide-spread, as I have suggested, not only in organic, but in inorganic substances,—Science can never attack the supreme position that the forces and the efforts alike lift the *ego* above its corporeal condition, and assist the finite in a contemplation of the infinite. What I wish to show now, however, is, that in that narrow borderland between instinct and reason, Art has its beginnings if not its origin. That it is intimately connected with instinct we cannot escape, because the animal kingdom possesses it in a measure in common with man, and we have not yet attributed reason to the animals. The bee constructs a cell with a mathematical exactness that has a counterpart in vegetable growth or crystalline composition; it is nevertheless equally comparable with man's architectural accomplishment in a geometric and an economic sense. There is no need to cite other examples in the animal world, they will readily occur; but I may be permitted to mention my own personal experience at the commencement of an Art career extending now over forty years, a career which has not been confined, I may observe, to one branch only. I may be pardoned if I allude to my earliest Art promptings as a child, and I am not at all ashamed to admit they were exceedingly like those of our ancestral

and paleolithic hunter I have endeavoured to describe as making patterns in the ashes. I remember making patterns with my fingers, but not in the ashes, they were made in the air, but for due symmetry they were described by both hands.

These ambidextrous designs of my infantile fancy—I was not twelve—are as indelibly recorded as though they had been drawn from a freehand example on the best "Whatman" hot-pressed paper with a twopenny H.B. pencil, under the hothouse auspices of a Department of Science and Art. I have said the very beginnings, if not the origin of art; but these pattern-makings in the ashes or in the air, these stick notchings, these geometrical, if freehand, designs and carvings, are the instinctive forerunners of a gift which finds as its sequel an outlet in portraiture or the figuring of an ideal, solidly or in pigment, but which is, nevertheless, stimulated as to verisimilitude by a direct reference to nature. From this it is but a step, of course, to the wholesale manufacture of idols and totems, types which once made are irrevocable, not only on account of fashion, prejudice, and reverence, but because the law-maker and the priest, finding a symbol ready to his hand, adopts it; and having once adopted it, to discard it would imply weakness, unfaith, and fallibility.

But we are spanning thousands of years with a couple of sentences; let us go back to our flint implement engraving. I have remarked on the enormous interval of time that must have elapsed before the first Art promptings, instinct, and the finger itching for design in the concrete, and its development into portraiture of either men or animals, we

cannot gauge this interval at such a remote period, we have no data to go upon. Instinct and taste may do much, environment may do more. The "sampler" of our great-grandmother may not be a great advance in Art on the bead ornamentation and figures of the North American Indian; but the environment of our great-grandmother may be such as to make the great-grandchild with similar tastes an exhibitor of pictures at Burlington House, the environment of the Ojibway or Sioux would lead to nothing of the kind. We must similarly look at the Art progress and possibilities of our more remote ancestor; but that he did get to portraiture, and very good portraiture too, in the course of ages, there is now no doubt. The search-light of modern antiquarian investigation has revealed quite unhoped-for examples of this fact, both in Egypt and Assyria. As I have said, we cannot trace the interval, or, indeed, the growth between the origin and the result, but that result is simply astounding. Until quite recently, it will be remembered, the world generally looked on the Art of Egypt in antiquity as stationary, and from some influence, priestly or otherwise, unaltered and unalterable. Its architecture, its decoration, its colour, and its customs, were thought to be the symbols of a cult, which were deemed as constant and invariable as the cult itself. But it has been found that although the changes were slow they were at least certain, and that the conventional types were, however long preserved, not absolutely continuous, and were significant of anything but artistic petrifaction. Similarly, and for a better reason, inasmuch as we

have not known anything of Assyria practically till the latter half of the century, everything Assyrian is in the popular view associated with the types discovered by Layard and by Botta; records and remains, ancient and remarkable as they are, are yet, comparatively, things of yesterday, dating, in fact, about 700 B.C. Nineveh and Babylon by no means take one back to the origins of their Art, for that one must go to Ur of the Chaldees, to the cities that were ruins and mounds before Nineveh was built or dreamt of. The investigations of Mr. Ernest de Sarzac, the French Consul at Bagdad, and others, slight and tentative as they may be considered relatively to the vast field still to be explored, have at least opened our eyes to the existence of a civilisation and Art flourishing south of Babylon, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, at least 3000 B.C.; while, on the other hand, the researches and explorations of Professor Petrie in Egypt take us back to a time when, as in the pyramid of Medum, skeletons of a negroid and earlier race are found buried side by side with the mummified conquerors of the land. I am compelled to mention the Art of Chaldea and Egypt together, because, as has been pointed out by Mr. StChad Boscawen and other writers, it is quite evident that for long ages Egypt and Assyria were moving in Art and civilisation on quite parallel planes. It is possible, nay probable, as Dr. Fritz Hourmel maintained, and my old and learned friend the late W. S. W. Vaux long before believed, that the Arts of Egypt originated in a Chaldean source. Yet, although this may never be proved, it is evident that the one reacted upon the

other; and if we allow traces of an older Art in some remains discovered in Chaldea, earlier types in fact than have been discovered in Egypt, yet it must be allowed that the Fish men, as these primitive Chaldeans were called, drew some inspiration and technical knowledge from the Egyptians they constantly met, when conquest or political arrangement permitted them to derive the diorite and hard stone for their statues from the quarries of Sinai. If the Fish men originally came from the sea and stockaded their settlements against man and beast at the mouth of the Euphrates, they must have brought a consummate Art with them from somewhere, which we can but guess at present, and which is equally a problem with that of the origin of the Egyptian and his Art, which, similarly to the Assyrian, seems to be the more excellent in portraiture, and verisimilitude to nature and idiosyncrasy the further back our researches extend. No! the light of Science, carried forward by the hands of the most enthusiastic explorers, only assures us that the origin of Art is neither to be found on the Nilotic strand nor the Arabian peninsula. Certain phases in the early Chaldean or Assyrian Art will occur that may strike us with their resemblance to things Indian, and for a moment we may incline to the Aryan theory and look for their origins on the Himalayan slopes of Kashmir. Then we find stupendous indications of the decadent art of a people who must have held sway in a remote past in the islands of Polynesia; on the other hand we are startled by significant resemblances from Mexico and the Andes; but the problem of the past is still the problem of the

future, and we are uncertain in which hemisphere to look for its solution, whether it is to be found buried in alluvial, in which are rooted the dense forests of Central America, or whether all trace has been swept away by the earthquake wave and cataclysm which submerged Atlantis.

It may appear that enthusiasm on the archæological side of my subject has drawn me rather into an inquiry as to the whereabouts of its origin than into a comparison and contrast of Art instinct and culture; but really this digression, if digression it may be called, is essential, not only that we obtain the missing link between the Art of classical times, so-called, and what I may term the Art of the mighty hunter, but because my inquiry needs for its full answer some account of the purposes to which Art was applied and its service in the civilisation and polity of the peoples of the past. This Art of Egypt was idol-making pure and simple, and would appear to have been an expression of Totemism becoming more and more elaborate with an increased subjection, and conventionalism to priestly influences, from Osiris to the Ptolemies. Much more mystical than the Assyrian in its later developments, it is curious that in its earliest manifestation, *i. e.* before the fourth dynasty, portraiture of an absolute character of very high Art was practised in the representation of the kings and their consorts; to the end however portraiture was continued in a sense, but certainly more commercial than artistic, in the funereal process of mummification. While undoubtedly, as in the diorite statue of

Gudea the Chaldean * monarch with the architectural plan upon his knees, portraiture was intended, and not unworthily realised, the Assyrian bas-reliefs of later times were mostly devoted to historical composition, where the kings seem part of a system of hero worship, and are elaborately represented in overcoming both man and beasts; indeed, it seems difficult to separate the monarchs from the other portions of a religious and magnificent scheme of decoration which included the worship and tending by priests of the sacred tree, as well as the lion-hunting and warlike expeditions of a king. One is left in some doubt however, whether the religious or the warlike and social elements (especially in later times) were deemed the more important.

If Totemism ruled in Egypt, the personification of the elements, principles of life, and forces of nature, prevailed in Greece; and here it may be said, especially in the Alexandrian period, Art subserved a noble purpose in the noblest way; for not only in the works of Phidias in the Parthenon, the Phygalian marbles and the well-known works of the great sculptors was this made manifest, but in the manifold smaller objects, the *lares* and *penates* of every ordinary Greek household, in bronzes, lamps, personal adornment, and *objets de luxe*, the highest ideal the human mind has been capable of at a given time was frequently aimed at and realised in pigment or in plastic art. Now one would exceedingly like to know how it came about that Greece, especially, should bear the palm of all

* See writings of Mr. St.Chad Boscawen, Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez, etc. (mem. Mr. StChad Boscawen's lecture, R.S.L.).

antiquity in exhibiting this superb consummation of a graphic or plastic ideal. It was not religion or the domination of a priesthood, or subjection to an ethical standard of a higher grade than that of Egypt. It was not freedom from superstition; because, if not so gross as that of Egypt, its cult was imperious in limiting the imagination of the people. That people, again, were not mass for mass better than those of neighbouring states in any sense, not even as respecters or observers of communal law; indeed, there appears no material reason why they should be considered less selfish or better citizens than the peoples of the Nile or the Euphrates. To what then can we ascribe the Art impulse of ancient Greece, which has left such a profound impression on the world?

The cause is to be sought perhaps in the beauty of the Greek myth itself demanding beauty of form for its full exposition. Thus, instead of instincts either primal or hereditary being continuously dwarfed by the insistence of crude conventions as elsewhere, these instincts were cultivated to the highest point of excellence in Art by a constant reference to that nature which was at once studied, worshipped, and expressed.

At any rate it must be admitted that such conditions would of necessity be contributive to that eclecticism which after all is the keynote of Greek Art and culture. Thus Art for such a people would in its highest range and scope become naturally the expression of ideas transcending the limitations of Egypt and Assyria.

Besides, the world was getting older; Totemism, a

fearful cult, the outgrowth of and preserver of traditions of a period when man was almost subject to the beast, a period when dragons and monstrous animals were very real terrors indeed, had passed away. To Greeks, at any rate in the cities, ports, and centres of commerce, Totemism was "bogey," and despised; people who had listened to the teaching of Socrates and Plato, though they might have superstitious fears, the sources of those fears would scarcely be symbolised by material forms of animals, and as such propitiated as divinities. But even granting that this is traceable, we see a higher idea manifest in the Greek cult; the spiritual nature of man is dwelt upon in its philosophy, and expressed in its Art. Of course the changes were gradual; to say that all crude superstition passed away in a century or so would be untrue, we know to the contrary. We know moreover, that the more materialistic and conquering Rome, while it spread the cult, of necessity lessened its purity and refining influences. We know that Rome with its vast possessions and engrossing militarism civilised only in an administrative sense; the beliefs and cults of Rome's provinces and colonies were left intact, material not spiritual subjection was the thing aimed at, and proselytism was not encouraged. If a reason is to be sought for this, it may be found in the fact that Rome believed in so little herself, that she was fearful, for reasons of policy, of developing independent views among her conquered peoples. Superstition meant safety; a people who believed in something being easier to govern than a people who believed in as little as their governors. In Art,

properly so called, Rome borrowed everything and gave nothing, invented nothing, expressed nothing; there was nothing for Rome to express excepting by a military road or a triumphal arch. Art was kept alive in most cases by Greeks, and we see how commercial the Art became on the walls of Pompeii. Art in fact was dying of inanition; it had died; it rose again with Christ. Buried in the Catacombs of Rome, the recognition of the Christian faith by Constantine, and his political support of that faith drew Art once more into life. The living death in the Catacombs had preserved the likeness of the Redeemer by those who had seen Him, as also the types of His disciples; fresco, mosaic, glass and enamel had preserved these portraits and types for all time. They, out of the spiritual darkness of the city of the Cæsars, out of the subterranean and material darkness of the vaults of Rome, sprang into light again, and were the vivifying elements in Art's glorious resurrection. The new life which began in Italy spread into the Levant, Constantinople, and Alexandria, and in a returning wave in the wake of the Lombard and the Goth swept up to the very feet of the Alps.

It was carried into France and Ireland, and there, putting off the garb of poverty, enriched everything it touched to the point of magnificence. What wonder that a stimulant such as this, coming at such a time, should stir the hearts of men and nations as they had never been stirred before in Europe! What wonder that a religious wave of faith and redemptive hope should be crested with the highest intellectual efforts mankind were capable of!

Again, what wonder that a force that moved the military spirit of the entire West to a crusade for the rescue of the holy places from the Paynim should have for its natural sequence the scattering of such crowns of glory over the earth as Canterbury and York, Rheims and Chartres, and the other multitudinous cathedrals and churches that lifted their stately heads in grateful thanks to heaven —eternal monuments of thanksgiving and prayers in stone! Yes! Mediæval Art had something to express, and expressed it worthily. But alas! it was all expressed at once—a few short centuries and all was over. At first Art was necessary as an illustrator, if not as an absolute preacher of the Christian story. Marble and stone, glass and enamel, fresco and mosaic, all told or reminded the unlettered peasant or the half-taught citizen of the hope of another life beyond their war-besmirched and plague-stricken world. Soon, however, corruption and doubt sullied the fair picture; the hastily built cathedrals, with unscientific foundations, speedily required restoration and rebuilding. When this was done, as largely in England, variety in style became an added charm. The Perpendicular architecture of the late fifteenth century gave a quaint picturesqueness to the Norman or Early English structure it became a part of. But there were few new buildings of cathedrals; the money to be spent was to be spent on learning, and not on faith. Colleges arose and supplied the places of the monasteries swept away. But the new learning and the so-called Renaissance brought in its train taste and dilettantism; these two new factors, supplanting

simple faith, sowed the earliest seed of insincerity in Art, so that soon that which was heartfelt gave way to that which was only perfunctory or brain-spun.

We are taking a very rapid glance at a very rapid growth and decay. It will be well for us to stay a moment to see the method and the result of the working of the old mediæval artists. It has been popularly believed that the general plan and outline of the building, its elevations on the various aspects, east, west, north, and south, being decided on by bishop and architect, who were sometimes, as we know, both combined, details were left to the caprice and invention of individual workmen, and this was supposed to account for the quaintness of construction and *naïveté* of detail manifest in the best work of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; really nothing of the kind took place, for while of course it is probable, nay, even certain, that portions of the building were assigned to certain constructors who were, besides being practical builders, considerable artists, so much so that the works might be safely entrusted to them, it is absurd to suppose that all was not under the careful supervision of the principal designer and architect. Without this the delightful unity and harmony that one meets with in so many cathedrals could not have been obtained. Besides, if proof were wanting, as well as the actual contracts existing for the performance and execution of certain works in accordance with drawings supplied, there are at Rouen monumental slabs bearing the images or portraits of two architects with rules and compasses in hand, and with a plan of the tracery of one of the win-

dows. It is scarcely necessary to carry the inquiry further. The same principle holds good in reference to the stone carvings.

Doubt has been entertained whether the carving of the figures which adorn the façades and portals of these great cathedrals are at all equal in excellence to the foliations and ornamentations. Well, in answer to this inquiry, it may be admitted at once that at this epoch no searching study of the figure was made, as is made now; and, moreover, habits and customs in northern Europe did not offer such opportunities for the imperceptible acquirement of that knowledge from common observation, as was possible in Greece and southern lands. On the other hand, it must, I think, be maintained with Mr. Hamerton that in pose and line these mediæval figures were everything that was needed for architectural suitability, although, as he says, "there might not be so much about them as a finger or a toe an educated sculptor would recognise." If Hamerton is right, then it follows that these figures are instances where instinct has not been sacrificed to culture.

I have often thought it would be most interesting in this respect to see the groups from the pediment of the Parthenon at their original altitude and under the sky of Athens, to learn whether these masterpieces of the art of Phidias are in the relations of technique to concept as exactly suited to their original position as they are suited—making due allowance for defacements—to our view of them in the British Museum. Pope has written,

> "Order is Heaven's first law, and this confest—
> Some are and must be greater than the rest.'

Now certainly order and subordination should be a ruling principle in architecture. For while we may tolerate the most naturalistic group and composition by Chantrey that ever lent interest to a departed soul, or was out of place in a mediæval building, the use of such a group as an architectural feature or adornment would be absurd and distracting.

A familiar example of want of subordination in an architectural composition is ever before us in Landseer's finely but too naturally modelled lions in Trafalgar Square; one is tempted to exclaim of this work, in view of its non-architectonic fitness, "*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas l'art.*" In fact, we may derive from these examples that the most scrupulous and searching study of nature, when supplemented by the most masterly technique, will not necessarily result in Art. And be it understood that it is here precisely that we come to the rock on which modern Art has split. It began with the Renaissance and Art patronage. Go to Milan and Florence and Bologna; see what Art was, and what it might have been had it not been for the patron and the dilettante who in a luxurious age insisted upon overcrowding with unnecessary if masterly and beautiful detail every monument their taste and wealth allowed them to raise, with a result that too often beauty is veiled in splendour.

Ah! but some one says, the Certosa de Pavia, to name only one instance, would not have existed. The tombs of the Medici would not have been realised. I reply, small matter; the art of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and the rest, would have been

quite as great as it is, possibly greater, if the Pope's patronage or the encouragement and commissions of Lorenzo had been directed by true Art instincts, rather than fashion and culture. I am saying nothing against the towering supremacy of Raffaelle in design, or the gigantic power of Michael Angelo's compositions. I am speaking merely of a system and a state of Art patronage and taste which was inimical to the progress of Art, and sowed the seeds of its decay. Artists were not allowed a free hand in those days any more than they are now. I am aware that a writer on Art, possibly with similar views to my own, has gone so far as to speak of that *chef-d'œuvre* of Raffaelle, the Dresden Madonna, as "a blatant piece of shoddy commercialism," and I might add with equal justice that the Art of Michael Angelo was characterised by its beatification of muscular sprawling; but for myself I rather attribute such characteristics to the conditions under which they worked than as manifestations essential to the Art of either of these great masters. It is a tremendous task to exactly define the nature of the Art of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, but this at least is certain, that while in them we see the culmination of the ideal, it is already leaning and clutching in want of faith at the real. Strange that in Peter's house the reproach of Peter should be writ so large upon its walls. Yes, I am afraid that with all its consummate beauties and loving detail the Renaissance was a romance and a make-believe. The principal good it did was to send the master minds back to mother Nature to study and worship at her feet. Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Andrea,

Luini, and a few others did so, and their successors, far feebler in design, followed their lead until excellence of technique came to be looked for before the informing design. Colour and chiaroscuro in painting gradually supersede line. Flesh, draperies, and accessories put the subject quite in the second place, until at last it becomes so unimportant that anything is good enough to paint, and some Dutch boors playing at cards is subject enough for a display of technique for dilettanti to quarrel over. In fact, as compared to former times, Art was beginning to be looked at from another point of view, a point of view that lost sight of everything but canons of beauty and experiments in taste. We must therefore agree with Tolstoy, at least to this extent, that Art was not now so much for the glory of God and the true advancement of the race as it was for the gratification and glory of a limited class of wealthy persons and so-called connoisseurs. Indeed, it was no longer the expression of a free people, and the outcome of obedience to a simple and heartfelt faith, a natural result as the outburst of flower and song which greets the advent of spring, but developed in the forcing-house of aristocratic patronage, and flourished in the cold caprice of a soulless plutocracy. Art at this period, however technically excellent are many of its examples, was simply an elegant adjunct or collateral branch to that rapid growth of learning and wealth, which with them subserved principally the purposes of luxury and ease. Dilettantism and a narrowing selfishness has developed that modern idolatry, "Art for Art's sake," which being interpreted means "a folding of the

hands to sleep," while Art and her votaries bask in the vision of her own loveliness, or are lulled and persuaded by the bewitching sweetness of her own voice.

It is needless, as it is impossible, to trace the manifold stages of Art's decline, or the rallies that it has made from time to time around ennobling themes or noble portraiture; these will readily occur. But the important fact remains, and that is that this astonishing development, with its various schools of painting, reflecting as they do schools of thought and taste, are utterly bewildering to an unsophisticated public.

Graphic Art, which could speak to all once, can be understood now only by the few, perhaps because she has so many voices. How many people there are who will not trust themselves to form an opinion of a new play or a picture exhibition until they have read and digested the ideas on these subjects as set forth by their favourite critic!

These considerations bring us back for a moment to the contemplation of the past, and the endurance of those earlier styles which may be said to have crystallised human thought, or at least labelled nationalities for the convenience of posterity. One thing is certain, that is that Art as the handmaid of religion, the outcome of cult, the formative ministrant of history, tradition, and folk-lore, can never recur in the future, unless the human species is subjected to and survives a cataclysm destroying all record of its history and intellectual progress, and isolating the race in groups or families as remote and antagonistic as we conceive them to have been

in the earliest neolithic period. This reflection leaves us, in spite of our remaining instincts and our hereditary culture, in doubt sometimes whether Art has a mission or a message for us at all. Whether in her more modern dress she is not a mere plaything, and whether when we recognise her in her ancient garb she is not an anachronism, a vestige of the old world, however greedily bought up by the new, only to be gaped at in a museum as a curiosity rather than as a living thing; a voiceless vestige to the general, and if speaking to them at all only in a language which is dead.

The rapidity with which styles have passed away in Europe has been proportionate with the spread of knowledge. The Crusades effected more in the West in this respect than they did in the East for their intended object; the gates were opened by which a returning flood sapped the foundations of Mediævalism. The culmination of Puritan ideas in the seventeenth century, and the frequent recurrence of the plague, only further abnegated Art and purged in whitewash such compromises as the Reformation had allowed to remain; and even when—to parody Pope—carving rushed in where colour feared to tread, its transition from the conventional stateliness of the Elizabethan to the florid elaboration of the Carlian style, was as rapid as it was decadent. Since then we have waded laboriously in the slack water of Palladian drifts, and profited mayhap from Italian influence from Versailles, and a Napoleonic resurrection of the Greek; indeed, it may be doubtful whether from an Art point of view, the classic ghosts which were raised and environed the

First Empire were not quite as genuine in spirit as well as much more elegant than those of the Puginesque revival which have accompanied and served as an illumination and illustration to the 'Essays and Reviews.' Needless to say that neither of these revivals was more spontaneous, or even so much so, as the Renaissance. The informing spirit is, and in the nature of things must be, as wanting in the revival of an old-world style, as it is wanting in a broken cable fished up from the depths of the Atlantic.

The adoption of the Gothic style in the erection of many of our public buildings has been the source of continuous disappointment and chagrin. It is not one time in ten that instinct and ingenuity are capable of adapting the traditional to the necessary. The reason is doubtless that the process is exactly the wrong way about. The instinct of the time supplied constructively that which was necessary to the requirements of that time; we, losing sight of the instinct, adopt the tradition, and endeavour to apply it to quite other requirements. The fallacious application of the concept and scale of a cathedral to the exigencies of a parish church, has been as frequent as it has been irritating to our sense of the fitness of things; but the minimization of tower and buttress to the proportions of a chimney, have not affected us more than those ophthalmic tortures we have suffered as a religious exercise while enduring highly coloured stained glass in emulation of that which, however gorgeous, glorious, and fitting in the clerestory of a great cathedral, is optically injurious and decoratively absurd when introduced in

the side or aisle windows of a little English church. Disaster is courted in a greater degree and assured with exaggerated result when in the attempted adornment of a building the spirit of the present age is neglected on the one hand, and the spirit of a past at least equally foreign to the epoch and style of the building, is sought on the other.

The recent application of a colour scheme and mode of treatment derived from Byzantine basilicæ to a structure of the seventeenth century is a case in point. Here we regretfully see the laudable reticence of its constructors, which had prevailed in preserving the grisaille of its marbles for two hundred years, inexcusably if not irretrievably violated. The regret, however, at this artistic escapade is not so much, indeed, that a gigantic experiment should have become a colossal catastrophe, but that which is of far greater importance, viz. that it puts a black mark indelibly against our vaunted progress in Art in recent years. A committee of taste always presupposes a doubt in individual perception of suitability, and in any case—which is nearly every case of importance in this country—implies unreliability both in the artist and in those intrusted to see that he does his work.

In the instance referred to doubt has only been equalled by disappointment. The building has been treated like a sick patient in a very bad way. Specialists have been called in from time to time, their prescriptions tentatively adopted, and one by one disregarded, till at last it becomes evident that the Committee, as is not unusual, could not trust itself. Meanwhile the experiment is proceeding, the public

stand agape, their deadened instincts and perception in Art not allowing them to even commence wringing their hands until the disaster is consummated, and a national mausoleum has been gilt like gingerbread, only for the more gorgeous interments of the artistic hopes of all concerned.

While on the subject of public buildings, tribute should be rendered to those responsible for improvement in street architecture; at the same time it is emphatic evidence of the absence of anything like a new style. The principal efforts would appear to combine the picturesqueness of the past with the constructive materials, conditions, and requirements of the present.

The erection of flats contributes undoubtedly to possibilities in grandeur and stateliness of effect not obtainable by smaller houses, but it will be a matter of regret in a near future, that the modern fashion of living in a nut-shell entailed so many sacrifices; it is being found that the nut-shell does not include health, and it will be found that our narrowed whereabouts will, even with the assistance of the store catalogue, not allow of the expansion of our instincts, or the indulgence of any artistic taste beyond miniature.

In relation to this, it should be observed that in the increasing sumptuousness of our modern installations and decorative schemes, easel picture painters are finding much to lament. Framed pictures are more and more difficult to find a place for. When colour schemes are so complete, an etching of black and white is often more manageable than a painting. It must be admitted, however,

that the public in any case feel no certainty as to the style of picture that should be seen upon their walls, as, unless decorative, it could serve no other purpose. I have been long, it may be said, in coming to this conclusion, and some may opine that it is useless to further discuss an anachronism, viz., as I have already hinted, that graphic Art now-a-days has no message for the million. May be it is so, and that Art in literature is the only voice the people hear—*autre temps, autre mœurs.* Indeed, there is no doubt that the modern novel takes the place in ethical culture and public sentiment that the graphic Arts occupied in earlier days. Perhaps Dickens and Thackeray have wrought more for good or ill than all the painted shows since their advent, and so proportionately of other popular writers. If this be so, is not this relation of instinct and culture of more importance than ever to us? We may compare the press of this country, indeed, with national pride, with a venality observable in other lands, but we are not entirely spotless; the harmless, nay healthy puerilities of 'Punch' may countervail something, the perverse pandering of other ephemeræ which shall be nameless. But, in relation to instincts and culture, it is in some of the masterpieces of literature wherein lie our greatest danger and snare, their consummate finish recommending them as standards of excellence to any rising school of a purposeless period.

It is not impossible for us to realise, indeed, such a play as 'The School for Scandal' developing a taste for literary fireworks and epigram, to the sacrifice of naturalness and the primal instinct of

design. It may appear at least doubtful whether this excessive polish is not really more destructive of true Art than the methods of those recent writers who can neither conceive of the true being beautiful, nor the beautiful being true; or those who, to cure our blindness to their Art, would rub our eyes with earth, and who, moreover, if they look for the elevation of the race at all, seek it by dragging poor humanity through unlimited mud.

The popular grasp of international questions, and the quickening of those instincts which have made generally for the welfare of Great Britain, have been promoted by Tenniel, and the Cartoonists his followers, not a little. The influence of Dibdin and Kipling has been, perhaps, as wide as that of the Cartoonists, and, while it must be admitted that their appeals have been rather to the instincts than the culture of the race, their successes may justify those whose preferable function would be to write the ballads of their country. Music also has doubtless influenced national character at all times, and the future historian will have much to say on the spread of Christianity by its persuasive powers. Oratorio has at least been a most important bulwark, and religion has been served by Art enormously in both Handel's and Mendelssohn's compositions, and by their adequate and repeated performances. A nation may be congratulated on its abiding faith in truth, justice, and an overruling and external Providence, when its Art instincts continue to draw it annually in immense crowds to the audition of such works as the "Elijah" and the "Messiah," Art instincts that quite override all fluctuations of

fashion and taste as surely as the tide which always reaches a certain level, in spite of the occasional disturbance of an earthquake wave.

Art has got out of its true course, is, in fact, on the rocks, and splitting up into so many pieces we can hardly find names for them. The highly finished hard-as-nails sort of picture which found favour years ago, when a French-polished cow under a tree, of which you could count the leaves, was a sure thing for a painter to sell to a dealer, he will not look at now. The "goody-goody" family round the kitchen table, listening with clean Sunday-morning faces to the old person in spotless smock or apron with spectacles on nose, reading the well-thumbed Bible, is now looked at askance, and the baby feeding the pug is preferred. These fluctuations we may count as phases or fashions only, as also the preference for the rural bit rather than the landscape composition. In higher flights of pictorial fancy, beyond these domestic or furniture pictures, however, we know that *impression* has long taken the place of *expression*. Some Art bodies we know of will tolerate nothing else; even photographers have gone in for some time for impressionism, and a very good thing they make of it. In this Art question it is interesting to see the effect of photography; the death-blow to the hard literal landscape I have just described was caused by photography, because the painting in its detail was so photographic, only of course the photograph did it better. The etching and black and white fashion, of course, gave photography another artistic leg, and then the photographers set to work to realise impressionism

for themselves. They did it by the simplest means; they threw away their lenses and used a pin-hole in a card instead, increasing the raggedness and vagueness of the image by printing on rough paper. We only wait now for the perfection of colour photography, already realised, and we shall get all the pleasanter qualities of impressionism without the too often accompanying insanity.

I trust, however, no one will think that I look upon photography as Art except in the most limited degree, for the camera has no power of design or elimination, without which there is no Art. I only allude to photography because the "Black Art" is a cult, if not a religion of the present day. The camera is a very active factor in that nature worship in which faith, inspiration, and Art are finding little place. As a translator of works of Art, the camera is undoubtedly reliable, although as a translator of Nature it is a plausible liar and a false witness. Nevertheless, its influence is as enormous as it has been disastrous, in spite of the worthy efforts that have been made by intelligent men to make it reflect something of the spirit of Nature besides its dry bones; and it must be admitted that the great crowd of its votaries are as blind as those of Egypt, or any others who trusted in a priesthood who, to all intents and purposes, have always said, "You touch the button, and we will do the rest."

Now a word for the acres of canvas and paper that are turned into pictures and sketches every year. They are all very well in their way; I am preaching no crusade against them, not even the distinguished amateur. The undistinguished amateur

I would repress; both should be excluded from exhibitions. We do not want confusion worse confounded, and the irrepressible amateur does irreparable harm to Art and artists by exhibiting and by selling at fancy fairs. No! granted that furniture pictures must be painted, and grant that the public need not be deprived of its harmless amusements, we should one and all protest against these sketches and memoranda, expressionless pictures and such, being called Art; they are too cheap. Art can never be cheap. Art is Nature's greatest gift to man, and is the reflex of her beauty which he has developed within himself. It is the Earth-mother's secret she whispers in the ears of her favoured children for their consolation; it is life itself to them, and the artist pours out the priceless treasure in the fulness of his heart in sympathetic expression to his brother. We can call nothing Art that fails in these qualifications: it is merely trifling; it may amuse for a time, but it palls inevitably, because it ceases to tickle our fancy, and has never won our sympathy.

In conclusion, what do we want? What do we not want? What really is the Art we are looking for? If faith is not strong enough to rear great religious structures now, we want religious Art to express not sickly sentiment, but the abiding faith of the people and the artist. In historical and patriotic Art we do not require to cover furlongs of walls with scenes of carnage and bloodshed, but subjects that proclaim the maintenance and triumph of right and justice. If we indulge in the reproduction of natural scenes, to gladden our eyes with a recollec-

tion, however feeble, we do not want that recollection to be saddened; and if nothing more than a mere transcript of Nature is possible, a photograph will do quite as well as a painting that is merely photographic. If we may trust ourselves to portray female beauty, we should do it in the spirit and the thought that we are unveiling "God's own image." In painting the nude our brushes should be steeped in purity. But it really matters little what we paint or draw, or sculp or build, write or sing, provided that the bare fact is draped in that pure unselfishness which lies at the root of all Art, that pure spirit that shines and rings through our work, and says to our fellow-man, "Come, sit and sip, and enjoy this in good fellowship with me." True Art embraces all humanity and crowns it all; it speaks aloud and says, "Look! see! I have something here in which you must have a part," giving at the same time open-handed the best of the artist's soul. If this be so, and this be really what Art is—and who shall dispute it?—it is time we took thought and did not accept everything as Art that merely bears the label.

But as I have maintained, it is not every one who practises who has this soul, but comes really far short of it; then, again, there are those who have given it perhaps once or twice in their lives, but who never attain to it after, who from weakened powers, perverted views, or necessity of their markets, cannot work to the high standard they have set themselves; all this tends to corrupt the public view of Art, and they take it for granted that everything must be sterling which is hall-marked

by a well-known name. In music, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and Schubert, even Beethoven, have their weak or tedious movements, and we would give anything if they had omitted some detail or elaboration which does not enhance a beautiful theme. How conspicuously this is the case with the more recent composers' work I need not emphasise. Some of the loveliest themes of Wagner and Tschaikowsky are not rendered more beautiful, but are absolutely drowned in over-orchestration. Noise in music is an especial feature of the present day. How absurd and inartistic this is, is shown by the fact that we have been steadily increasing the power of our pianos; and, not satisfied with that, we now affix another sounding-board, called a "resonator," to them. The strain upon the human voice by the noise of the accompaniment of course is most detrimental to Art; but the height of absurdity is reached when we find these loud pianos used, as they are constantly, in concerted music, when, of course, the violins and violas, not susceptible of increased power, are submerged entirely by the over-accentuation of the instrument called a piano, but which now is really all *forte*.

While on this subject of over-colour and straining for effect in our musical entertainment, I may allude for a moment to the subject of the stage; here, realisation in scenery and dresses, gorgeousness and effect, are productive of absolute ruin. Beauty and poetry, ethical teaching, the very soul of dramatic literature, is secondary now to splendour of mounting. I need not dwell upon the viciousness of a star system which of course negatives all Art, but will

confine myself to a resolute protest against the over-dressing, over-lighting, and above all, over-long entertainments we have submitted to and made fashionable. I will not particularise, but many will occur to you, where the fatigue has been in excess of the enjoyment or the profit in any sense; where one is compelled to admit that the human, and especially the artistic mind is not equal, and never can be equal, to having all the senses appealed to at once; the story may have a moral, the poetry may have a beauty, the music may have lovely episodes, and the orchestration may be masterly, and perhaps stupendous, but we cannot assimilate all these things at once; in fact it comes to this, that the viands may be excellent and the wine of the choicest, and yet we cannot comfortably drink with our mouths full. No, Art, true Art, is something far other than this; it is the still small voice,—the bright gem that we must dig out for ourselves, now here, now there, beneath the ruins of the colossal structures, reared for us throughout the ages with more brain than heart. But Art is ever present with us if we will hold out our hands to her, and not be content with her vulgar simulations. She is with us now and again in a concert room, when some master mind sees her between the lines of a stately symphony, and evokes her for a few bars from an orchestra he is conducting, responsive alike to the genius of the composer and himself. She is with us on many a bookshelf, in the simple story, or the heart-searching but placid elegy, the moving play, or the divine psalm. She is with us in the plaintive folk-song, which, fertile of recollection, calls up the tenderest

or noblest feelings of our race, that Art allied with nature which makes the whole world kin.

She is with us when a mastor spreads upon a canvas the shining glories of a lovely landscape or an aspect of nature in her solemn and grandest moods, and makes us share with him, as Claude or Cuyp or Turner does, the feelings such scenes must always awaken. Art is with us when the artist conjures up for us not alone the lines and details, costume and architecture, but the very spirit of a forgotten past. She is with us when the artist makes not a mere portrait but a presence, to be seen and felt by us, when we, looking into those painted eyes, seem to be in absolute communion with those they simulate. With us, as I have said, in those dim aisles and figure-fretted porches, "the gates of prayer in mediæval time," in the storied panes of Bourges and York, or the blazing clerestory of Chartres, where, indeed, the seeming Angels might be hanging jewelled screens to shield our eyesight from the splendour of God. Art is still with us in the cunning work of goldsmith or metal worker or other craftsman not ignorant of Cellini or Matsys, the traditions of Hyram's workshops, or those of Etruria, Greece, or the Deccan.

Art is with us a little when some liberal soul, devising liberal things, makes the effort, however vain, to cherish her in some gallery or polytechnic he has raised in the grime and squalor of a city's suburb; be it, indeed, in the wild hope of putting the finishing touch to the refinement taught in a board school, or that his Palace of Art may be a standing reproach to Councillor or Ædile still tem-

porising with fog-besodden smoke. Where Art is with us least, however, is in the crowded sale room, where dilettantism and fashion run up estimable works on fabulous waves of price, only to shatter them for posterity on the rocks of common sense.

Art is with us most when, irrespective of fashion and criticism, some one expresses something graphically or verbally that appeals to our primal instincts and sense of proportion, form, and adequateness. And when, in addition, the theme expressed is familiarised by tradition, recollection, or sentiment, then, indeed, are we subject to Art's subtlest influences, and some one of them is sure to fill us with heartfelt consolation and the divinest love.

ETIENNE DOLET, THE MARTYR OF THE RENAISSANCE.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.,
HON. LL.D., WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

[Read March 27th, 1901.]

AMONGST the many striking personalities of the Renaissance a pathetic interest attaches to the figure of Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the New Learning. The story of his life has for the first time been adequately told by Mr. Richard Copley Christie.*

Dolet is a representative figure of the Renaissance,

* Amidst the flood of purely ephemeral matter with which the shelves of the booksellers are crammed, and which can only excite melancholy or disgust in the mind of the lovers of literature, it is gratifying to encounter a real contribution to human thought or knowledge. Such emphatically is the biography of Etienne Dolet, by Mr. Richard Copley Christie, of which a new and revised edition was published in 1899 by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. This remarkable contribution to the history of learning first appeared in 1880; in 1886 a French translation with additions was published, and nineteen years after the first English edition a second was printed, which contains the new material that has since accumulated. It is strong evidence of the thoroughness of the original investigation that in the years that have elapsed since 1880, when Dr. Christie's book renewed the interest in Dolet, no material error has been discovered, and the author has not had any reason to alter his views as to the character and conduct of his unfortunate hero. Every page bears witness to Mr. Christie's ample and exact scholarship. The style is judicial, and even where there is only too much scope for indignation its expression is restrained to a severe and dignified form of sarcasm.

filled with the passion for learning, indifferent rather than hostile to the religion of the day, willing to cede to the ecclesiastical authorities all that they claimed if they would only leave him free to perform his appointed task as one of the spreaders of the new learning. The Renaissance was indeed a revolt, but it was, in the beginning, a revolt in the domain of learning and literature rather than in that of theology and religion. It is, nevertheless, true that the Italian Renaissance, the German Reformation, and the French Revolution are closely related, and wisdom may therefore be justified of her children who strove to imprison humanism in dungeons or to extinguish it at the stake. Etienne Dolet was born at Orleans on August 3rd, 1508, the feast of the invention of the relics of St. Stephen. Hence his name. He claims that his parents were prosperous citizens, but his enemies declared him to be the bad son of a bad father, who had perished at the hands of the public executioner. Such an ending was, however, no certain proof of immorality in the sixteenth century, or perhaps in any other of the centuries that preceded and followed it. The boy was carefully educated in his native city, until at the age of twelve he went to Paris, where he became one of the worshippers of Cicero. It was a form of literary idolatry which the present unsympathetic age has some difficulty in comprehending. If Dolet styles Cicero a god, let us remember that Erasmus kissed the pages written by "that holy soul inspired by a celestial deity." Here Dolet studied rhetoric under Nicolas Bérauld, the correspondent of Erasmus and the tutor of the three Colignys.

At eighteen Dolet went to Padua, for Italy was then the sacred country to which the pilgrims of learning turned their eager steps. Bembo's Paduan home was a temple of knowledge where all men of genius and learning were made welcome, and Pomponazzi was delivering the materialistic lectures which probably, in their influence on Dolet's mind, were the cause of subsequent trouble. For this daring scholar, with a formal reservation as to the teaching of the Church, opposed the doctrine of the immortality of the soul as having no foundation in reason. Here, too, Dolet was a pupil of Simon Villanovanus, one of those men who leave no literary memorial, but yet exercise a profound influence on those who come into contact with them. He died at the early age of thirty-five, deeply mourned by Dolet, who has celebrated him alike in verse and prose. His Latin elegiacs I have endeavoured to recast in a more familiar form:

I sadly mourn that cruel Death should take
  The friend whom Fortune gave, a comrade dear,
  A man of worth and truth, of life sincere,
Bound to my soul by ties that could not break.
They blame my grief—my grief for thy dear sake!
  Eternal sleep and darkness ever drear,
  Do these enfold thee that thou canst not hear
The mournful song that sorrow bids to wake?
Farewell, dear comrade! though thou canst not know
  That aye thy death untimely I deplore,
  Yet *if* thou knowest—dwelling on the shore
Where disembodied spirits come and go
  In silence and in peace for evermore—
Love still thy friend whom thou hast left below.

The chief tie that bound Dolet to Padua was now broken, and he became secretary to Jean de Langeac, Bishop of Limoges, who passed through the city on his way to Venice as French Ambassador. His secretarial duties were not so onerous as to preclude the possibility of study, and he was one of the five hundred persons who daily formed the audience for the lectures given by Egnazio, as Professor of Eloquence, on Lucretius and Cicero. He found time also to fall in love, and commemorated the death of his Elena in verses which are said to be the worst he has written. He returned to France, and at the suggestion of the Bishop of Limoges entered the University of Toulouse for the study of law—a step which was expected to lead to honour and distinction, but which proved to be the first stage on the road to the scaffold and the stake.

Whilst Padua was the home of liberal thought, Toulouse was a centre of superstition and reaction, the chief seat of the French Inquisition, and therefore a place where heresy was harshly hunted down, and where intellectual freedom was too often regarded as a crime. Nearly a century after Dolet's death Toulouse had the infamous distinction of burning to death a boy of nine accused of sacrilege. Two centuries after Dolet's death the city was the scene of the judicial murder of Calais. Here Dolet found a friend in Jean de Pins, the Bishop of Rieux, a man of ability, who was both a scholar and a patron of scholars. The hunters of heretics were on the alert, and in 1532 Jean de Caturce, a distinguished lecturer on jurisprudence, was burned at the stake. Wholesale arrests

followed, and included that of Jean de Boyssone, who was Professor of Law in the University. In spite of his learning, his fine character, his high position and cautious conduct, he only escaped death by an abject and humiliating public abjuration. There was a pleasanter side to life in Toulouse, and in her Floral Games Poetry and Eloquence had their festival. Dolet was a candidate for the violet, the eglantine, or the marigold, and the Latin verses he wrote for this competition are extant but unread. Whether he gained a prize is unknown, but the probability is that he deserved success without attaining it. The students of the University were divided into "nations," and there was much rivalry and at times bad feeling. In 1533 Dolet was appointed by the French "nation" in the University to be their orator, and his oration, highly rhetorical in form, was a bitter attack on the authorities of Toulouse, who had striven to put down the student associations of the French "nation." This speech was replied to by a Gascon student, Pinache, who denounced Dolet as a Ciceronian and Lutheran—a somewhat incongruous charge, which, however, had its effect. Dolet's reply was as able as it was indiscreet. He abused his opponent, referred to the barbarism of Toulouse, and accused the authorities of employing the charge of heresy as a means for the destruction of men of learning. The Tolosans he represented as superstitious savages, haters of culture, hypocrites, bigots, and persecutors. The oration led to some disturbance, and Dolet found himself in prison. Amongst those who would have to decide his fate

were men like Drusac, a foolish poetaster, and Maurus, a pedantic schoolmaster, both of whom he had assailed in bitter epigrams. The Bishop of Rieux intervened, and after a detention of three days Dolet was released. But his enemies continued their efforts; he left the town hastily to avoid re-arrest, and was formally banished from Toulouse in 1534. In company with a friend, Simon Finet, he made his way on foot to Lyons, and as he was unwell at the beginning the end of the journey found him worn out and despairing of life. He was nursed back to health by the physicians, one of whom may possibly have been Rabelais.

Lyons was honourably distinguished for its men of letters and the activity of the printing press. Dolet had a message from Boyssone to Sebastian Gryphius, the learned printer, who was the friend of Sadolet, of Scaliger, and of Aonio Paleario, and now became the friend of the exile. The unlucky speeches made at Toulouse were now printed by Gryphius, who, however, prudently withheld his name, and apparently deemed the publication an ill-judged enterprise. By a device which has since been followed by greater writers, the sending forth of the orations was supposed to be surreptitious, not the work of their author, but of his confidant and companion Finet. It is difficult to excuse the inclusion of letters addressed to him by friends who might be compromised and endangered by such unexpected publicity at a time when bigotry was vigilant in the persecution of learning. The "Carmina" which formed part of the volume have been variously judged. At this time there is a striking

account of Dolet's appearance as it struck an unfriendly observer. He was taken to be nearly forty when in reality he would not be thirty; he was bald, wore a coarse short Spanish jacket, had melancholy countenance of swarthy pallor,—indeed, "scarcely human in his appearance." That the painter was not over-friendly may be judged from his further description of Dolet as "a foolish, senseless, insane, furious, rabid, boastful, insolent, scurrilous, petulant, vain, lying, impudent, arrogant, impious fellow, without God, without faith, without religion." This, being interpreted, means that Odonus and Dolet differed in their estimation of Cicero and Erasmus. It was a form of emphasis common at the Renaissance, and perhaps not yet so entirely obsolete as we like to think. The world of literature was then divided into Ciceronians and Anti-Ciceronians. The disciples of Tully carried their admiration to a pitch of pedantic idolatry, and were enraged by the humorous satire of Erasmus. Dolet was a Ciceronian, and during a visit to Paris he wrote a dialogue defending Longolius against Erasmus, whom he assailed as "an old man, almost childish with age," and styled "a toothless old food-for-worms." This is only another example of emphasis. The dialogue brought him the enmity of Scaliger, who having to his own satisfaction already demolished Erasmus, bitterly resented the intrusion of another into the fray. But a more important part of his business in the French capital was to obtain the royal licence for the printing of his commentaries on the Latin language, for which he had been collecting materials since he was about

sixteen. At this time the reactionaries of the Sorbonne persuaded Francis I to sign a decree prohibiting printing, because Lutheranism was spread by the press. The Parliament of Paris refused to register the decree, but though it was modified the liberty of the printers was severely curtailed. The royal licence was refused to Dolet, and he returned to Lyons to act as corrector of the press for Gryphius. He completed the first volume of his commentaries, and began to print, so that whenever the royal permission could be obtained it would be ready for issue. The licence was obtained when Francis visited Lyons in February, 1536, and the book appeared in the same year, and was followed by a second volume in 1538. Let us say to Dolet's credit that when the news of the death of Erasmus reached him, whilst at work on this book, he "ceased to war with the dead," and paid a warm tribute to the memory of one of the greatest ornaments of literature. These folios of Dolet are now only documents for the history of learning, and have long ceased to be used.

Their publication gave him high rank as a scholar, but his attacks on the Sorbonne provoked enmity, and his Gallio spirit "caring for none of these things" was equally offensive to the reactionaries and the reformers. An absurd charge of plagiarism was raised by his enemies, who declared that he had appropriated the papers of Simon Villanovanus. He was also said to have stolen some matter from a book by Lazarus Baif. These charges were repeated by Sabinus, who declares that Dolet was guilty of plagiarism, ignorance,

irreligion, immorality, and gluttony. Dolet replied, and Sabinus rejoined. He was not a plagiarist, but that from vainglory he had been too chary of acknowledgment is Mr. Christie's judgment. Dolet was now working for Juste and Gabiano as well as Gryphius. He was moderate in his pleasures, but had a passionate love of music, and was fond of bathing and swimming. At the end of 1536 Dolet was involved in a quarrel which ended in the death of his opponent, a painter named Compaing. According to his own statement, Dolet was attacked by Compaing sword in hand, and slew his assailant simply in self-defence. However justifiable the homicide might be, he had made enemies, and he at once fled to Paris, where his friends succeeded in obtaining a pardon from the King—an intercession which he did not acknowledge very gratefully. Before leaving Paris he was entertained at a banquet attended by various celebrities, including Rabelais and Marot. We know, too, that going one day into the famous shop of the Etiennes he picked up a new volume of Latin verse, and had the pleasure of seeing himself classed as one of the five leading Latin poets of France. On returning to Lyons he found the royal pardon, not ratified by the Parliament, was no protection, and he was thrown into prison, but released in April, 1537, on giving security to come up for judgment when called upon. The pardon was not registered for six years. Dolet appears to have lost some of his friends over this affair by his vainglorious and indeed false assertion, that he had obtained a pardon without the aid of those who were in name his friends. This ingrati-

tude seems to have cost him the friendship of Voulté, who had been more than zealous on his behalf. Another friend, Herbert Susanneau, had by 1538 changed his tone, and he lost too Nicholas Bourbon. In this year Dolet made a happy marriage, and with his wife entered in partnership with Helayn Dulin and became a printer. The typographical art was still a learned profession, and the "chapel" had not lost entirely the halo of the scriptorium to which it succeeded. In some disputes between the master printers and their men Dolet appears to have taken the side of the latter, and thus added the masters to his enemies. In the next six years he issued at least sixty-seven works, fifteen of them from his own pen, some being original and others translations. With many of the others he was editorially concerned. Amongst the most interesting is an ode written in Latin, and translated into French on the birth of his son Claude in 1539. Several friends contributed to these volumes. We thus see Dolet in a pleasant picture of domestic happiness and literary friendship. These poems afford no ground for the charge of irreligion, but in the most unmistakable manner declare the author's belief in immortality and in salvation

> "Par le merite (o divine clemence)
> De Jesu Christ."

Dolet, unlike some of his learned contemporaries, did not despise the vulgar tongue, and projected a work entitled 'L'Orateur Françoys,' of which some instalments appeared. He also translated into

French the Familiar Epistles and the Tusculan Disputations of Cicero. He was also ambitious of distinction as historian, and had planned, amongst other things, an account of the reign of Francis I, on a scale and method that, if executed, would have been a worthy addition to literature. A less ambitious book on this topic proved popular. Whilst the Latin poets, who imagined that they could confer immortality, have passed into oblivion, two writers in the vulgar tongue, which scholars then despised, have helped to make Dolet famous.

Clément Marot entrusted to Dolet the printing in 1538 of a complete edition of his works, but for some unknown reason the ties of friendship were afterwards broken. The same is unfortunately true of Rabelais. The grounds of the quarrel in this case are clear. When Rabelais issued his famous work it contained many passages that gave offence to the Sorbonne and the reactionaries, and, having no passion for martyrdom, he brought out in 1542 a revised edition, in which various dangerous phrases were softened or omitted. His anger and dismay may be imagined when shortly after he found that Dolet was printing an edition in which the old attacks on the theologians were carefully preserved. The next edition of Rabelais contains a letter which, whilst professedly that of the printer, is unmistakably the production of the author. In this Dolet is attacked as avaricious, a plagiarist, a producer of rubbish, a monster, and so forth. He is accused of having stolen the proof sheets of Rabelais's book. This is an absurd charge, for what he had done was to reprint, as others had

done, the issue already in the market, including the statement on its title-page, that it had been "revue et de beaucoup augmentée par l'autheur mesme." In the present state of the law Dolet's action would have been impossible, but it must be remembered that in his day copyright was viewed from a different standpoint of ethics and law.

Whilst he was losing friends he was gaining enemies. He walked about when mass was being celebrated, and he was suspected of eating flesh in Lent. When the 'Cato Christianus' and the 'Carmina' appeared, they were both censured by the religious authorities, and he was ordered to suppress them. Yet in spite of such troubles these were probably the happiest years of Dolet's life. He had now a vocation which enabled him to continue his beloved studies, and his shop, with the sign of the Golden Ax, would be a place of call for the Lyonese lovers of literature. These were also his most prosperous days. But the Inquisition had an unfriendly eye upon him, and a man suspected of heresy, an atheist who published an exhortation to the study of the Scriptures, who printed the New Testament in French, who sold books by Melancthon, Calvin, and Erasmus, was sure to have trouble sooner or later. Matthieu Orry—the "Nostre maître Doribus" of Rabelais,—who was Grand Inquisitor, was a man of learning and ability; he was capable of being bribed, had a keen scent for unorthodoxy, and was a mighty heresy hunter before the Lord.

In the middle of 1542 Dolet was arrested, and his house and shop were ransacked. He was accused

of having inserted in the 'Cato Christianus' as the second commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image;" of having in the Creed said "Habeo fidem" instead of "Credo;" and of having used the word "Fatum" in a pagan and not a Christian sense in one of his poems. Moreover he had reprinted with commendatory prefaces certain books already condemned, and he had not submitted his books before printing to the authorities, he had eaten flesh in Lent, he preferred the sermon to the mass, he walked about during divine service, and in his writings he seemed to doubt the immortality of the soul. Some things Dolet admitted, some he explained, some he denied, and in all professed to submit to the authority of the Church. His was not a temper to submit patiently to the method of examination then, and still to some extent, permitted by French law.

"That which you believe," he is reported to have said to Orry, "I certainly do not believe, and that which I do believe would never enter into your head."

The Inquisitor thought he was on the point of an avowal.

"What is it, then, that you do believe?"

"I believe that you are a fool, and I believe that you do not believe *that*."

Orry was not a fool; he was that detestable animal, a bigot, who thought he could please God by human burnt-offerings. Dolet was convicted, and at once appealed from his judges to the Parliament of Paris. Lizet, the President of the tribunal before which he now came, was not only a

bigot, but a man, drunken and sensual, whose stupidity and conceit made him the laughingstock of the wits and scholars of the Renaissance. Dolet's friends now obtained a royal order transferring the case to the Grand Council, but after some delay it was again remitted to the Parliament. Dolet occupied his prison hours in writing a defence, and in preparing for the press his translation of Cicero's 'Tusculan Disputations.'

That the Parliament would confirm the sentence was certain, and therefore Dolet by the intervention of the good Bishop of Tulle—the best friend of Francis I—obtained a royal pardon. The conditions were that Dolet should abjure his errors, and that all his books against which charges had been brought should be burned. The Parliament raised difficulties, declared that Dolet was still under sentence of death for the homicide of Compaing; but at last in October, 1543, by an imperative order from the King the pardon was registered. Dolet at once returned to Lyons, to his wife, his son, his books, and his press. "These, not gold or silver, were, as he tells us, his treasures."

His enemies were still active. In January, 1544, two packets on which his name appeared in large letters were seized as they were being taken into Paris. One contained some books he had printed, and the other heretical books from Geneva. That this was a wicked device of the heresy hunters is most probable, but it had its effect, and he was arrested as he was celebrating Twelfth Night with his family and friends. When under arrest he induced the jailer to take him to his house under

guard, and there managed to fasten the officials in a passage whilst he escaped by the back door and made his way to Piedmont, where he remained for some months. Whilst the books were burned at an auto da fé in front of Notre Dame, Dolet was preparing a poem on his imprisonment, to which he gave the title of the 'Second Enfer,' a phrase alluding to the 'Enfer de Marot.' He ventured back to Lyons, printed the 'Second Enfer,' and included in the same volume translations of two dialogues, "Axiochus" and "Hipparchus," both of which were then attributed to Plato. This volume he intended to present in person to Francis I, then encamped in Champagne, in order to obtain the royal favour as a shield against his enemies. In this poem he clearly sees his danger of a violent death, and appeals to the King to save him, that he may devote his life to useful studies and the production of books that shall honour France. Dolet was re-arrested at Troyes, where another edition of the 'Second Enfer' was printed. He was taken to Paris under guard in September, 1544. The fate of Dolet was now certain, but even the Parliament of Paris could not convict on the absurd charge of the two packets sent in Dolet's name to Paris. So the Sorbonne examined the 'Second Enfer,' and found in the translation of the "Axiochus" three words for which the accused might be executed. The passage deserves to be cited, as it is not often that a man dies at the stake for "rien de tout." Dolet translates a speech of Socrates in these words: "Pour ce qu'il est certain que la mort n'est point aux vivants: et quant aux

defuncts, ilz ne sont plus: doncque la mort les attouche encore moins. Parquoy elle ne peult rien sur toy, car tu n'es pas encores prest à deceder; et quand tu seras decedé, elle n'y pourra rien aussi, attendu que tu ne seras plus rien de tout." This passage was declared to be heretical and "contrary to the intention of Plato, in whose work neither in the Greek nor in the Latin are there these words *rien de tout*." The scholarship of those who thus pronounced judgment may be gauged by the fact that they misspelled the name of the dialogue even when deciding on the nice question of the fidelity of its translation. That Dolet's version faithfully reproduces the sense of the original no one would now question, but when once you have accused a man of heresy you are bound to do him all the injury you can, and must not be squeamish about the methods. The trial dragged on for two years, and during that time Dolet remained in prison. There the man accused of atheism wrote some noble verses in which he takes refuge in God as his stronghold and fortress, and expresses his submission to the divine will even in face of a cruel and shameful death. The First President sentenced Dolet to be first hanged and then burned on the Place Maubert. He also ordered that Dolet should be tortured in order to reveal his accomplices, and if at the place of execution Dolet should cause any scandal or utter any blasphemy, his tongue was to be cut out and he was to be burned alive. The sentence was passed on August 3rd, 1546, and was carried out on the following day, which by a coincidence, remarkable if undesigned, was the

thirty-ninth birthday of the victim. When he came to the appointed place, Dolet at the suggestion of the executioner, and in a brief Latin prayer, begged that the Virgin and his patron saint, Stephen, would intercede for him with God. It has been said that looking on the crowd he punningly observed, "Non Dolet ipse dolet, sed pia turba dolet;" and that he was answered, "Non pia turba dolet, sed Dolet ipse dolet." He was hanged, and shortly after the fagots were lighted and the author and his books were reduced to ashes.

Such, in brief and meagre outline, is the story which Mr. Christie has told at length, in a spirit of restrained and judicial moderation, and with an amplitude of information resulting from patient research as well as from a matchless knowledge of the period of the Renaissance. The faults of Dolet are on the surface. His vanity and self-glorification are evident; he lost friends and made enemies; he had a bitter tongue, and failed to control it. But he was a sincere lover of literature, a good husband, a kind father, a man whose conduct of life was not impugned. He is sometimes claimed as a Protestant and sometimes as an Agnostic martyr, but with little reason. He was above all a student, and whilst willing to conform to the established religion, he was probably at heart a theist with a vague belief in immortality. He might sympathise with the reformers, not as theologians, but as men who were fighting, though perhaps unconsciously, the battle for freedom of thought against the bigots who, like Lizet, atoned for vice and brutality by a scrupulous adherence to orthodox formulas. And whilst we of

the present century justly condemn our predecessors of the sixteenth century, let us remember that Bigotry and Persecution, although they no longer use the crude methods of the past, are not yet dead, nor is it likely that our children will witness their funerals.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written the biographer of Etienne Dolet has passed away. Mr. Richard Copley Christie, who died 9th January, 1901, was born at Lenton, Notts, 22nd July, 1830. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, at a time when the influence of Mark Pattison was supreme, and from him he may have derived, in part at least, his love of knowledge for its own sake, and his lofty conception of the duties and functions of a university. On the foundation of Owens College, Manchester, he became Faulkner Professor of Political Economy and Professor of History, and later Professor of Jurisprudence. These chairs he resigned successively from the pressure of legal engagements, but he retained his active interest in the welfare of the College, and took a large share in the foundation of the Victoria University. From 1872 to 1894 he was Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester. When Sir Joseph Whitworth died in 1887 Mr. Christie was one of the three legatees to whom was entrusted the disposal of the wealth of the great engineer. One result was the enrichment of Owens College by about £80,000. In 1895 he presented the College

with the building known as the Christie Library, erected at a cost of £20,000. Mr. Christie's chief literary memorial is his Etienne Dolet. The materials he had collected for the illustration of the history of the later Renaissance were not utilised, owing to the painful and wasting disease which sapped his strength in later years.* He wrote several memoirs in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and edited books for the Roxburgh Club, the Record Society, and the Chetham Society, and contributed to the publications of the Manchester Literary Club, the Library Association, and the Bibliographical Society, as well as to 'Macmillan's Magazine,' 'Notes and Queries,' and other periodicals. He had a remarkable private library, rich in Horace and in Renaissance literature. This in part, together with a legacy of £10,000, is to enrich Owens College. Dr. Christie was a fine type of the best spirit of scholarship. His learning was wide and exact, and no one more fully realised the force of the injunction to "do good and communicate." His native gifts and literary acquirements, his professional skill, the force of his personal example, his social influence and wealth, were devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge. Those who came into personal contact with him will remember the charm of his manner, and the story of his life remains as a stimulating example of the pursuit of a lofty ideal and the dedication of great gifts to the service of the commonwealth.

* His materials for the biography of Ortensio Lando were utilised in a paper which appears in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' second series, vol. xx, p. 159.

THE MACHINERY OF THE 'RAPE OF THE LOCK:' POPE, VILLARS, AND BORRI.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.,
HON. LL.D., WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

[Read March 27th, 1901.]

In the year 1711, when "good Queen Anne" was the monarch of these islands, and Mr. Joseph Addison and a select coterie of his friends were still delighting the "town" with the wit, fancy, and criticism of the 'Spectator,' there arose a sudden quarrel between two aristocratic families, which had the unexpected and happy result of adding a masterpiece to English literature.

The family of Fermor had been for generations landed proprietors in Oxfordshire, and belonged to a circle of high-born Roman Catholics, of whom Lord Petre was one. The bearer of that title, Robert, seventh Lord Petre, was then a young man of twenty. Like Julius Cæsar and Napoleon, he was little and courageous. Courage sometimes degenerates into impudence, and Lord Petre, who was supposed to be one of the many captives of the beautiful Arabella Fermor, took an opportunity of cutting off a lock of the flowing hair of that young and lovely girl. The jest did not prosper. Charming Arabella was seriously indignant, and the result of Lord Petre's inconsiderate gallantry was a serious quarrel

between the two families. This amounted almost to a disruption in that narrow circle of the Roman Catholic gentry where, alike by reason of family ties and public policy, it was very desirable that harmony should prevail. Under these circumstances it occurred to Mr. Joseph Caryll to invoke the aid of the ingenious Mr. Alexander Pope, also a Roman Catholic, and rapidly rising into fame as the author of the 'Pastorals,' of 'Windsor Forest,' and of 'The Messiah.' Mr. Caryll thought that the talents of Mr. Pope might be employed in the interests of peace, and that a poem placing the incident in a humorous light might prevent further mischief. It was under these circumstances that the first sketch of the 'Rape of the Lock' was written. It was printed in 'Lintot's Miscellany' in 1712. There are some lines in it which, it is thought, scandal-mongers represented to the lovely Arabella as a reflection upon her character, and

> "Sir Plume, of amber snuffbox justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouted cane,"

was not pleased with his portrait. Some people quarrel even with photographs. After writing the poem Pope met with a French book entitled 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which professes to be an exposure of the mysteries of the Rosicrucian brotherhood. It occurred to him that in the Rosicrucian fancies of the sylphs of the air he had found the material for adding a supernatural machinery to the 'Rape of the Lock.' He imparted his scheme to Addison, who very sensibly advised him against altering that

which was already excellent. Sensible advice, though often given, is rarely followed, and this is sometimes a matter for congratulation. So it was in this case. Mr. Pope, always suspicious, attributed this dissuasion to jealousy of his fame on the part of Addison—which is absurd. Pope took the risk of spoiling his poem, and transformed a very clever piece of *vers de société* into a masterpiece which stands alone in our literature. Nay, we may endorse the still stronger statement of De Quincey, that "the 'Rape of the Lock' is the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers." In this enlarged form, with the addition of the sylphs, salamanders, and gnomes, the 'Rape of the Lock' was reprinted in 1714, with a dedication to Mrs. Arabella Fermor. In this the poet declares that it was intended only "to divert a few young ladies," and tells Miss Fermor that "an imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct." The inevitableness of publicity attached to most of Mr. Pope's productions, and even extended to his private correspondence. The dedication to Arabella Fermor is clever, but it is clear from it that he did not think her education had been carried to the point of erudition, and he apologises for the use of "hard words" and "difficult terms." More important is the avowal he makes that all the incidents are imaginary except the central one of the rape of the lock. This pacified the fair. In Belinda, then, we have Arabella Fermor, the Baron is Lord Petre, Thalestris Mrs. Morley, and Sir Plume, her brother, Sir George

Brown. The poet did not reconcile the hero and heroine of his poem. Each married—some one else. Arabella became the wife of Mr. Francis Perkins, of Ufton Court. Pope sent her a letter of congratulation on her marriage in 1714. She died, a widow, in 1738. Lord Petre's career was brief. The quarrel with Belinda happened apparently in 1711; in the following year he married Catharine, sister and heir of Francis Walmsley, of Dukenhalgh, in Lancashire. He died of small-pox within thirteen months of his marriage. Robert James, eighth Lord Petre, was his posthumous child. The widow remarried, became Lady Stourton, and lived to be eighty-eight years old.

Pope frankly acknowledged that he had taken the supernatural machinery from 'Le Comte de Gabalis.' That remarkable book first appeared at Paris in 1670, and caused a sensation.* There was no name on the title-page, but it came to be known that the author was the Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars. He was born near Toulouse in 1635, and came to Paris in 1667. He had some popularity as a preacher, but his inclination to literature led him to abandon the pulpit. Certainly the 'Comte de Gabalis' is remarkable as the production of a man bearing an ecclesiastical title. This book is very rare, and his other writings have passed into oblivion. They included a kind of parody of the interminable romances then fashionable, a criticism on Racine and Corneille, which had the approval of

* My own copy has the following title:—'Le Comte de Gabalis; ou Entretiens sur les Sciences Secretes. Renouvellé et augmenté d'une lettre sur ce sujet. . . . A Cologne chez Pierre Marteau 12mo, pp. 161.'

Madame de Sevigné, and some controversial and philosophical writings. The 'Comte de Gabalis' is written in the form of a dialogue, in which one of the speakers professes to unveil the cabalistic secrets of the Rosicrucians. The story of the temptation and fall of Eve is told in a fashion which must have shocked all orthodox sentiment. The fragments of mythology are equally absurd. Thus Vesta is declared to be the wife of Noah, and the mother of Zoroaster! The main interest of the book is in the sylphs who are spirits of air, salamanders, creatures of fire, the gnomes who guard the treasures of the earth, and the ondiens or nymphs of the waters. With the women of these elemental races the Rosicrucian adepts enter into marital relations, and the union gives to these supernatural creatures the greatly coveted gift of immortality. There was an outcry against the book. What he intended for satire was taken seriously, and the 'Comte de Gabalis,' with a continuation which claimed to be written by Villars, but which did not appear until forty-two years after his death, and a further continuation by Père Antoine Androl, have been translated and privately printed in recent years in this country for the edification of students of the occult. The Abbé Villars came to an unfortunate end. He was assassinated on the Lyons road in 1673. It is curious to note that the opening sentence of 'Le Comte de Gabalis' refers to the violent deaths of those who tamper with the secrets of the Rosicrucian sages.

If Pope's "light militia of the air" were not the sole creation of the poet, still less were they the off-

spring of Villars' fancy, if we may credit those who occupy themselves in recording the obscure writings of forgotten authors. For these annalists of oblivion assure us that Villars took his material from an Italian book entitled 'La Chiave del Gabinetto del Cavagliere Gioseppe Francesco Borri.' A difficulty which has not occurred to the critics arises from the fact that whilst the French book appeared in 1670 the Italian was not printed until 1681.* But the matter of it may very well have been circulated in MS., and this appears not improbable when the composition of the 'Chiave' is examined. It does not profess to be written by Borri as a whole, but is a dialogue, often not very complimentary to him, in which ten letters, said to be written by him, are introduced. These letters form the bulk of the book. The first two letters relate to the creatures of the Elements; from the third to the ninth are occupied with alchemy and kindred "secrets," and the tenth is on the soul of brutes. There can be no doubt as to the identity of the earlier part of this book and of the 'Comte de Gabalis.' Borri, by whom the letters are said to have been written in 1666, was one of those clever charlatans from whom no century appears to be exempt, although the particular fashion in which they enchain their dupes may vary with the ages. Gioseppe Francesco Borri was born at Milan in 1627, and after a somewhat turbulent youth

* La Chiave del Gabinetto del Cavagliere Gioseppe Francesco Borri, Milanese. Col favor della quale si vedono varie Lettere scientifiche, chimiche e curiosissime con varie Istruzioni Politiche, ed altre cose degne di curiosità, e molti segreti bellissimi. Aggiuntavi una Relazione esatta della sua vita. In Colonia appo Pietro del Martello, MDCLXXXI, 12mo, pp. [xxii,] 383.

claimed to have a divine mission for the reorganisation of Christendom. All the world was to be one kingdom, of which the Pope was to be supreme ruler, with Borri for his lieutenant. St. Michael had given him a sword, and he had also seen in the heavens a miraculous vision of a luminous palm. His theological doctrines were of a heterodox character, and included the presence of the Virgin in the Eucharist. He was condemned by the Inquisition and escaped the scaffold by flight. He wandered in Italy, Germany, and Holland. At Hamburg he came into relations with Queen Christina of Sweden, and is said to have received a considerable sum of money from that bizarre lady in the expectation that he would discover, for her profit, the philosopher's stone by which all meaner metals are transmuted into gold.

There is a pathetic monotony about these stories. There is always some unlucky accident which robs the adept of the fruit of his toil. From Hamburg he went to Copenhagen, where he enjoyed the favour of Frederic III. On the death of the king in 1620 he decided to go to Turkey, but was arrested at Goldingen, in Moravia. The arrest was reported to the Emperor at a moment when the Papal Nuncio was present, and he immediately claimed Borri as the prisoner of the Holy See. He was given up to the papal authorities on their promise to spare his life. He made a solemn abjuration in 1672, and having cured the French ambassador of a desperate malady, was transferred to the Castle of St. Angelo, where his imprisonment was of a mild character. Here he died August 10th, 1695. Borri's name

appears on some medical and chemical treatises, and on one of a political character. This is the 'Istruzioni politiche date al rè di Danimarca,' and contains the admirable maxim that monarchs can effect more with their subjects by example than by penalties. This adage, if less recondite than the philosopher's stone, is perhaps equally valuable.

The fantastic imaginings to be found in the writings attributed to Villars and Borri are no doubt a part of the floating occult philosophy of the period in which they lived—some of it derived from Paracelsus, and some of it probably of cabalistic origin. The water-nymphs who acquire immortality by the agency of human love have furnished themes for stories by Hans Andersen and La Motte Fouqué.

It is at least curious to think that to the speculations of an Italian heresiarch and charlatan, joined to those of a French ecclesiastical unbeliever, we owe the graceful and airy sprites that flash and flutter in the gay and brilliant scenes which Pope conjures before our dazzled and delighted eyes in the 'Rape of the Lock.'

JOHN KEATS.

BY OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND UNIVERSITY LECTURER ON HISTORY.

[Read May 22nd, 1901.]

WHEN I first went to school at Eton, some forty years ago, I found myself in the division of William Johnson, one of the few men of genius who, up to that time, had adopted schoolmastering as a profession. One of our principal subjects of study was the composition of Latin verses—an occupation for which I have, I confess, no great respect. William Johnson used this exercise as a means of giving us a knowledge of English poetry; and it is in this way that at an early age I first became acquainted with the name and writings of John Keats.

The greatest of his poems, as I shall have to explain later on, is called "Hyperion." It remains a fragment of about 900 lines; but in that space it gives an account of how the older gods of Greece, whose names are not very familiar to us, were dispossessed and turned out by a new race of immortals, whose names we know better. One of these divinities, a goddess, was called Clymene. She presided over Music, but had to give way to the greater power and skill of Apollo. William Johnson set the speech

of Clymene, in which she recounts her defeat, as a subject for Latin verses. I then learnt that speech by heart, and I have never forgotten it since. I will try to repeat it to you now—premising that Clymene is represented as "timid," and conscious of her own inferiority; not answering, but only complaining, with hectic lips and eyes uplooking mild, thus whirling timidly among the fierce:

"O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes:
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmured into it, and made melody—
O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,

And a wave filled it, as my sense was filled
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried 'Apollo! young Apollo!'
The morning-bright Apollo, young Apollo!
I fled, it followed me, and cried 'Apollo!'
O Father, and O Brethren! had ye felt
Those pains of mine! O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
Ye would not call this too indulgèd tongue
Presumptuous in thus venturing to be heard."

Not long after this Johnson set us another subject out of Keats for Latin verses—the beautiful story of "Isabella," or the "Pot of Basil;" and later on he offered a prize to any of his pupils who would learn the whole of "Hyperion" by heart. I began the task, but had not the energy to finish. However, on June 14th, 1852, he gave me a beautifully bound copy of Keats, which I hold in my hand, and which has been ever since my constant companion. I have ventured upon these personal reminiscences to show, first, how far William Johnson was in advance of his age in appreciation of the best English literature; and, secondly, how the enthusiasm of a teacher may inspire the mind of a young

boy with admiration for things which might seem at first sight to be beyond his powers.

Scarcely anyone in this room will need to be told who John Keats was. But there may be some difference of opinion as to the place which he ought to hold among the poets of his time. It is difficult to account for that outburst of poetical genius which dazzled the world the first quarter of the last century. What would English literature be without the names of Byron and Shelley, of Sir Walter Scott, of Moore and Campbell, of Coleridge and Wordsworth?

Keats was younger than all these, and died before any of them. His name now stands on an equality with any of them, and may a hundred years hence be reckoned the greatest of them all. When Keats was born, on October 29th, 1795, Wordsworth was 25 years old, Coleridge 23, Southey 22, Lamb 20, Moore 16, Campbell 18, Scott 24, Byron 7, and Shelley 3 years old. He does not seem to have been affected much by those who went before him, although his veneration for Wordsworth was very strong. Nor was he the child of similar circumstances. The love of nature which was so prominent in Wordsworth and Coleridge, and others of the Lake school, came easily to men whose first years were spent among the hills and streams of Cumberland or Somersetshire. Byron and Shelley found the first scope for the passion which consumed them in the little worlds of Eton and Harrow. But Keats was born in the heart of London, amid surroundings which would be likely to inspire anything rather than a deep and passionate enthusiasm for the art and literature of ancient Greece. He wrote nothing till he was 20,

he died at 25; and in these short years, or even in less—for in the last year of his life his intellect and fancy were obviously decaying with his body—were concentrated those productions which have made his name immortal.

His father kept a livery stable at the sign of the Swan and Hoop, Finsbury Pavement. His father died when John was eight years old, and his mother six years later. From that time, with his two younger brothers, he was practically alone in the world. His guardian, who seems to have cared nothing for him, took him away from school and apprenticed him to a doctor at Edmonton. Stories are told how he would accompany his master on his rounds, and remain deeply sunk in thought as if oblivious to all around him. Still medicine was the only profession he had. Keats was well known at school for the pugnacity of his disposition, and it is probable that his connection with Dr. Hammond ended in a fight. After this he walked the hospitals, attended lectures, passed a good examination, and showed considerable skill in surgery. So that when he was doomed to die by a lingering disease he had no illusion as to the result. His great friend, Charles Brown, relates that on February 3rd, 1820—the last year of his life—he came home to Hampstead at eleven o'clock at night in a state, apparently, of fierce fever. Brown went into his room as he leapt into bed. He coughed slightly on touching the cold sheets. He then said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me a candle, Brown, and let me see this blood!" After regarding it steadfastly for some moments, Brown continues,

"he looked up into my face with a calmness of countenance which I can never forget, and said, 'I know the colour of that blood; it is arterial blood. I cannot be deceived in that colour. That drop of blood is my death warrant; I must die.'"

The only school that Keats attended was that of Mr. Clarke, at Enfield, which was held in a beautiful red-brick house of the early Georgian period, the façade of which is now in the South Kensington Museum. His greatest friend, next to his brothers, was the son of the headmaster, Charles Cowden Clarke, who lived to carry the recollections of Keats' earliest years down to our own day. Keats often visited him at Enfield during his apprenticeship, and from him he appears to have derived his first knowledge of English literature. The beacon to point the way into that limitless paradise was Spencer's "Faerie Queene," and his earliest verses are inspired by that master. But his first great effort had a different origin. Cowden Clarke had left Enfield and was settled in Clerkenwell. Keats had lodgings in the Borough, so that the two friends often met and studied together. One of the first books they attacked was a borrowed folio copy of Chapman's "Homer." They once read this throughout the night into the small hours of the morning, and before breakfast Clarke received this sonnet, which is now a commonplace of English literature, and a masterpiece of the English language:

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Thus at one bound in the summer of 1815, and at the age of nineteen and a half, did Keats take his place in the first rank of English poets. Keats published altogether three volumes of poetry; the first of these saw the light in March, 1817. It had only a moderate sale for a few weeks, and then none at all. Although there were some beauties in it which ought to have attracted the attention of critics, the publishers, named "Ollier," soon regretted that they had had anything to do with it. They wrote to George Keats about a month after publication, saying, "We regret that your brother ever requested us to publish his book, or that our opinion of its talent should have led us to acquiesce in undertaking it. We are, however, much obliged to you for relieving us from the unpleasant necessity of declining any further connection with it, which we must have done, as we think the curiosity is satisfied and the sale has dropped. By far the greater number of persons who have purchased it from us have found fault with it in such plain terms that we have in many cases offered to take the book back rather than be annoyed with the ridicule which has

time after time been showered upon it. In fact, it was only on Saturday last that we were under the mortification of having our own opinions of it flatly contradicted by a gentleman, who told us he considered it no better than a take in."

The most striking poem in this volume of any length is called "Sleep and Poetry," and in a passage of this Keats maps out the future which he had designed for himself.

"O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then I will pass the countries that I see
In long perspective and continually
Past their pure fountains. First the realm I'll pass
Of Flora, and old Pan: sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees,
Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
To woo sweet kisses from averted faces—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it; till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees.
Another will entice me on, and on,
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon;
Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell."

Immediately after the publication of this volume Keats proceeded to carry out his intention of passing into the realm of Flora and old Pan. He first went to the Isle of Wight and took up his abode at Carisbrooke. He says that he could see Carisbrooke Castle from his window, and had found several delightful wood-alleys and copses and quiet freshes. As for primroses, he says the island ought to be called "Primrose Island." Solitude, however, was too much for him, so he went off to that somewhat unpoetical spot, Margate. Here he made good progress with his first great poem, "Endymion." Early in the summer the three brothers went to lodgings in "Well Walk, Hampstead,"—a place which is now inseparably connected with the name of Keats. Here he had got well advanced into the second book of his poem, and his friends, Haydon and Severn, the painters, and Cowden Clarke, remembered long afterwards how he used to walk with them about the Heath repeating the passages which pleased him most. In the autumn, his brothers having gone to Paris, he spent a most delightful time at Oxford with an undergraduate of Magdalene Hall. He says in a letter to his little sister, "Oxford is the finest city in the world; it is full of old Gothic buildings, spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, and groves, and is surrounded with more clear streams than I ever saw together. I take a walk by the side of one of them every evening." His friend Bailey, afterwards Archdeacon of Ceylon, gives us an account of the manner in which he worked. "He wrote and I read—sometimes at the same table, sometimes

at separate desks—from breakfast till two or three o'clock. He sat down to his task, which was about fifty lines a day, with his paper before him, and wrote with as much regularity and apparently with as much ease as he wrote his letters. Indeed, he quite acts up to the principle he lays down, 'that if poetry comes not naturally as the leaves of a tree it had better not come at all.' Sometimes he fell short of his allotted task, but not often, and he would make it up another day; but he never forced himself. When he had finished his writing for the day he usually read it over to me, and then read or wrote letters till we went out for a walk." These weeks spent at Oxford were probably the happiest of his life. In a letter to his sister he says, "Perhaps you would like to know what I am writing about. I will tell you. Many years ago there was a handsome young shepherd who fed his flock on a mountain side called Latmos. He was a very contemplative sort of person, and lived solitary among the trees and plains, little thinking that such a beautiful creature as the moon was growing mad in love with him. However, so it was that when he was asleep on the grass she used to come down from heaven and admire him excessively for a long time, and at last could not refrain from carrying him away in her arms to the top of that high mountain Latmos while he was dreaming."

Before the end of the year he had finished this great poem, and spent his time in revising it and seeing it through the press. It would take too long to give you an account of the story. In it Keats

allows his imagination to wander at its own free will, and it takes him into very strange places which seem to have little to do with Endymion or the moon. I will only quote out of it part of the song of an Indian maiden whom Endymion eventually discovers to be Diana in disguise.

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health from vermeil lips?
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes,
Or is it thy dewy hand, the daisy tips?

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from falcon eye?
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea spry?

"O Sorrow
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale
That thou mayest listen the cold dews among?

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day;
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

"To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind.
I would deceive her
And so leave her;
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

"Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow,
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast;
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

"There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother
And her brother,
Her playmate and her wooer in the shade."

This poem was severely attacked by the reviewers. He writes to his brother in February, 1819, "My poem has not at all succeeded. In the course of a year or two I think I shall try the public again. In a selfish point of view I should suffer my pride and my contempt of public opinion to hold me silent. But for your's and Fanny's sake I will pluck up spirit and try it again. I have no doubt of its success in a course of years if I persevere. But I must be patient, for the reviewers have enervated men's minds and made them indolent. Few think for themselves."

Two judgments written at this time show the opinion of Keats both with regard to poetry in general and his own powers in particular. In the preface to "Endymion," which is dated, Teignmouth, April 10th, 1818, he says, "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between in which the soul is a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages."

"I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more before I bid it farewell." He also says, writing to Taylor, his publisher:—"In poetry I have a few axioms, as you will see how far I am from their centre.

"1st. I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by singularity: it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost as a remembrance.

"2nd. Its touches of beauty should never be half way, thereby making the reader breathless instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it.

"Another axiom, That if poetry comes not

naturally as the leaves of a tree it had better not come at all."

It is painful to think how near we are to the end of his journey. In June Keats set off from London with his friend Charles Brown for a tour in Scotland. George Keats and his newly-married wife went with them as far as Liverpool, from which port they were to sail for America. They tramped on with knapsacks on their backs till Keats was able to do his twenty miles or more a day without inconvenience. But when they got into remoter parts of the Highlands a coarse fare, rough accommodation, and perpetual drenchings of rain began to tell upon them both. Keats complains that they can get nothing to support them but eggs and oatcake, and that he is beginning to feel it. Towards the end of July he took a fatal walk of thirty-seven miles across the island of Mull. Keats says, "The road through the island is the most dreary you can think of. Between dreary mountains, or bog and rock and river, with breeches turned up and our stockings in hand. About eight o'clock we arrived at a shepherd's hut, into which we could scarcely get for the smoke through a door lower than my shoulders. We found our way into a little compartment with the rafters and turf thatch blackened by smoke, the earth floor full of hills and dales. We had some white bread with us and made a good supper, and slept in our clothes and some blankets. Our guide snored in another little bed about an arm's length off." From the hardships of this walk he caught a sore throat which afterwards never left him, and ended in consumption in which he died.

At Inverness the doctor ordered him to go home immediately, and he arrived at Hampstead, as one of his friends tells us, "as brown and as shabby as you can imagine, scarcely any shoes left; his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack. I cannot tell what he looked like."

On his return he found his brother Tom dying of consumption. He writes to George at the end of October, "I am not sorry you had not letters at Philadelphia. You could have no good news of Tom, and I have withheld on his account from beginning these many days. I cannot bring myself to tell the truth. He is no better, but much worse. However, it must be told. I knew my dear brother and sister would take an example from me, and bear up against any calamity for my sake, as I do for others. The tears will come into your eyes. Let them, and embrace each other." It is now generally agreed that consumption is infectious, and it is more than probable that Keats' anxious nursing of his brother made any recovery from his own illness impossible.

His weakened body was now to be assailed by another passion. In Hampstead there is to be seen at this day a house called "Lawn Bank." In 1818 this consisted of two semi-detached houses called "Wentworth Place." One of them was occupied by Charles Brown and the other by Charles Dilke. After Tom's death Keats went to live with Brown, sharing the house and the expenses. Whilst Brown was away in Scotland he had let his house to a Mrs. Brawne, who had a daughter Fanny, just grown up, and two younger children. The Brawnes naturally

became intimate with the Dilkes, who lived next door, and this intimacy continued after Brown had returned to his own house, and the Brawnes had gone to live close by. It was at the Dilkes that Keats met Fanny Brawne, who used to exercise so great an influence over him. His description of her to his brother is not very favourable. "She is about my height (this was just five feet), with a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort. She wants sentiment in every feature. She manages to make her hair look well. Her nostrils are very fine, but look painful. Her mouth is bad and good. Her profile is better than full face, which, indeed, is not full but pale and thin, without showing any bone. Her shape is very graceful, and so are her movements. Her arms are good, her hands baddish, her feet tolerable. She is not nineteen, but she is ignorant, monstrous in her behaviour, flowing out in all directions, calling people such names so that I was forced lately to use the term minx. This, I think, is from no innate vice, but from a penchant she has for acting stylishly. I am, however, tired of such style, and shall decline any more of it."

Keats told her afterwards he had written himself her vassal within a week of their first meeting, but with the reticence natural in respect of a real passion he said little about it to his friends. In April the Dilkes left Hampstead, and the Brawnes took their house, so that Keats was their next-door neighbour. Dilke writes of them some months afterwards, "It is quite a settled thing between John Keats and Miss Brawne. God help them! it

is a bad thing for them. The mother says she cannot prevent it, and her only hope is that it will go off. He don't like anyone to look at her or to speak to her."

Such was the environment of Keats during the last two years of his life. Mortal sickness, cramping poverty, and a consuming passion. Yet under these conditions were written the works which place him in the first rank of English poets. "Hyperion," of which Byron says that it seems actually inspired by Titans, and is sublime as Æschylus, which Hunt says is "like the fragment of a former world," and of which Shelley remarks, "If it be not grand poetry none has been produced by our contemporaries," was begun during the last weeks of Tom's life. It occupied him during the summer and autumn, but was eventually abandoned in September. "The Eve of St. Agnes" was written in January, the ode to Psyche in April, the ode to a nightingale in May, Lamia in July and September. The ode on a "Grecian Urn" belongs to the same year, and perhaps the ode on "Melancholy." "La Belle dame sans Merci" was written in the spring of 1820.

In October, 1819, he had returned to Hampstead, and tells his sister that he had left off animal food, that his brains might never thenceforth be in a greater mist than by nature. This was perhaps the worst thing he could have done, and we find in December that his throat is very bad again. The fatal hæmorrhage to which I have before alluded occurred on the 3rd February. He writes cheerfully to his sister Fanny, "For imprudence in

leaving off my overcoat and neckcloth I caught cold, and it flew to my lungs, and again I had a slight return of fever last night, which terminated favourably, and I am now tolerably well, though weak from the small quantity of food to which I am obliged to confine myself. I am sure a mouse would starve upon it." He was obliged to write to Fanny Brawne, although she lived only next door.

In February he had a return of hæmorrhage, and in July a lady writes, "We drank tea at Mr. Hunt's. I was much pained at the sight of poor Keats, under sentence of death from Dr. Lamb. He never spoke, and looks emaciated."

He was ordered to spend the winter in Italy, but this was difficult to manage. Shelley wrote him a pressing invitation to stay with him at Pisa, but Keats declined on the ground that he did not want to stay too long in one place. Eventually he sailed in September with Severn.

His last sonnet was written on board ship. After beating about the Channel for a fortnight he landed once more in England, on the Dorchester coast, near Lulworth, and on returning to the Maria Crowther wrote as follows:

"Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
  Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
  Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
  Of pure ablution round Earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
  Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No—yet still steadfast, yet unchangeable,
  Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
  Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live for ever—or else swoon to death."

The third and last book which Keats published in his lifetime appeared in the first week of July, 1820. In this "Lamia" took the post of honour, and was followed by "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," an exquisite poem dating from the Endymion period, "the Eve of St. Agnes," a number of miscellaneous poems, and last, but not least, "Hyperion." To this the publishers attached a note, saying that it was only included in the book at their special desire.

The sun of approbation now shone upon Keats, but too late. Jeffrey praised the volume in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Keats was able to write a few weeks after its appearance, "My book has had a good success among the literary people, and I believe has a moderate sale."

In these later poems we find two distinct directions of movement—one towards classicality, the other towards mediævalism. It has already been noticed many times over how deeply Keats was penetrated with the Greek spirit, although his treatment of it was more romantic than classical. Thus Lamia has much that is Greek in it, whereas Isabella is entirely mediæval. It inspired the brush of the Pre-Raphaelities of our own day, and might have been written by a "Rossetti" born out of due time. We see the Greek spirit still more clearly in the ode to "Psyche," and the "Ode to a Græcian Urn." This latter poem describes a work of great

sculpture of no ordinary type, to which Keats gives life in the following words:

> "Who are these coming to the Sacrifice?
> To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
> What little town by river or sea-shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of this, this pious morn?
> And, little town, thy streets for evermore
> Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
> Why thou art desolate can e'er return.
>
> "O attic shape: fair attitude, with brede
> Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
> With forest branches and the trodden weed;
> Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
> As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral,
> When old age shall this generation waste
> Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
> 'Beauty is truth, truth Beauty'—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Of the ode to Psyche he tells his brother that it is the first and only poem with which he has taken even moderate pains, the others having been dashed off in a hurry. "This one I have done leisurely. I think it reads the more richly for it, and it will, I hope, encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit. You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist, who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of

the ancient fervour, and perhaps never thought of in the old religion. I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected."

The following lines express this idea in verse:

"O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers,
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours.
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming."

"So let me be thy choir and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swingèd censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.
Yet I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branch'd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines, shall murmur in the wind;
Far, far around shall those dark clustered trees
Hedge the wild-ridg'd mountains, steep by steep.
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds and bells and stars without a name,

With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
  Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same;
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
  That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night
    To let the warm love in."

The highest point of the Mediæval Renaissance is reached in the marvellous poem called "La Belle dame sans Merci" (The beautiful lady without pity). It was first published in May, 1820, in 'Leigh Hunt's Indicator.' Rossetti, who owed so much to it, calls it "the wondrous Belle dame sans merci."

"O what can ail thee, knight at arms,
  Alone and palely loitering?
  The sedge has withered from the lake
  And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight at arms!
  So haggard and so woe-begone?
  The squirrel's granary is full,
  And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow,
  With anguish moist and fever dew,
  And on thy cheeks a fading rose
  Fast withereth too.

"I met a lady in the meads,
  Full beautiful, a faery's child;
  Her hair was long, her foot was light,
  And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
  And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;
  She look'd at me as she did love,
  And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd—
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors—death-pale were they all;
They cried 'La Belle dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing."

If I had to express my own opinion as to what is the finest and most finished poem of Keats, I should say the ode on "Melancholy," the last change of

which seems to me to have reached a high level of concentrated thought, feeling, and expression, as anything in the English language.

I will now conclude this short and inadequate account of one of the greatest of English poets. The life of Keats shows us more completely than any other how poetry is a matter of inspiration. The frail human being is dominated by a tyrannous Muse. He must deliver his message although it cost him his life. Victor Hugo has finely compared Byron to Mazeppa tied on to the wild horse. The poet's body is fastened to the wild steed of genius, and is carried by it through wood and swamp and mountain until the horse sinks exhausted with its dying burden. So it was with Keats. He knew no Greek; yet who has interpreted to us more felicitously the spirit of the Greeks? His mythology was drawn from Spence's 'Polymetis,' and Lempriere's dictionaries; yet no English poet, not even Milton himself, was more penetrated with the legends of Greek mythology. He wrote of the ancient gods as if he had lived amongst them. Keats knew no Italian; yet "Isabella" might have been translated from that language; and he caught the contagion of that inspiration more fully than Byron or Milton, with their extensive knowledge of the Italian tongue, and almost as fully as Rossetti, who was an Italian born.

These immortal works were produced under circumstances of poverty, disease, and distress which would have daunted most men, and at the end crushed even the spirit and mind of Keats. If

these gifts of Divine inspiration come to us we know not whence, and are delivered to us through media which seem the most unlikely—prophets whose message is often scorned and rejected when it is first heard—let us, when we recognise their spiritual origin, treasure them with abundant care, and make them the joy and comfort of our lives. We live in a practical age; we are surrounded by science classes and technical education. Many would make us believe that nothing is worth knowing but that of which we can be certain—that which we can measure, weigh, and handle. Do not believe this; the mind of man will always be more important than his body, and the best qualities of the human mind, the faint essence of the Divine effluence which makes us what we are, are found embodied and enshrined in that which should always command our deepest reverence and command our severest study—the masterpieces of literature, and above all the masterpieces of poetry.

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read June 26th, 1901].

In a former paper we endeavoured to show that the study of epistolary literature was useful as an aid to history and biography. And in continuing our subject, we might add that though the literature of letter-writing embraces a wide and extensive field, there are a number of writings which, though wearing the epistolary garb, do not come within the province of what are generally known either as historical or familiar letters. For a long period the epistolary form was very popular, and was adopted by certain writers upon various subjects in order to express themselves in what was considered to be elegant and polite English. Compositions of this order included poetry, novels, and epistles written for the public. Of these we might mention 'The Provincial Letters' of Pascal, the well-known 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum' (Letters of Obscure Men), the 'Draper Letters' of Swift, the 'Letters of Junius,' and others. It has been said by some of our refined modern critics that there is a danger of the gentle craft of letter-writing becoming one of the lost arts, through the hasty and careless mode of

composition. Walter S. Landor is reported to have once said of an author he had known in his youth, "My friend wrote excellent English, a language now obsolete." As writers are in a fair way of becoming almost as numerous as readers, our literature is now of a more miscellaneous character, to suit all sorts and conditions of men. It may be that our style has become somewhat vitiated by verbal obliquities of diction, such as slang phrases and vulgar expletives, hyper-emphasized by parentheses, dashes, and apostrophes, with other tricks and affectations of literary artifice, in order to please the general intelligence of that multitudinous aggregation of readers called the public. In these days of short cuts and so-called easy methods of obtaining knowledge, with the ill-digested cramming of our competitive system, it is no wonder that we succeed in doing so many things badly. In one of Homer's satirical poems, called the *Margites*, fragments of which have been preserved by Aristotle, there is a description of a character which might lead us to infer that omnigenous cramming was not unknown to the early Greeks. The following lines from the *Margites* were translated by the late Lord Sherbrooke:

> "He could not reap, he could not sow,
> Nor was he wise at all;
> For very many arts he knew,
> And badly knew them all."

But we are not of those pessimists who would undervalue modern letter writing. Although the eighteenth century produced some of the best

epistolary writers, such as Pope, Swift, Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, Walpole, Gray, and other notable men, yet there was undoubtedly a pedantic formality, as well as a languid elegance, in most of their compositions. They also lacked the freedom, ease, and spontaneity of the letter writers of the nineteenth century.

Among the epistolary writers of the eighteenth century Lady Mary Wortley Montagu holds a prominent place. This eminent lady was in her day a well-known figure in society. Possessed of a handsome person, gifted also with sprightly wit and a considerable amount of literary talent, she was able to form an intimacy with nearly all the eminent *literati* of her time. Fielding described her as "the glory of her sex, and the wonder of ours." Unfortunately she offended the two greatest satirists of her time, Pope and Walpole, who used against her with merciless malice all the deadly weapons of verbal warfare. The cause of the bitter quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary will probably never be cleared up. Lady Mary's own version of the origin of the difference seems more probable than many of the small explanations which have been given by some critics. According to her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, her own statement was this, "That at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a declaration, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter, from which moment he became her implacable enemy." That he was at one time one of her devoted admirers, and

even declared to her the violent passion of his love, is proved by his romantic and effusive letters; but that professed sentiment of "first love" was afterwards changed into contempt and hatred. "Who love too much hate in the like extreme," and "the wicked wasp of Twickenham" with his sting-tipped pen dipped in scorn's fiery poison, blistered and tortured his victim with the sharpest acrimony of his satire.

Walpole, for some cause, when writing of Lady Mary changed his ordinary good humour and delicate satire into the banalities of coarse vituperation. But Lady Mary was not one of those spirits who could submit meekly to these mordacious attacks, and she returned satire with satire, scurrility with scurrility, so that these contests degenerated into vile personalities. They remind us somewhat of one of the Chinese methods of warfare, where the combatant's hurl malodorous missiles at their opponents. No woman of her time was so maligned and misrepresented, and the charges brought against her in Pope's satires and Walpole's letters are now, upon examination, proved to be entirely false. But for her inimitable letters she would have been known chiefly as one of the names endowed with the immortality of contempt in the Dunciad and other satires, and her personality would have been forgotten. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, afterwards fifth Duke of Kingston. Her father married Mary Fielding, a relative of the great novelist of that name. Lady Mary was born in 1689; she lost her mother in 1692. From her earliest years Lady

Mary seems to have cherished an aversion for her own sex, for she writes when a girl, "I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex, and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gives me of never being married to any of them,—that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but not having it in their power." Lady Mary would have evidently qualified Mrs. Poyser's remark upon her own sex, "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men." When Lady Mary was about twenty years of age she had the confidence to write to Bishop Burnet, and submit for his criticism and correction a translation of 'Epictetus,' "the work of one week of my solitude." She again harps upon the inferiority of her own sex, and writes, "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretentions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, with no reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy; while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. . . . I do not doubt God and nature have thrown us into an inferior rank; we are a lower part of the creation. We owe obedience and submission to

the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this rebels against the law of the Creator, and indisputable order of nature."

It is somewhat remarkable that Lady Mary, who wrote so much upon the subjection and inferiority of her own sex, should have been one of the first to break through these conventional trammels and maintain her independance. At the age of twenty-two Lady Mary, after a strange courtship, eloped with and married Mr. Edward Wortley. The courtship and marriage of this pair was very curious and extraordinary. Many letters passed between them with much wrangling and argumentative love-making, and very little of that exuberant sentimentality which generally characterises such epistles. Perhaps hers are the most *sensible* love letters ever written. She would not let the head become the fool of her heart. Lady Mary discourses upon marriage in a very matter of fact sort of way, and her remarks upon its mutual convenience remind us of the declaration of Mr. Peter Magnus in 'Pickwick,' "It is a matter of mutual accommodation, nothing more, husband on one side, wife on the other." Still she had the sense to perceive that the happiness of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give. Although Mr. Wortley set in motion a great deal of emotional machinery in order to squeeze some sentiment of love out of Lady Mary's heart, he hardly succeeded, for she preferred to use the word friendship to love in her correspondence, both before and after marriage. No doubt Mr. Wortley was very exacting, and demanded too much from her; he is very

suspicious, and would like to "see into her heart." Like the old Greek poet, he evidently thought,

> "If t'were only right how delightful t'would be
> To open the breast of a friend,
> Take a peep at her heart and replace it again
> And believe in her then without end."

This poet no doubt wrote under the inspiration of the god Momus, who blamed Jupiter for making man "without a window in his breast." But Lady Mary had no such romantic notions, and did not care to exhibit "that hideous sight, a naked human heart," and in her answer she says, "I am surprised at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart (a thing wholly insignificant to you), except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way."

As Lady Mary's father would not consent to their marriage an elopement was finally arranged, not without many qualms on her part. "Reflect," she says, "Now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get from me."

The first letter written after her marriage was a very curious and characteristic one. She commences, "I do not know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial style. After all 'tis, I think, best to write as

if we were not married at all." Through all her correspondence during a long married life, though she wrote regularly to her husband, she kept her warmest feelings to herself, thinking, perhaps, like Goethe, that emotions are like oysters, and should be enjoyed fresh, since they will not bear keeping. According to the old play "they were as well bred as if not married at all." After her marriage, Lady Mary lived mostly in the country until her husband obtained the appointment of Ambassador to the Porte, and Consul-General to the Levant, in 1716. She determined to accompany him on his mission, and the records of her journey will be found written in her letters, which have maintained their popularity up to the present time. It seems to have been by the merest chance that these letters did not share the same fate as her journal, which was destroyed by her daughter, Lady Bute, much to the regret of the younger members of her family. That Lady Mary evidently intended her letters for publication seems clear, for she wrote to one of her correspondents, "keep my letters; they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence." These Eastern letters were not known to the world until after her death, and they were first published in a surreptitious way, and a great deal of mystery and suspicion are connected with them.

The story is that Lady Mary in 1761, hearing at Venice of her husband's death, was advised by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return immediately to England. This she did in spite of the wretched state of her health. On her way home she stayed a few hours at Rotterdam, where she formed

the acquaintance of the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, a resident clergyman, to whom it is alleged she gave the MS. volumes containing her Eastern letters copied in her own hand, with the following memorandum: "These 2 volumes are given to the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. Wortley Montagu, Dec. 11th, 1761." In a few months, on her arrival in England, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died, and shortly afterwards Lady Bute heard that a number of her mother's letters were in the hands of a stranger, and having no knowledge of what they might contain of private matters, or to whom they might be addressed, she commissioned a friend to obtain them, if possible, from the Rev. B. Sowden, who ultimately parted with them for £500, and it was thought that nothing more would have been heard of these letters. But to the astonishment of Lady Bute and others, the MS. had scarcely arrived in England, when there issued from the London Press three volumes of Lady Montagu's letters similar to those contained in the Sowden MS. volumes.

Unfortunately these first-published letters of Lady Mary came from a very tainted source, for the editor was the notorious John Cleland, who in the preface stated that he "was possessed with the esteem and the friendship of their ingenious author," and that "his select collection was faithfully transcribed from the original MS. of the lady at Venice." This Cleland was well known in his time as the author of a grossly immoral book, for the writing of which he was summoned before the Privy Council, and as a

sign of the looseness of the times, instead of punishing him for his witty iniquities, the President, as he said, to prevent him from writing another such a book, and no doubt thinking his hireling pen might be of some service to the party in power—rewarded this jaded hack in the service of Satan with a pension of £100 a year for the rest of his life. This meagre scribbler was ever ready to let out his pen, like Captain Dalgetty his sword, for hire; to write upon any side of a subject, whether it was religious, moral, or political. This man achieved also some notoriety as a translator of the celebrated letters of Pope Ganganelli, and in the English edition he managed to introduce a number of spurious with the genuine letters. He seems to have been an unmitigated rascal, and if there was any goodness in his character, he carefully kept it to himself.

That another copy of Lady Mary's letters was in existence similar to the Sowden MS. there can be but little doubt. This copy, it is said, was given by the authoress to Mr. Molesworth, and it afterwards came into the possession of Lady Bute. The principal evidence in favour of the authenticity of the first published Eastern letters is that of Lady Louisa Stuart, already mentioned, whose testimony is unimpeachable. She states "that during Lady Wortley's travels she kept a journal, and persisted in it as long as she lived, communicating what she wrote to no person whatever. The diary, of course, became voluminous. Lady Bute, who knew nothing of it till it came into her possession a few days before her mother's death, always kept it under lock and key. It was from this journal that Lady Mary

transcribed her letters, and they contained the sum and substance of her travels. The description of her journey, of the court and society of Vienna, of inoculation, of Fatima, of the Sultana Hafiter, of the antiquities, baths, mosques, janissaries, effendis, etc. etc., were all there; sometimes more diffusely given, but oftener in the same words. For although she did not design the correspondence for publication while she was living, she had it copied, and allowed many people to read it." And again Lady Louisa Stuart says, "these volumes, containing Lady Mary's journal while in Turkey, were among those which Lady Bute trusted one of her family—doubtless Lady Louisa herself—to peruse alone. This portion of her diary was retained some time, compared with the printed letters, and examined with very great attention."

We shall give some extracts from these Eastern letters. Like all good travellers, Lady Mary carried a head above her eyes. Her letters abound in picturesque descriptions, which impart an almost prismatic hue to our language. It was not the fashion in those days to go into raptures over mountain scenery, rather otherwise. Some years before Lady Mary's time Howell describes the Alps "as high and hideous, . . . these uncouth and huge monstrous excrescences of nature, etc." Thomas Burnet, an English divine, one of the Masters of the Charter House, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, wrote a curious work on cosmogony, which was very popular in his day; it was entitled 'The Sacred Theory of the Earth.' The writer supposed that the surface of

our globe was in its pristine state perfectly flat and level; that in consequence of man's fall it had been deformed by unsightly protuberances, as rocks and mountains, which were the tokens of divine wrath, vestiges of that awful convulsion which tore the old world to pieces. Lady Mary describes the mountains of the Alps "as hideous," the savage gorges seemed to her "fit entrance to the gates of hell."

These Eastern letters contain admirable sketches of character dramatically delineated, with rich figured arabesque embellishments of scenes and customs, glowing with the voluptuous barbaric splendour of Oriental life. There is also a running commentary of *piquant* satire, and half-cynical irony, which through the nimble vivacity of the writer's understanding turned to diversion the odd turns and grotesque incidents of her chequered career, so that she was able to mark the comic and ludicrous sides of human life, and to give a brightness and *eclat* to the age she lived in. Lord Byron often referred to these Eastern letters with admiration, and sometimes versified the writer's descriptions. In the following stanzas he gracefully alludes to the gifted author—

"The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with Palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
The cyprus groves; Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve Isles, and more than I could dream,
Or less describe, present the very view,
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu."

These Eastern letters are valuable as giving picturesque descriptions of countries at a time when travellers were comparatively few, and very little known, especially of Turkey, except from an outside view. They are perhaps unrivalled in their graphic sketches of contemporary manners and customs of the various places she visited. Her description of Holland might answer at the present time, so little is that country changed. From Holland, after visiting various places of interest, she proceeded to Vienna, and her account of that city reads very strangely now. Her appearance at first going to Court and of the prevalent fashions are thus described:

"In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear in this place giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason than is possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *Bourle*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milkmaids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub.

Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground." At that time questions of precedence and ceremony were carried to a ridiculous extent. "'Tis not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient was found out of taking them both out in chairs exactly at the same moment, after which it was with some difficulty the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies."

Lady Mary gives an amusing account of the frigid ceremonials of the Austrian Court, with its heavy uniformity of manners, its insufferable boredom, and mechanical routine. She could see no reality behind the ceremonial; to her the adulatory obsequiousness of the courtier, *la declamation des jambes*, was not a whit more reasonable or intelligible than the etiquette of Chinese visits of ceremony, where the first man-

darin bows to the floor, and then the second mandarin bows to the floor, and then the first mandarin again bows to the floor, and thus they go on until their friendship and patience must be sorely tried. Truly says Shakespeare :

> "When love begins to sicken and decay,
> It useth an enforced ceremony."

Leaving Vienna, Lady Mary found the fashions more monstrous in the provinces. In a letter dated from Prague, 1716, she gives the following account of the ladies' garb there :—"They are dressed after the fashions as people in Exeter imitate those of London ; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original ; 'tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, 'This is a woman,' for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write 'This is a bear.'" When Lady Mary reaches Adrianople she is in a new world, and she sees the Grand Turk in the last days of his magnificence and great power, when everything was eastern about him. As we read these letters, "The Recollections of the Arabian Nights" come back to us—

> "When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
> In the silken sail of infancy."

We seem to be in a land of enchantment—of a sensual earthly paradise. And Lady Mary must have sometimes realised the poet's vision—

"I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat,
Right to the carven cedarn doors
Flung inward over spangled floors.
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade
After the fashion of the time
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

In her visit to the baths of Sophia a very humorous incident occurred, which is better told in her correspondence with Spence some years afterwards, than in her letter written during the embassy. She says:—"One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me, another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath, 'Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands. You need boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box.'"

Lady Mary was the first to introduce inoculation for the smallpox in this country, which she learned from the Turks, and she first made the experiment upon her own little son.

She lived about twelve months among the Moslems, as her husband held the high position of Ambassador to the Court of Constantinople, under the relaxed rule of the Sultan Achmet III. She had an opportunity of studying the inner social life of the people

as only a lady could see it, and as it had never been seen before, this, too, at a time when the Grand Turk had reached the zenith of his glory, for the Turks had driven the Venetians out of Greece, Peter the Great had been defeated by the Grand Vizier on the banks of the Pruth, and was only saved through the dexterity of Catherine by paying a large sum of money to save himself and army from capitulation, Charles XII had also been taken a prisoner, and was still their captive. Lady Mary saw much to admire in the Turkish people, in spite of their indolent and voluptuous habits, their ostentatious splendour and rag-fair emblazonments. There is no doubt she became at one time somewhat enamoured with the soft refinements of luxury and sweetly sensuous style of living. It is easy to believe a creed which pleases us, and it is no wonder that, perhaps in the freakish wantonness of her fancy (we think she was always a bit of a Pagan at heart) she imbibed some of the principles of the later Epicureans, and quite forgot her early love for the maxims of Epictetus. This *penchant* for luxurious living and amusements is shown in her description of the happy state of the Turkish women, which many present votaries of pleasure would consider the highest ideal of a feminine life. She wrote, "They (the Turkish women) are perhaps freer than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure, exempt from cares, their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money, and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of

economy from his wife, whose expenses are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it; and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell, as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear anything less than cloth of gold, has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head."

In another of her letters she describes a visit paid to a broken-hearted widow, the Sultana Hafitan, "who passed her time in uninterrupted mourning for a husband who had been dead fifteen years," but who seemed to derive the greatest consolation in dressing richly, and decking herself from head to foot with jewels, reminding us of the lady mentioned by Miss Becker at one of the meetings of the British Association, who made the modest confession "that to be well and comfortably dressed is a sensation of delight which religion is incapable of affording." The Sultana received Lady Mary in a dress covered with diamonds and other precious stones, "which was worth above £100,000 sterling. . . . She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, the hafts set with diamonds. Everything was of gold except the food. She afterwards visited the wife of the Deputy Grand Vizier at Adrianople, of which she gives the following interesting account: "I went to

visit the Kiyaya's lady, whose husband was the second officer in the empire, and ought to be looked upon as the first, the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's, and the very house confessed the difference between an old *devote*, and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery, between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *Kiyaya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years of age, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima* (for that is her

name), so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely, either in England or Germany, and must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing . . . After my first surprise was over I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection without any fruit of my search; but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that a behaviour, so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic yet free from stiffness and affectation, that I am persuaded could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, no one would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

". . . I am afraid you will accuse me of extrava-

gance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it is virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me."

Lord Byron had evidently this last passage in his mind when he wrote—

> "I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
> Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."

Though Lady Mary was often an apologist for Turkish laws and customs, she did not forget to expose the frightful amount of corruption which prevailed, and the horrible cruelties perpetrated by the ruling powers, which, however, was somewhat tempered by mob-law. In this earthly paradise, the richest land on what the Americans call God Almighty's footstool, the Devil, or something very like him, ruled to his heart's content. "The Government," wrote Lady Mary, "is entirely in the hands of the army; and the Grand Signior, with all his absolute power, as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janissary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection

than among us; a minister of state is not spoken to but upon the knee. Should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be rased to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to torture. No huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics, none of our harmless calling names; but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off his hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate with all the respect in the world; while that Sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor avenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*."

Yet Lady Montagu expresses herself as "charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows!). They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, being proved the authors of any notorious falsehood. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured; how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eyebrows, were this law in practice with us!" This admirable method would have delighted the heart of Thomas Carlyle, and if ever applied in this country it should be not only to those convicted of "thumping lies," but also the little anonymous liars who are the pests of our literature and public life. In Lady Mary's

time the Turk regarded the Christian with contemptuous tolerance. She gives us a humorous description of a people, "natives of Arnaöutlich, the ancient Macedonia," who "living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both, and go to the mosques on Fridays, and the church on Sundays, saying for their excuse that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind have so modest an opinion of their own capacity." In our own country there have been similar cases of religious compromise. We all know the story of the old lady who in order to make the insurance of her soul's salvation doubly sure, paid a premium of £10,000 to the Pope, and a like sum to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In one of Lady Montagu's charming letters addressed to Pope, she in a very felicitous manner compares the dress, customs, etc., described by Homer, with what she saw around her; she wrote: "I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of, many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained; and I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking the pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that

imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to the present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable, and I never see (as I do very often) half a dozen of old pashas with their reverend beards sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors."

"Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is said to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied, according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different." It was a description of this dance which Lord Byron has so exquisitely versified—

And further on a group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls;
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving);
Their leader sang - and bounded to her song,
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

In another letter Lady Montagu gives a graphic account of her visit to the Turkish camp, and of the strange Corybantic amusements she witnessed there. "I went in my Turkish coach to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all green, and the *pachas of three tails* have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less according to their different ranks. The ladies go in their coaches to see this camp as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde Park; but it is easy to observe that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the Grand Signior is resolved to lead his army in person.

"Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

"I took the pains of rising at six in the morning

to see that ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The Grand Signior was at the seraglio window to see the procession, which passed through all the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi* mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two and two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts on their heads, and after them two buffoons or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in their empire, among which the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine set round with skins of ermines, foxes, etc., so well stuffed the animals seemed to be alive, followed by music and dancers. I believe there were upon the whole at least 20,000 men, all ready to follow his highness, if he commanded them. The

rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through, with arrows left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces, and some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spout out upon those who stood near; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love, and when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see the spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain pasha (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, etc., with all possible civility."

In June, 1718, Mr. Wortley was recalled from his embassy at Constantinople, and he returned with Lady Mary to England. She gave in her letters a sort of Childe Harold description of the classical places she saw or visited.

The letters written by Lady Mary Montagu in England, and afterwards abroad, will, we think, fairly match with the correspondence of Horace Walpole. There is the same outspokenness, the love of gossip, the same cynical humour—tinged, perhaps, with a little more spitefulness,—interspersed

also with interesting anecdotes. She lived in a gossiping age, and was at one time a great gossip herself, without the banalities of ordinary commonplace scandal. But there was some justification in those babblements of Town talk, for they were written mostly to amuse her poor half-mad sister, the Countess of Mar.

In our notice of Walpole's letters we mentioned some amusing instances of the part taken by women in politics. We do not think that Horace Walpole could have matched the following comical story, which would be hardly credible if it had not been confirmed by other contemporary writers. In a letter dated March, 1739, addressed to the Countess of Pomfret, she writes :—" At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton, and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chan-

cellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G—— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G—— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts, which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madame, for this long rela-

tion; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table) I hardly dare subscribe myself—Yours."

Lady Mary took very little interest in politics, and in her extensive correspondence she very rarely alludes to what is passing around her in that sphere, but there is a letter addressed to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, in which she humorously alludes to the coalition of parties which took place in the summer of 1757, and she writes in the true spirit of a patriot:—"Your account of the changes in ministerial affairs do not surprise me, but nothing could be more astonishing than their all coming together. It puts me in mind of a friend of mine who had a large family of favourite animals; and not knowing how to convey them to his country house in separate equipages, he ordered a Dutch mastiff, a cat and her kittens, a monkey, and a parrot, all to be packed up together in one large hamper, and sent by a waggon. One may easily guess how this set of company made their journey; and I have never been able to think of the present compound ministry without the idea of barking, scratching, and screaming. 'Tis too ridiculous a one, I own, for the gravity of their characters, and still more for the situation the Kingdom is in; for as much as one may encourage the love of laughter, 'tis impossible to be indifferent to the welfare of one's native country."

This story was thus versified by Lord Byron in his "Don Juan"—

"A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw,—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's;
Who, dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance;
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper altogether."

The correspondence of Lady Mary Montagu with her daughter, Lady Bute, is of a very different character from that addressed to her sister, the Countess of Mar. In the former the yearning love for her daughter, and affection for her grandchildren come out. To her daughter, in her old age, she wrote, "You have been the passion of my life." From this correspondence we can construct quite an autobiography, and learn all about her daily habits and various modes of living. We read of the pleasures of her outdoor and indoor life, of the incessant activity of her mind. Although she sometimes speaks of her indolence, she never found rest in idleness, or in what is called doing nothing, and she would have agreed with Tennyson, "that perpetual idleness must be one of the punishments of Hell." We learn also from these letters her enlightened ideas upon education, written for the benefit of her granddaughters, which were far in advance of her time. Her philosophy of life may be summed up in her own simple words, that "all the happiness this world can afford is more within reach than is

generally supposed;" that "there is no entertainment so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting;" that "the love of reading and the acquiring knowledge are the best provisions for old age." When she is reproached for the love of novel reading, she wrote, "I thank God my tastes continue for the gay part of reading. Wiser people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life for me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation." Perhaps during the afflictions and troubles of her later life she read novels not so much to help her to think, as to keep her from thinking. She read a great number of French romances, which did not require so much deodorizing in translating to suit the English taste, as so many of those which have been written since her time, and which are supposed to represent what has been called "the supreme incarnation of the natural man." For some years before her death, not being able to bear the wintry months of our "frozen isle," Lady Mary lived abroad in retirement, employing herself in rural pursuits, tending her small farm, dairy, and also to her needlework. In the year 1748, writing to her daughter, she quotes from the old song—

> "All my whole care
> Is my farming affair,
> To make my corn grow, and my apple trees bear."

She seems to have had no wish to rejoin that select circle of which at one time she was the chief ornament, and she had still a more invincible distaste to enter either into the fashionable or the

busy world. In one of her later letters to her daughter she writes, "As I approach second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it." And again, "There is a quiet after the abandoning of pursuits something like the rest that follows a laborious day. I tell this for your comfort. It was formerly a terrifying view to me that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those are only unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws by affecting a perpetuity of youth, which appears to me as little desirable at present as the babies do to you that were the delight of your infancy. I am at the end of my paper, which shortens the sermon of, dear child, your most affectionate mother."

In a summary of her own life, made not long before her death, she wrote to one of her friends, "My chief study all my life has been to lighten misfortunes and multiply pleasures as far as human nature can. When I have nothing to find in myself from which I can extract any kind of delight, I think of the happiness of my friends, and rejoice in the joy with which you converse together."

Lady Mary suffered from an internal malady, and for some time before her end she could hardly be said to have lived, but rather waited for death, and with great calmness and composure (according to the testimony of her relative, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague) she awaited the final summons. Lady Mary holds a unique and permanent place in our literature. Her writings, always popular, have now

lived long enough to take a firm root-hold in our language, as one of our literary classics. Her mind was more masculine than feminine, and without any offence to her memory, we might describe her as a man born a woman. She had little sympathy for the weaknesses of her own sex and, what the world seldom forgives, she discarded the maxims of ordinary discretion, and showed no regard for the divine respectabilities or the linen decencies of society. There was no invertebrate amiability in her character. The head ruled the heart; her mind was active and receptive. Like all true lovers of knowledge, she felt that it is not so much the possession as the acquisition of knowledge which gives a lasting source of happiness. One of the best criticisms on her writings was given by one of her contemporaries, Dr. Smollet, in the *Critical Review*, 1763: "The publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and will show, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining that we defy the most phlegmatic man on earth to read one without going through with them; or, after finishing the third volume, not to wish there were twenty more of them."

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXIII.

LONDON:
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MDCCCCII.

PRINTED BY ADLARD AND SON,
LONDON AND DORKING.

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HIAWATHA THE GREAT.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read October 23rd, 1901.]

To what lover of English literature does Hiawatha not live and breathe? The mystic son of Mudjekeewis, child of the wigwam, prophet of the forest, brother of the winds, slayer of Pau-puk-keewis, hero of the haunting measures of Longfellow; who,

> "With his mittens, Minjekahwin
> Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
> Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
> Open! I am Hiawatha!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Called imploring on the tempest,
> Called Waywassimo the lightning,
> And the thunder Ahnemeekee;
> And they came with might and darkness
> Sweeping down the big Sea-water
> From the distant Thunder Mountains."

The depiction of this character is in general accepted as a triumph of the poet's imaginative genius, weaving a few rude ideas and native tales into an artistic and substantially original creation, rather than a correct note of Indian thought and fancy. This impression is both false and true:

false, in that the native ideas and tales which Longfellow found and used were already so artistic and imaginative that he had only to compose and not to invent; true, in that the skill and study* with which he treated his subject did actually attain to a correct note of Indian thought and fancy.

In the glorious parks of the Great Spirit there may still be met not a few good old Iagoos, whose kindly confidence it is not impossible to win, by lakeside or fireside, with a

> "Tell us now some tale of wonder,
> Tell us of some strange adventure;"

and those who have done so know well, by the fascinating interest of what they have heard, in the long and willing reply, the truth of the phrases,

> "A nation's legends
> That like voices from afar off
> Call to us to pause and listen,
> Speak in tones so plain and child-like,
> Scarcely can the ear distinguish
> Whether they are sung or spoken."

But it is not generally known, though it might well have been suspected, that Longfellow not merely trusted to skill and study, but drew his best material at first hand from some of the Ojibway people, and particularly from a man of wonderfully poetical imagination and language, the late chief Pukwuinini (the Fairy), whose beautiful discourses

* The inspiration derived by Longfellow from the Kalevâla, the "Epic of Finland," is outside of the present considerations.

are reported on good authority to have been the prose equivalent of ever-flowing fresh chapters of the 'Hiawatha' poem.

But if Longfellow attained to truth of imagination and feeling, and sought some of his information at first hand, there was one point in which he was misled; and while it was a point not at all necessary to his purpose, it is one of considerable moment from other points of view, especially that of history. He depicts Hiawatha as an Ojibway or an Algonquin. Now the name Hiawatha is not even an Algonquin word, and the character properly so named has only a remote resemblance to his hero. The character he paints is purely legendary, and his true name is Manabozho (or Nanabozho, as some render the form). Longfellow was misled by an error of Schoolcraft, who, pretending to be the great authority of his day on Indian matters, imposed upon the world of scholarship a tissue of theories and errors of his own which he unhesitatingly mixed with the crude mass of facts in his publications. Schoolcraft undertook to assert that Hiawatha and Manabozho were the same person. As a matter of fact the latter was Algonquin, while Hiawatha was Iroquois, and few peoples have been more dissimilar. Furthermore, Hiawatha was no mere fiction; he was a man who lived and performed a great national work, the effects of which survive till the present, and deeply influence the history of our own race and of the world. The object of this paper is to sketch his interesting career.

Hai-en-Wat-ha was a chief of the Ononondaga

tribe, one of the Five Nations, whose territory was in Central and Western New York. Aboriginal tradition attributes his epoch to various degrees of antiquity, and that which is most accepted ascribes it to the fourteenth century. Recently discovered facts, however, make it tolerably certain that it was in the latter half of the sixteenth, as it appears to have been at that epoch that the whole of the five tribes whom he formed into the Great League, which was his crowning achievement, came into mutual contact.

Who were these Five Nations? This people, otherwise known as the Iroquois, and later as the Six Nations, and in modern days among themselves as the Seven Nations, and always as the *Kanonsionni*, or Long House People, and *Onkwe Onwe*, or Real Men, were found by the French of New France and the Dutch of New Netherland occupying a large territory which roughly corresponds to the present State of New York from the Hudson River westward. At a later period they were enabled, by the use of firearms, to dominate the greater part of North America east of the prairies, and to make their mark as the most formidable savage people of modern history. They were very different in their stage of culture from the rude, wandering, and simple-minded Algonquins, who sparsely inhabited the vast regions surrounding them, and who lived by hunting: for they dwelt in palisaded towns, around which their women and slaves cultivated ample crops of maize, beans, and squash, and their men the noble crop tobacco; they made excellent pottery, and lived in large and long communal

houses of bark, sometimes more than a hundred and fifty feet long; they held council continually until they became masters of eloquence and far-reaching policy; were experts in military art in the Indian style, and were bound together in a most remarkable confederation known as the *Kayanerenh Kowa*, or the Great League. Of this Hiawatha was the founder. He was no impossible son of Mudjekeewis, but a great statesman, a real historical figure.

The study of Iroquois history, though a small and restricted field, is divided of recent years, like some others, into two amicable opposing camps—the "traditional" school, and the "critical." The former, headed by the late Dr. Horatio Hale, editor of the ancient 'Book of Rights,' is disposed to attach much importance to the accounts of their past held by the leading chiefs and record keepers; while the latter, leaning more upon archæology, is led to doubt the correctness of verbal testimony, and to check it by the examination of relics and town sites, and by taking stock of all the details and comparisons which afford actual points of *appui* of indisputable fact, and therefore of sound departure, for historical judgments. The controversy has not hitherto set any of the great rivers aflame, but it is not without its fascination and seriousness as a chapter in the record of mankind.

The best traditional view of the origin of the Iroquois is that they originated on the lower St. Lawrence as one people with the Hurons; that the Huron-Iroquois stock then quarrelled and broke into two, the Hurons going westward to Lake Huron, the Iroquois going as one people to their country in

Western New York, in which they were found by the whites stretched out in five contiguous tribal divisions. Then, in the fourteenth century, the great Hiawatha induced them to form a permanent League, and established their General Council on a fixed hereditary basis, the chiefs of to-day being descendants of its first chiefs through the line of the mother.

The adherents of the critical school, on the other hand, point out the scarcity of old town sites in the country of the Mohawks and Oneidas, two of the Five Nations, and the numbers of European articles found on nearly all such town sites, and draw the conclusion that these two tribes cannot have been ancient holders of their territories, and must have arrived in them only a short time before the arrival of the whites,—that is to say, not much before the end of the sixteenth century. As careful examination of early French historical records supports the version of the critical school, I shall proceed on the basis of that version, dismissing the other.

Previously to the formation of the League it appears that the Iroquois had consisted of two related peoples, branches of the widely spread group of nations known as the Huron-Iroquois stock, which included the fierce Cherokees far, far to the south, and the populous and gentle Hurons to the north, all of whom had taken possession of immense territories heretofore occupied by the Algonquin tribes. The two branches which united to make up the Five Nations, and who spoke two different dialects, were the *Sinnekes* and the *Caniengas* (or Mohawks), of whom the former were divided into

the Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, and the latter into the Mohawks and their offshoot the Oneidas. The Cayugas were an offshoot of the Onondagas. In the language of their diplomacy, the Oneidas and Cayugas were the "younger brothers" of the Mohawks and Onondagas respectively.

According to the historical theory now accepted by some of the best authorities, the manner in which the Sinnekes and Caniengas came into contact was this:—The former had been established for a long time in their several adjoining territories in Western New York, where they carried on a bitter warfare against the Hurons of the north. The Caniengas had been established in an isolated manner for several generations at Hochelaga (Montreal) and other places on the lower St. Lawrence, cut off by distance from communication with the main bodies of the Huron-Iroquois stock in the west, and living a peaceful life in the midst of the Algonquin population of the region, and there they were found in 1534–42 by Jacques Cartier, whose historiographer briefly describes their condition. Somewhere about 1560 they fell into a dispute with the neighbouring Algonquins, who invited the Hurons to come down from the west and attack them. The combined foes defeated the Caniengas; the Hurons burnt their chief town Hochelaga, which was ingeniously palisaded, and in the course of a war which had raged over fifty years in 1608, when the next French discoverer Champlain arrived, the Caniengas were driven from the St. Lawrence and were pressed down Lake Champlain. At the same time they became converted from a peaceable people into

desperate warriors and crafty councillors. It was evidently somewhere towards the beginning of this period that the Kaydnerenh Kowa was formed, for we find the Caniengas and their younger brothers, the Oneidas, now taking up for the first time the secure territory then vacant, adjoining the Sinnekes on the west, and where they are found by the whites at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The bond of sympathy appears to have been a common hatred of the Hurons, for the dialects of the two branches were unlike;—curiously enough, that of the Caniengas was almost pure Huron, showing that they had broken off from the Huron body only a few generations before. The story of the founding of the League has been preserved with considerable accuracy on some points by Iroquois tradition. According to it, Hiawatha was a warrior of Onondaga, the most warlike tribe of the group. The dreaded chief Atotarho ("the Entangled") then swayed the tribe, and by expeditions and intrigues plunged both his nation and those around it into a nightmare of carnage. Hiawatha, tradition says, was driven by the sufferings around him to reflect upon the advantages of peace, and to evolve the idea of a firm confederation which should for ever abolish the evils of war, and in time include all peoples. On a given day during two successive years he attempted to induce the Onondagas to accept his plan, but on each occasion the armed, silent, and threatening appearance of Atotarho and his warriors at the place of meeting melted the assembly, and ultimately drove the reformer to despair. Then followed the flight of

Hiawatha, the Hegira of the Iroquois. He left the Onondaga country and travelled alone eastwards to that of the Mohawks, through the land of the Oneidas, many legendary marvels accompanying his journey. Being adopted by the Mohawks, continues the story, he remained among them, and his descendant, the Hiawatha of to-day, takes his place in the Grand Council as a chief, not of the Onondagas, but of the Mohawks. It was with the assistance of the latter and from their villages that he thenceforth prosecuted his propaganda.

I venture at this juncture to doubt once more the traditional view, and to suspect something stronger than adoption in the Mohawk status of Hiawatha. Tradition has nowhere shown itself a more fallible guide than in Iroquois history. On the other hand, archæology demonstrates that the events now in question took place at a most fateful epoch. As we have seen, the Mohawks and their younger brothers, the Oneidas, had only recently entered the territory adjoining the Onondagas. Their original palisaded capital Hochelaga, on the island of Montreal, which had been visited in 1535 by Jacques Cartier, and approached in 1542, had been sacked and burnt at some time about 1560, and the remnants of the race were driven down Lake Champlain by adventurous Hurons from the west, allies of the Algonquins. Hard pressed there every summer, the Hochelagans retreated along the waterways, first to the foot of the lake, and then further to Lake George, until they finally sought a secure shelter for their women and children in the pine-topped hills and fastnesses of the deserted valley of the river afterwards called

the Mohawk. Peace with the powerful Onondagas, the "People of the Hills," was a precious necessity to them. All accounts agree that the new-comers were the first converts to Hiawatha's propaganda. Under these circumstances I confess a distrust in the tradition that Hiawatha, the Mohawk, was originally an Onondaga, and I find it more probable that he had always been a Mohawk, who had spent some time among the Onondagas, and then returned to his own people, thus forming a link between the two.

Among the Mohawks (Caniengas) he found a kindred spirit in the influential Dekanawidah, who by aid of his six active brothers stood high in the councils of the tribe. "The sagacity of the Canienga chief," said Hale ('Book of Rites,' p. 25), "grasped at once the advantages of the proposed plan, and the two worked together in perfecting it, and in commending it to the people. After much discussion in council the adhesion of the Canienga nation was secured. Dekanawidah then despatched two of his brothers as ambassadors to the nearest tribe, the Oneidas, to lay the project before them. The Oneida nation is considered a comparatively recent offshoot from the Caniengas. The ambassadors found the leading chief, Odatsehte, at his town on the Oneida Creek. He received their message in a friendly way. 'Come back in another day,' he said,—which was to say in a year. So at a year's end the two nations met, and their chiefs struck the treaty which first established the Kayanerenh Kowa." I take leave here again to doubt the exactitude of the tradition, and to question how far a league of peace

was necessary at that time between these two offshoots of the Hochelagan race. But at any rate Dekanawidah led a mission back to the Onondagas proposing the subject, which would evidently have been at once rejected had it come from Hiawatha. It was, in fact, rejected by Atotarho, but Dekanawidah and the ambassadors pushed on to the Cayuga nation, an offshoot of the Onondagas, whose land lay further westward. They readily consented, and their chief, Akahenyon ("the Wary Spy"), joined the Canienga and Oneida representatives in a new embassy to the Onondagas, to whom they made flattering proposals. The Onondagas should be the leading nation of the confederacy. At their chief town the council fire of the League should be perpetually lit, there the Pine Tree of Peace should lift its head, fourteen chiefs should hold for them the place of honour at the Great Councils, while no other nation should have more than ten. Atotarho should be the leading chief of the confederation, and these rights and dignities, like the other elements of the constitution of the Great Council and of the League, should continue to descend unchanged through all succeeding generations. The Onondagas accepted, and Atotarho took up the work with enthusiasm, proposing the addition of the fifth nation, the Senecas, whose populous towns and broad territory lay more westerly still beyond the Cayugas. These consented through their chiefs, Kanyadariyo and Shadekaronyes, and finally the five nations met at a spot on the north shore of the Salt Lake of Onondaga, near the present city of Syracuse, where they founded the complete league, "The Silver Chain,"

as they loved to call it in after days. Modern tradition ascribes to Hiawatha's idea the scheme of a universal brotherhood of mankind, and a universal peace. He is even constituted into a kind of Christ by estimable "Pagans" or Deistic Mohawks, and some believe in his continued incarnation once in every generation. It is scarcely likely, however, that he contemplated a broader federation than that of the five nations, and of any other surrounding peoples who might strike an ordinary Indian compact with them, or become incorporated with them by conquest or adoption, methods which already had a place in the system of Iroquois usages. Nor does he seem to have made any efforts to prevent torture or cannibalism. Even thus limited his plan was a large and noble one. The details were well conceived. A fixed number of chiefs were to represent each of the nations; fourteen the Onondagas, nine each the Caniengas and Oneidas, ten the Cayugas, and eight the Senecas. The numbers were no doubt regulated by a nice diplomacy, based upon the claims of the chiefs then in power, and the jealousies of the tribes. But once formed, all subsequent difficulties were to be silenced by the provision that the representation should be unchangeable and hereditary in the families of the chiefs. By this provision Iroquois politics were lifted at one stroke out of the fleeting and wavering devices of savage government, and endowed with permanency and solid statecraft. On the death of an Atotarho, a Hiawatha, or a Tekarihoken, his successor was, and still is, chosen by the chief matron of his family from among his male relatives through the female

line, his brother or maternal half-brother, his cousin or nephew, but never his son. Here we have that mysterious *mother-right* which in one form or another stamps the Turanian races,—the rule of the eldest matron over the household, the control by the woman of her children, the counting of descent through her, which was the only system possible under the institutions of polyandry then general among the Huron-Iroquois. In Britain we find it as a trace of the ancient race in the descent of the Pictish kings, in the description of the British marriage customs in Cæsar, and perhaps in the pre-eminence of Boadicea.

Dekanawidah refused to accept the right of leaving a successor. Tradition says that he did so because, as founder of the League, he wished that glory to die with himself.

The roll of the Grand Council on the reservation at Brantford, Ontario, to-day, which illustrates the tenacity of the institution, is as follows for the Mohawk section:

Tehkarihoken .	"Double Speech."
Hiawatha . .	"Seeker of the Wampum Belt."
Shatekariwate .	"Two Equal Statements."
Sharenhowane .	"Loftiest Tree."
Deyonhehgweh .	"Double Life."
Orenrehgowah .	"High Hill."
Dehennakarine .	"Going with Two Horses."
Rastawehserondah .	"Holding the Rattles."
Sosskoharonwaneh .	"He is a Great Woodrift."

Of the nine Oneidas headed by the Odatsehte, three are extinct.

Of the Onondagas, who are headed by the Atotarho, fifteen appear, but two are extinct.

The Cayugas, headed by the Tekahonyonk, have eleven on the roll, of whom three are extinct.

Of the nine Senecas, headed by the Skanyadariyo and the Shadekaronyes, three are extinct.

New tribes, the Tuscaroras, Nanticokes, and Delawares, add seven living chiefs, and the Tuscaroras nine extinct titles.

In connection with one function of the Council, that of condolence with the family of a deceased chief, and at the same time of "raising" his successor, an ancient ritual has survived to which Mr. Hale has given publicity in his 'Book of Rites,' and which serves to throw some dim and scanty but interesting and suggestive light on the foregoing events. The chiefs sit in order around the Council Chamber, or "Long House," a term which has a forgotten reference to one of the large communal homes of bygone Iroquois towns. The orator walks up and down, in accordance with one of the earliest customs, and in doing so laments in prescribed words the degeneracy of the times:

"Now listen, ye who established the Great League. Now it has become old. Now there is nothing but wilderness. Ye have taken it with you, and have placed it under you, and there is nothing left but a desert. There ye have taken your intellects with you. What ye established ye have taken with you. Ye have placed under your heads what ye established—the Great League. Now, then, hearken, ye who were rulers and founders."

The chiefs take up the responses, led by the

Mohawks through their principal chief Tehkarihoken, and call each upon his ancestor of the original Council:

"Tehkarihoken,
Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler."

"Hiawatha,
Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler."

"Shadekarihwade,
That was this roll of you,
You who were joined in the work,
You who completed the work,
The Kayanerenh Kowa."

"Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler."

"Tehayatkwayen,
That was the roll of you.
Then his son,—
He is the Great Wolf.
There were combined
The many minds."

"Hononwirehdonh,
That was the roll of you,
These were his uncles,
Of the two clans
Kaweneseaghtonh,
Hahihnonh!
That was the roll of them."

And so on, with certain variations around the circle of the chiefs.

"Then in later times
They made additions
To the great house.
These were at the doorway,
They two were cousins,
These two guarded the doorway."

The reference to the "doorway" is to the figurative office of the two leading Seneca chiefs as the doorkeepers of the Long House, from the situation of the country of their tribe at the western end of the confederacy. The term "Long House" was applied figuratively to the confederacy as well as literally in later times to the Council Lodge.

The effects of Hiawatha's work began to show at once. If the Onondagas had been strong before, their strength became fivefold more effective towards outsiders. The Mohawks ceased to fall back from point to point and lake to lake in the Hochelagan war, and returning in parties became a veritable scourge upon their enemies in the St. Lawrence valley. The Hurons, populous and united, had hitherto dominated the surrounding peoples with a ruthless pride, and not only carried on the war with the Caniengas in the east, which they had begun by the sack of Hochelaga, but had been accustomed to successfully invade the Onondaga country in the west as a separate enterprise. The Silver Chain, growing in statecraft and audacity, gradually altered the situation. On the advent of Champlain in 1611 he was appealed to by the Hurons for assistance, and by bold action and the advantage of firearms checked for a time the advance of the Leaguers. But shortly afterwards the Five Nations acquired

firearms in their turn from the Dutch of the Hudson River, and in less than a generation the proud and powerful Hurons were blotted out of existence. No such chapter of savage success as followed has probably ever been written on the sands of time, except that of the German tribes who swept over Europe. The conduct of the Suevi in keeping a tract of six hundred miles long free of living beings except themselves has a strong likeness to the doings of the Iroquois confederacy; and the dauntless courage of the Gothic races, exemplified in the favourite Vandal epitaph relating to the laugh of the warrior at death —"He fell, he laughed, he died,"—had innumerable parallels in the jocular scorn of the Iroquois braves under torture. Not long after the destruction of the Hurons the turn of the Neutral Nation came; the Eries or Cats followed; then the Nation of Fire; the Micmacs of Nova Scotia; the Abenaki of New England; the Mohicans and Delawares of the Hudson; the Pawnees of the far western prairies; the Algonquins of the northern forests; and the distant Iroquois kindred, the town-building Cherokees, a thousand miles to the south, were attacked. So, throughout most of the North American continent, the name of the Kanonsionni, the People of the Long House, was held in dread. But their policy, constantly discussed and shaped by keen brains and eloquent tongues, was not one of simple bloodshed. Kind and patient amongst themselves, intense lovers of children, and faithful and truthful to friends, they treated not ungently the majority of those they had conquered, and in after days a Jesuit Father, who knew them well, remarked that the greater part of

their own people were the descendants of incorporated remnants of their defeated foes.

The abiding impress of the League upon history was, however, made by its effects against France in the Anglo-Gallic struggle for control in North America. Champlain, by his interferences on the side of the Hurons, had unwittingly stirred up a most formidable nest of hornets. It is needless to enter into details of the century and a half of fierce wars which followed. It was the bitter and terrible warfare of the Iroquois against French colonisation in Canada which rendered the final success of the British inevitable. In 1686 the Canadian colonists only numbered some 10,000, against 200,000 estimated in the British colonies; yet the supreme spurt in the colonisation of New France had just been put forth under Colbert; and that was previous to the Iroquois deluge of blood in 1689, and to the "Seventy Years' War."

Hiawatha is consequently a factor of considerable importance in the history of the world. His thought and work still live, and they will live for ever. Keen, lofty, and good as was his idea, he evidently, like other masters, "builded better than he knew." And if, apart from the profound political results, the aroma of his idea, distilled in poetry and romance, or refined in historical reflection, shall go on inspiring other men to be in some degree nobler in their own manner and day,—then the Lawgiver of the Forest, the Christ of his race, has amply earned the title of Hiawatha the Great.

THE LETTERS AND PROSE WRITINGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read November 27th, 1901.]

ALTHOUGH Burns, as a poet, sang for his own people in his native tongue and made, says Emerson, "Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame," his letters, sketches, and journals were written in English. Of the thousands who read the poems of the Scottish bard, how few have studied his prose writings! and yet he left behind him more prose than verse. Of the former, his letters make the chief portion, and up to the present time nearly 600 of these have been published.

That Burns did not think meanly of himself as a letter-writer is shown in the care he took to preserve some of his correspondence. He kept copies of about thirty of his longest and most important letters, and had them bound together in a volume. He has himself, in a few words, given us the whole art of letter-writing. To one of his correspondents he wrote, "You shall write whatever comes first—what you see, what you read, what you hear, what you admire, what you dislike, trifles, bagatelles, nonsense; or, to fill up a corner, e'en put down a laugh at full length."

It was a remark of Southey's, that "a man's

character may be judged of even more surely by the letters which his friends addressed to him than by those which he himself penned." These observations may be very fitly applied to our Rustic Bard. No poet was ever so personally loved, or received so many affectionate epistles from all sorts and conditions of men and women, altogether some 150 persons, from the high-born nobleman to the lowly peasant, from the proud duchess to the humble servant girl.

All human life was interesting to him, and he was at home with all men, whether in aristocratic saloons or amid the spawning life of the reeking slums of our towns; whether at the convivial club, with its "thundering salamanders," or in the swaggering revels and "rake-helly" life of 'The Jolly Beggars.'

Burns' letters have been at times severely criticised. The writer has been accused of faults of affectation and bombast, of penning show letters with a sententious air of wisdom. No doubt there is an apparent strained effort in the style of expression, as of imperfect utterance, which gives almost a stammering effect at times. But it must be remembered that Burns wrote, as was the fashion, nearly all his letters in English, which he was never able to write with facility. Although he had more ideas in his head than he knew what to do with, he was often circumscribed in writing prose. Many of his best epistles were written in rhyme, in his own native dialect.

Burns wrote his poems under inspiration; as he says in his autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore,

"My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet." This inspiration failed him in prose. It has been said that a poet is out of his natural element in writing prose, that the swan whose grace flatters every eye when floating with majestic calmness on the smooth bosom of the silent lake has a most graceless waddle on dry land. The wonder is that with Burns' deficiency of the English language he should have written such good letters. They form a commentary upon his life; in them he has written his own memoirs and apology as no one else could have done for him. He does not sophisticate his faults nor exaggerate them. We feel that he was a brother man whose heart was blood-warm; not one of those corpse-like neutral natures who are never angry nor pleased, who have no virtues nor vices; nor was he one of those miserables who never truly loved, for Burns loved with all his heart and all his soul, and perhaps no one was ever so loved in return. His friendships were as strong as death; who but he could have written the following lines, worthy of Bardolph, in the form of an epitaph, upon a living friend?—

> "But with such as he, where'er he be,
> May I be sav'd or damn'd."

Some one said "that if you had shaken hands with Burns, his hand would have burnt yours." It was this fierce mad force which wore his life away, and yet with all his strength there was a weakness of will. He saw the right way as clear as ever man

saw it, and was constantly forming resolutions to walk in it, but was driven aside by every gust of temptation. His sin of sins was not to be master of himself. We have read an old tragedy, in which one of the chief characters was haunted by an unknown presence which never left him, but was always warring against himself, and was his worst enemy. When at last the mask was lifted, he discovered (like the modern Dr. Jekyll) that his greatest adversary was himself.

Burns wrote in one of his letters, "My life reminded me of a ruined temple: what strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruin in others!" Nowhere in our literature has that "epitome of hell" called remorse been so depicted as in his letters. Carlyle says "that the greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none." Burns never reached that point of degradation, for to the end his moral sense was not deadened. In all charity we must remember the temptations by which he was surrounded, for in his day hard drinking was the fashion. Even members of Parliament staggered into the House of Commons in the condition described by the witty satirist—

"I can't see the Speaker," quoth Fox, "can you?" "Oh," says Sheridan, "I can see two." Can we be surprised that Burns once, when returning home in a similar condition after a midnight carouse, saw two moons? In his letters to his friends how often he protested against the drunken customs, the savage hospitality of his countrymen, "where the object of all hosts being to send every guest drunk to bed if they can." He did not willingly fly to the devil for

help. One who knew him well to the last said "that Burns drank from circumstances rather than inclination. An angel from heaven could scarcely have escaped corruption in his situation. He was constantly invited, nay, sometimes almost dragged, into company." Well may he write—

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's *resisted*;"

and again—

> "Before ye gi'e poor frailty names
> Suppose a change o' cases."

Truly it may be said that our souls are in each other's hands. Burns had his errors and frailties, and he lived a wild Bohemian kind of life, but "*on pardonne tant que l'on aime.*" In one of his letters he wrote, "God knows, I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, *and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes.*" It was a saying of President Lincoln that "folks who have no vices have plaguey few virtues." "The best men," says Shakespeare, "are moulded out of faults, and for the most, become much more the better for being a little bad."

There may be some truth in the words of the cynic, that as a rule, men are not loved on account of their virtues. There is a surly and austere kind of virtue which does not commend itself for being lovable, though it may be respectable; likewise a so-called goodness which prides itself in the ostentation of excessive piety. Burns has severely satirised—

in his 'Address to the Unco' Guid'—some of those "rigidly righteous" persons:

> "Ah ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
> Sae pious and sae holy,
> Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
> Your neebour's faults and folly!"

In spite of our severe ethics, have we not, most of us, a sneaking fondness for the vagabond, the wanderer, and the scapegrace? Do they not inspire more love than those sleek respectabilities who only enjoy themselves in a cold-blooded sort of way, who "take their pleasures sadly"? Do they not fight our battles by sea and land and dare to die for us? We suspect that the prodigal son was loved, while his prudent virtuous brother was only respected. Among the humorous theological propositions put by Charles Lamb to Coleridge, when he slily quizzed that philosopher, was one "whether pure intelligences can love." There must be some admixture of flesh and blood, else there can be no reciprocity. How true to human nature are the words of our late Laureate!—

> "He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
> For who loves me must have a touch of earth."

Though Pygmalion became enamoured of a beautiful statue which he had made, he was not satisfied until Venus had endowed it with life, and made it human.

In the letters of Burns we can trace the growth of the poet's mind, and we can see that what constituted his real greatness and individuality was produced out of himself. We read his thoughts

before they were transfused into rhyme; we learn how love was the first provocative to verse-making; how he wrote his best poems at the plough-tail; how he loved to write when the mighty elements were warring, or to "take a gloamin' shot at the Muses;" how his mission gradually dawned upon him and he resolved "to sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my own native tongue." Nature and not art formed the best part of his education. Messrs. Choakumchild and Gradgrind* would not have found in him a very apt pupil. In one of his letters to Dr. Moore he tells us how his early imagination was fostered. He says, "In my infant and boyish days I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family (Jenny Wilson by name), remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the county of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead lights, wraiths, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poesie; but had so strong an effect upon my imagination that to this hour in my nocturnal rambles I sometimes keep a look-out in suspicious places." His mother also "had an inexhaustible store of ballads, traditionary tales, and appears to have nourished his infant imagination by this means." No doubt it is to these early impressions we owe some of his best poems, the immortal 'Tam O'Shanter,' 'Address to the De'il,' etc.

In a very early letter to his old schoolmaster he

* See 'Hard Times,' by Charles Dickens.

wrote: "I seem to be one sent into the world to see and observe; and I very easily compound with the knave who tricks me of my money if there is anything original about him, which shows me human nature in a different light from anything I have seen before. In short, the joy of my heart is to 'study men, their manners, and their ways,' and for this darling subject I cheerfully sacrifice every other consideration." The great epoch of Burns' life was his visit to Edinburgh after the publication of his first volume of poems. It is from this period that his letters possess the greatest interest. In his autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, he says: "At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to 'catch' the characters and 'the manners living as they rise.'" It was at Edinburgh that Burns was lionised for a season, and looked upon with wonder, as one would look upon a strange wild beast; but the lion was hunted into the desert to die neglected. That Burns foresaw the treatment he was to receive "when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes," is shown in his letters, written at the height of his popularity, from Edinburgh. He wrote to the Rev. Dr. Lowrie, who had warned him of the dangers which often accompanied rapid success: "I thank you, sir, with all my soul, for your friendly hints, though I do not need them so much as my friends are apt to imagine. You are dazzled with newspaper accounts and distant reports, but in reality I have no great temptation to be intoxicated with the cup of prosperity. Novelty may attract the attention of man-

kind for a while; to it I owe my present *éclat;* but I see the time not far distant when the popular tide, which has borne me to a height of which I am, perhaps, unworthy, shall recede with silent celerity, and leave me a barren waste of sand, to descend at my leisure to my former station." And again he writes to Mrs. Dunlop: "I set as little by princes, lords, clergy, critics, etc., as all these respective gentry do by my bardship. I know what I may expect from the world by-and-by—illiberal abuse and, perhaps, contemptuous neglect."

When in Edinburgh he quietly took notes of the principal men he saw there, and wrote them in a scrap-book which he called 'Sketches.' How delightfully he quizzed Dr. Blair and other magnates! Did he not feel in his inmost soul that he was not inferior to these men who condescended to patronise him? The man who could write the following letter—was he not a match for all the metaphysicians of Edinburgh? "We know," he says, "nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this sort of thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the

enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me to what this can be owing. Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

It was the fate of Burns to meet at Edinburgh but few men who had any sympathy with him as a poet. There were learned professors who regarded poetry as "ingenious nonsense;" "men also of grave geometrical minds," hardened by rigid demonstration, who, no doubt, made love after the fashion of 'The Loves of the Triangles' (which was certainly not Burns' way). Then Burns had to contend also with respectable stupidity, dignified dulness, and other imbecilities, dignified as gentlemen, scholars, and statesmen, with titled nobodies clothed in majestic raggery. The Rustic Bard read them through and through; he could have said with a later poet—

> "I have seen clear through
> The order of the world, and seen too much,
> And seen too deep;
> My eyes have pierced the hard and stony crust
> Of human houses and of human hearts,
> And both alike conceal lies, fraud, and misery,
> And in men's images I read their thoughts—
> Base mostly."

Burns depicted the traditions, prejudices, manners, peculiar customs, the virtues and vices of his own

country. He was, in fact, himself an epitome of Scotland. Like a Greek he had a vivid sense of the joyous and multitudinous life of Nature, though he was not unacquainted with her darker moods. In his letters and poems he has shown us that there was nothing too humble for his notice and love. The daisy, the wee mousie, the wounded hare, the harmless fly (as gentle Shakespeare calls it), these he mingled in his poetic lore, and drew a parable from them. Even the Devil he apostrophises kindly:

> "Oh wad ye tak a thought and men'
> I'm wae to think upo' you den,
> Ev'n for your sake!"

And he would have sympathised with the charitable old Scotch lady, who, when she heard our ghostly foe evil spoken of, remarked that at least in one thing he set a good example, "that if we were as diligent and persevering in doing good as the Devil was for harm, it would be the better for us."

Unfortunately, Burns' anticipations with respect to the ephemeral character of his personal popularity proved correct. His patrons first spoiled and then insulted him. There is a story told that he was once invited to dine at a gentleman's house in East Lothian. He went, and found that a large party were invited to meet him, but found also, to his intense mortification, that he was not thought worthy of dining with them. Oh, no! He was to dine with the butler and the lady's-maid; and then, after dinner, the greatest mind in Britain was to be brought in with the wine, this Samson, to make his betters sport. He took his dinner sulkily enough, waited, like a good boy, his

summons to go in like a bagpipe player, and amuse by his wit, or perhaps wickedness, his honourable entertainers. The bell rang, in the ploughman-poet stalked, and walking up to the table, and glaring at the brilliant circle with his great flashing eyes, he poured out a torrent of ridicule and bitter invective, and, turning on his heel, left them to digest his disgust and their dinner as they best could. This story might be placed on par with one told of Paganini. The great violinist was once asked to dine at the house of a well-known fashionable lady, and the invitation was supplemented with the request that he would bring his violin with him. "My violin eats no dinners," was Paganini's gruff reply. That Burns bitterly resented the treatment he received, his letters and poems show. The conduct of the Scotch nobility sunk deep into his heart, and during the latter part of his life the very name of a lord became obnoxious to him, and evoked his bitterest sarcasms. He felt that something else might have been done instead of making a social pariah of him. Writing to his friend Ainslie, he said, "I do not know if I have informed you that I am now appointed to an Excise division, in the middle of which my house and farm lie. I know not how the word exciseman, or, still more opprobrious, of gauger, will sound in your ears.

"I, too, have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject, but a wife and children have a wonderful power in blunting these kinds of sensations. Fifty pounds a year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow is no bad settlement for a poet. For

the ignominy of the profession, I have the encouragement which I once heard a recruiting sergeant give to a numerous, if not a respectable audience in the streets of Kilmarnock: 'Gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement I can assure you that our regiment is the most blackguard corps under the Crown; and consequently, with us, an honest man has the surest chance of preferment.'" And so the best employment that could be found for this heaven-born genius was to place him in a position where the greatest temptations would beset him so as to render his muse sterile by gauging whisky barrels instead of writing poetry, and this for the handsome remuneration of £50 per annum! Perhaps his patrons remembered the old proverb, that singing birds must not be too well fed. They took him from the plough where he was independent in body and mind, and his life healthy and noble, set him "to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels." "In such toils," says Carlyle, "was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste." If Burns had lived in America, no doubt he would have been made a minister or an ambassador. As an exciseman, he was once reprimanded by his official superiors for what were called his extreme opinions, which were, no doubt, far in advance of his time; "and I was told," he says in one of his letters, "that my business was to act, not to think, and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be silent and obedient." Thus the greatest poet of the age was to be gagged, and

his genius "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" to his excise duties. Can we wonder that in his cry of despair he wrote: "I am a miserable hurried devil, and for private reasons am forced, like Milton's Satan—

"To do what yet, though damn'd, I would abhor"?

Yet Pitt was an admirer of the poet's verses, though not of his politics. "I can think of no verse since Shakespeare," he said, "which comes so sweetly and at once from Nature."

Perhaps one of the best tributes to the poet's fame is recorded by Mrs. Dunlop. This early patroness of Burns had a venerable housekeeper who ventured to remonstrate with her mistress on the impropriety of entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes as if he were a gentleman of old descent. In order to put her domestic into a more charitable frame of mind, Mrs. Dunlop lent her a copy of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' desiring her to read it. Her answer greatly delighted the author when it was reported to him. "Nae doubt," said she, "gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me it's naething but what I saw in my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae told it ony other way."

The well-known "Clarinda letters" were addressed to a lady named M'Lehose, and they could only have been written by Burns; they show signs of high pressure, not capable of being long sustained. They exhibit not a single passion, but many; and the old, ever-young theme of love is mixed up with religion, metaphysics, theology, scraps of biography, etc., written in half-poetic sesquipedalian diction. To

the lady styled Clarinda we owe one of Burns' best songs, beginning with the line—

"Ae fond kiss and then we sever."

The following stanzas, says Sir Walter Scott, contain the essence of a thousand love tales:

"Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Some of the most interesting of Burns' letters were addressed to Thomson, the editor of a work entitled 'A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, to which are added Symphonies and Accompaniments by Pleyel and Kozeluck, with Characteristic Verses by the most esteemed Scottish Poets.' To this work Burns contributed some of his best songs, without either fee or reward. He wrote altogether for Thomson nearly one hundred songs, and with nearly every song there was a letter, saying how and why it was written.

In his first letter to Thomson he wrote, "As to any remuneration, you may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, hire, fee, etc., would be downright prostitution of soul." Thomson, after some time, sent Burns five pounds, which very much angered the poet, and he threatened to stop all contributions, though at this time he was in great poverty. It was only when on his death-bed that Burns was compelled to break his resolution and apply to Thomson for a small sum,

which he did in the following pathetic letter:—"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel wretch of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen. I tried my hand on 'Rothemurche' this morning. The measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines. They are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!" Then followed the last song Burns ever composed. No doubt, from a worldly point of view, Burns was unwise not to accept money for his verses, especially in his state of poverty; but would his songs have been so natural and spontaneous had he, against his conscience, accepted payment for the same? We think not, for he would have written to please others instead of himself. In Burns' time literature had not become a profession; it was dependent upon patronage, and anything like patronage would most likely have tamed Burns' genius into insignificance. Well says Carlyle, "Sense can support herself in most countries on 1s. 6d. per day, but for fantasy planets and solar systems will not suffice." The composing, or rather the singing, of these songs became the earnest work of the poet's latter days. He threw himself with enthusiasm into the enter-

prise. Homer has described one of his heroes as sending his soul into every dart he threw. So Burns put his whole heart into every song he wrote.

> "For it did comfort and console him much
> To rhyme and syllable his miseries."

Coming from his heart, his poetry went to the heart.

The chief interest of this correspondence with Thomson lies in the poet's observations and critical remarks upon the old ballad-lore of Scotland. These ballads and songs were history and poetry combined, and they form an important part of the national literature. Many of these songs and ballads were worthless doggerel or too obscene to be published, but Burns adapted the music and transmuted the dull, useless metal into gold. Thomson was a musician, not a poet, though he sometimes took upon himself to improve and interpolate Burns' verses. The poet took these suggestions in good humour and, unfortunately, sometimes adopted them. But most of those alterations were, in the Irishman's phrase, "improvements for the worse," for Thomson was certainly deficient in sensibility to the refinements of poetical expression. Burns did not believe in tinkering and mending another man's work, nor in mutilating the remains of the dead, as some of Thomson's contributors would have done, and he wrote this indignant protest against it: "Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another and work it into a piece of his own; but to mangle the works of the poor bard whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house—by Heaven,'twould be sacrilege!" Referring

to some poet who had done this he continues: "Let him mend the song as the Highlander mended his gun; he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel." Men differ in their poetic tastes, and there is as great variety in the poets' notes as in those of birds. According to an old fable, a singing match once took place between the nightingale and cuckoo; as usual in such cases, the ass was chosen umpire. Longears listened very attentively, and when the contest was over, with a great show of wisdom depicted on his grave face, he gave his critical decision—that the nightingale's song was very well, but, for himself, he preferred the good plain song of the cuckoo. But, however, it is to Thomson we owe some of Burns' best songs, and we learn from this correspondence how the poet composed his verses, and what inspired him. His songs are the very sublimated essence of earthly love, and set—

> "To that music to whose tone
> The common pulse of man keeps time,"

and as long as lads and lasses are amongst us his songs will be sung.

Burns has well described the manner of writing his songs in the following letter to Thomson:—"Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing (such as it is), I can never compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza: when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in Nature round me that are in

unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously, this, at home, is almost invariably my way." In another of the poet's letters to Thomson he gives the following recipe for the producing of a love song, and it is interesting as showing how, like an artist, he worked from living models. He says: "Do you think that the sober, gin-horse routine of existence could inspire a man with life, and love, and joy; could fire him with enthusiasm, or melt him with pathos equal to the genius of your book? No, no! Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song, to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? *Tout au contraire!* I have a glorious recipe, the very one that, for his own use, was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself on the regimen of admiring a fine woman, and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon." But he did not always require the presence of the fair one. To a correspondent to whom he was under some obligation, he wrote, "Have you never a fair goddess that leads you a wild-goose chase of amorous

devotion? Let me know a few of her qualities, such as whether she be rather black or fair, plump or thin, short or tall, etc., and choose your air, and I shall task my muse to celebrate her."

The following extract from 'Burns' Journal' is a good specimen of Burns' prose. Like St. Paul, he despaired of no man.

March, 1784.

I have often observed, in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him; though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason, no man can say in what degree any other person, besides himself, can be, with strict justice, called *wicked*. Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of such temptation; and what often, if not always, weighs more than all the rest, how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion because the world does not know all! I say, any man who can thus think will scan the failings, nay, the faults and crimes, of mankind around him, with a brother's eye. I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *blackguards*, sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character—those who, by thoughtless prodigality, or headstrong passions, have been driven to ruin. Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes "stained with guilt, . . . I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty."

A year before Burns' death, his brother Gilbert described his life as "burned out." Those glorious gifts with which Nature had so richly endowed the poet might be compared to the jewelled robe and golden crown which Medea sent to Crusa, the wife of Jason, and which, notwithstanding their magical loveliness, consumed the victim they so splendidly arrayed.

Heine, slowly dying on his mattress grave, was not so sad a sight as poor Burns on his death-bed, begging a few pounds to save himself from prison and starvation; and at a time when, as with Heine, the lads and lasses, the old and young, the grave and gay, the learned and the ignorant, were singing his songs from morning until night, when even the ploughboys and servant girls were saving their wages to purchase his works.

Professor Huxley says "that a genius among men stands in the same position as a 'sport' among animals and plants, that a large proportion of 'genius' sports are likely to come to grief physically and socially, and that intensity of feeling, which is one of the conditions of genius, is especially liable to run into insanity." Burns has singularly verified the learned professor's description of the fate of genius in a letter dated 1793. He has given his definition of a poet, which may be taken as an apology of his own life. "There is not," he says, "among all martyrologies that ever were penned, so ruthful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative view of wretches, the criterion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear. Take a being of

our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which, between them, will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man—implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastic nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies—in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall entirely mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet. To you I need not recount the fairy pleasures the muse bestows to counterbalance this catalogue of evils; . . . . . yet, where is the man but must own that all our happiness on earth is not worthy the name—that even the holy hermit's solitary prospect of paradisiacal bliss is but a glitter of a northern sun, rising over a frozen region, compared with the many pleasures, the nameless raptures, that we owe to the lovely queen of the heart of man?"

The letters of Burns give us a better insight into his character than any of his biographers, for he has written his autobiography, which helps us, in the words of the Mishna, to "understand the man by his own deeds and words. The impressions of others lead to false judgments." Burns does not attempt to shield his errors and failings, but shows

himself to have been a man of strong passions, which Goethe calls exaggerated virtues or vices. These passions burned out his life, which was a fierce, vehement, and concentrated one; a life not to be measured by an almanac, for—

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Burns' work was his life, and what have we to do with making inquisition into his faults and transgressions? He is not answerable to *us* for them, and it is not for us "to judge, far less condemn." To use his own words,—

> "Then gently scan your brother man,
> Still gentler, sister woman;
> Though they may gang a little wrang,
> To step aside is human."

In conclusion, we will read part of Burns' epitaph on himself, which is an epitaph on our common humanity:

> "Is there a man whose judgment clear
> Can others teach the course to steer:
> Yet runs himself Life's mad career
> Wild as the wave?
> Here pause—and through the starting tear
> Survey this grave.
> The poor inhabitant below
> Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low
> And stained his name."

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THE RISE AND GROWTH OF VÊDIC LITERATURE.

BY HERBERT BAYNES, M.R.A.S.,
Author of 'Ideals of the East,' etc., etc.

[Read January 22nd, 1902.]

I.

[HE literature with which we have to deal may divided into three periods, whereof two represent *ti*, revelation, and the third *smṛti*, tradition. e first is the time of the mantras of the Ṛgvêda m about 3000 to 900 B.C., when the four Saṃhitâs hymn-collections of the four Vêdas were probably de; the second, that of the Brâhmaṇas, Âranas and Upanis'ads from 900 to 400 B.C.; and, ly, the Saṃskṛt period κατ' ἐξοχήν, that of the dâṅgas or limbs of the Vêda, including the Nirukta, Sûtras, D'armaśâstras, Itihâsas and Purânas, m 400 B.C. to our own era.

The Vêda, *i. e. knowledge*, embraces all the writings ich the Hindûs consider sacred, and may be ssified as follows:

1. Ṛgvêda, used by the Hôtar, or priest who vokes the gods by recitation of verses (ṛk').

2. Sâmavêda, for the use of the Udgâtar, the riest who accompanies the Sôma sacrifice with a song (sâman).

3. Jag'urvêda, for the Ad'varju, who fulfils his

priestly function with murmurs of sacrificial maxims (Jag'us).

4. At'arvavêda, a compilation of the other three, ascribed to a mythical priest (At'arvan), and generally assigned to the Brâhman who conducts the whole Sôma ceremony.

For the due performance of his functions each of the three first-named priests requires a Saṃhitâ (collection), which supplies him with the necessary material of hymns and maxims; a Brâhmaṇam (theological exegesis), which indicates the right use of this material at the time of sacrifice, and the varied contents of which it consists may be brought under three rubrics, namely, Vid'i or prescription, Art'avâda or commentary, and Vêdânta or Upanis'ad, theological and philosophical considerations on the nature of things. The last-named sections are called *Vêdânta*, or end of the supreme Wisdom, because, as a rule, they stand at the end of the Brâhmaṇas, and *Upanis'ad* "confidential sitting," because they were imparted to the students singly at the close of their tuition. To every Vêda there also belongs a *Sûtram* or guiding thread, which reproduces the contents of the Brâhmaṇas in terse and synoptical form, and presents the whole subject systematically.

Each of the four Vêdas was taught in various Vêda schools called *S'âk'âs*, "branches," which so greatly differed in their treatment of the same material that in the course of time works of similar subject-matter arose. As regards the Saṃhitâs, this difference is of no great importance, being restricted, for the most part, to recension or re-

duction, but with respect to the Brâhmaṇas and Sûtras it may almost be said that each S'âk'â produced its own. Arising at a later and post-Baudd'a period, the Sûtras were most likely intended to be an attempt to help the Brahmak'ârin to again become master of the elaborate sacrificial ritual of the Vêda which for centuries the reforming tendencies of Gautama's teaching had sought to destroy. However that may be, the inspiration of the Vêda, the canon in the strict sense, is confined to *Mantra* and *Brâhmaṇam*, constituting *śruti*, whilst the Sûtras are only *smṛti*.

Accordingly, every S'âk'â had its own Brâhmaṇam, which in vid'i and art'avâda contained the text-book of ritual, and in Vêdânta (upanis'ad) that of dogma. The Upanis'ads are thus originally nothing more than the dogmatic text-books of single schools; hence, in so far as they are ancient, we can understand how they treat the same subject-matter more or less differently.

Yet, though the Upanis'ad is an appendix to the Brâhmaṇam, it is usually preceded by an Âraṇjakam or forest-book, in which the former lies embedded. The relationship between Brâhmaṇam and Âraṇjakam seems to be based on the Brâhman rule of life, according to which every Ârja, after having served his tutelage as *Brahmak'ârin* had, in manhood, to superintend as *Gṛhast'a* (householder) the sacrifice or to have it offered at his expense, and then, with advancing years, was bound to leave home and family, and to wander into the forest in order, as *Vânaprast'a* (wood-settler), to live for meditation and renunciation, and instead of a real sacrifice to

offer a mystical oblation of the spirit. What the Brâhmaṇam was for the Gṛhast'a the Âraṇjakam was for the Vânaprast'a, and offered him in that part known as the Upanis'ad the highest and best thought on the problems of life and mind, which, studied in youth, were only fully appreciated with approaching age and death.

But this original arrangement as part of the text-book of a Vêda school, at first transmitted orally, and then fixed in writing, only applies to the oldest Upanis'ads, and in the more modern, such as the S'vêtâśvatara, seems altogether in the background, if not wholly forgotten.

Beginning with the hymns of the Ṛgvêda, we find a relative monotheism, an individual theism or henotheism, resulting from the operation of two factors—conscience and imagination. These faculties acted in opposite directions; the moral sense, which was unifying, required an individual deity, but the imagination was multiplicative, demanded many. Hence a very transparent polytheism, for, alike the etymology of the names of the gods and the character of their mythes place it beyond all doubt that the Vêdic deities are personifications of the forces and phases of nature. And these physical personifications are, in the Vêda as elsewhere, looked upon as the guardians of moral order. In a previous work we ventured to say,* "In the case of our Âryan forefathers, then, we can be quite sure that the oldest is the highest. Far from rising by almost imperceptible gradations from the physical, the moral is really eclipsed by the physical. Some of

* 'Idea of God and the Moral Sense,' p. 226.

the oldest hymns of the Ṛgvêda are addressed to Varuṇa, who, as Dr. Muir has well observed, 'has a moral elevation and sanctity of character far surpassing that attributed to any other Vêdic deity.' Take, for instance, hymns ii, 23; v, 35; vii, 86, 7, 8, 9. Nay more, there is one hymn which is wholly ethical, that, namely, by B'iks'u, the beggar, on the duty of beneficence (x, 117). Speaking generally, one may say that more ethical elements are found in the earlier than in the later forms of our Âryan faith. It is the moral sense which alone can account for these primary religious acts and ideas."

First and foremost comes Varuṇa, the chief Âditja. He is founder of the eternal laws of nature and guardian of the moral order of the world. In one of the finest hymns we read (—ii, 28):

"Âditja's is the world, the learned King's,
He rules and wisely guides all mortal things;
My longing is Him worthily to praise,
The great, to whom my earnest prayer I raise.

"O ever in Thy service us employ,
As thankfully we sing our songs of joy:
The dawn shall see Thine altar-flames ascend,
The setting sun behold us 'fore Thee bend!

"In Thy protection let us ay abide,
Thou, mighty Lord, commanding far and wide,
O Leader, ever rich in men and means,
On sons of Aditi our spirit leans!

"That I may open up the Fount of Right
Let not devotion's thread be out of sight;
From sin, yea, from the net, O set me free,
Break not the staff that leads the soul to Thee!

"O Varuṇa, take from me my misdeeds,
A long life grant me and the daily needs,
And let me not for others' sins atone
But live to see the sun and Thee alone!

"In days of yore we honoured Thee with faith,
And do it now, and shall do unto death.
In thee, infallible, as on a rock
All laws are founded, free from mortal shock!"

But it is not long before we find traces of unbelief and scorn. The gods and their priests are alike despised. One poet exclaims:

"Kva sja vṛs'ab'ô juvâ tuvi-grîvô anânatah |
Brahmâ kas taṁ saparjati. ||"

"Where is that vigorous, youthful, large-necked, unconquered (Indra)? What Brâhman serves him?"

Another says (ix, 112, 1 and 3):—"Various are the thoughts and achievements of us different men. The carpenter seeks something broken, the doctor a patient, the Brâhman someone to offer libations." "I am a poet, my father a physician, my mother a miller. Each plies his craft, and hunts for gold." One Sûkta even gives us a soliloquy of the drunken Indra (x, 119). But perhaps the most pathetic passage is x, 82, 7:

"Na taṁ vidât'a jah imâ ǵaǵâna anjat jus'mâkaṁ antaraṁ
bab'ûva |
Nîhârêṇa pravṛtâh ǵalpjâ ḱa asu-tṛpah ukt'a-śasah
ḱaraṁti. ||"

"Ye know him not, whom many worlds proclaim,
It is another after whom ye long.
In mist enveloped and with faltering song
Ye poets wander, at a loss for fame!"

At the same time philosophical reflexion begins to come into play; many Ṛs'is feel after that eternal Unity on which all gods, all worlds, all things depend. And nowhere is this groping more finely expressed than in the Hymn of Dîrg'atamas (i, 164) and the Song of Creation (x, 129). The former is generally considered to be an artificial compilation of cosmic enigmas, in part naturalistic, more especially astronomical, and partly a series of early riddles, not unlike those which are found in the folklore of every nation. The sûkta is too long to give in full, but we may cite the following mantras as representative of the whole (34, 35):—

"I ask thee what is the remotest end of the earth? I ask where is the centre of the world; what is the seed of the vigorous horse; what is the highest heaven of speech? This altar is the remotest end of the earth; this sacrifice is the central point of the world; this Sôma is the seed of the vigorous horse; this Brahman is in the highest heaven of speech."

The latter is undoubtedly a majestic utterance of early Âryan speculation, and will long remain a worthy monument of Indian genius. The poet is said to be Prag'âpati Paramês'ṭ'in, but, much as we should like to know it, the date of its composition it is impossible to determine. Of its kind the song is unique: "mystic, unfathomable." It was originally composed in strophes, but by lack of conceptual connexion it seems likely that the first verse of the third strophe is missing. Yet, as Professor Deussen points out, the external structure of the hymn is a highly artistic one, for, in the seven verses of the

song as in seven acts of a drama the emotional mood rises until it culminates in verse 4, and then gradually sinks to the wonderful conclusion in verse 7. The poet plunges from verse to verse ever more deeply into the secret of existence, and in each verse the first and second half stand to each other in grand antiphonal harmony, the chorus to say what *was not*, the anti-chorus, on the other hand, to proclaim what nevertheless *was*, until in the fourth verse the last veil falls at the word *Kâma*, Love, which casts its flames over all nature and expresses the poet's highest thought. From this "ampler ether," this "diviner air," the idealist begins to fall into the cold region of doubt, fearing lest he have said too much, lest in the glowing flight of poetic exaltation he have not overstepped the bounds of the knowable!

"The birth of time it was, when yet was naught nor aught,
  Yon sky was not, nor heaven's all-covering woof;
No life, no death, no amplitude of breath was sought
  In those primeval days. What clouded all? What roof
Of many-twinkling eyes, if need of such could be?
  Unknown alike were sun and moon; no light or sound
E'er broke the awful sameness of that vast wan sea;
  The One alone breathed breathless, waiting, self-profound!
Beyond it lay the void, a chasm deep and wide,
  A darkness hid in darkness—gloom in depth of gloom.
So sullen and so soulless was this early tide,
  Like death's dread image in the prospect of the tomb.

Then rent the chaos-wrappéd one th' eternal veil
  Of its own nothingness, and, by evolvéd force
Of inner fervor, grew. And first in all the scale
  Of being rose that subtle spring named Love, whose course
Connected naught with entity—a linkéd joy!
  This radiating gladness, beam of purest light,
Suffused, translucent, bringing bliss without alloy,
  Who, lost in thought, did win it from the infinite?

* * * * *

Then fecundating powers arose and energized above,
Whilst freighted germs burst forth beneath and mighty forces strove.
The secret of it all—proclaim it boldly he who can:
Who made the heavens then? And who, forsooth, quick-feeling Man?
No gods were there to say. Who then can know or half foretell
The unravelling of this mighty universal spell?
Whether by Will or of Necessity arose this earth,
He of high heaven alone can tell, who knows nor death nor birth,
Or haply even He knows not!"

In the following hymns we see an attempt to more nearly define this unity, a seeking after the "unknown God." The first is to Prag'âpati (x, 121):

"To whom of all the gods to offer praise,
  To furnish an oblation and to raise
  A hymn of joy? To Him, the golden child
  Who rose in the beginning o'er the wild
  Dim sea of space, the one sole Lord on high
  Who made the earth, who formed the midnight sky
  And now gives health and strength to man and beast.
  To Him, then, who adorns the purple east,

Whom gods obey, whose shadow is dull death,
Whose refuge is the pure undying breath
Of waking worlds. Where'er in vasty space
To lay the mighty seed and find a place
To kindle fire, the forceful floods went forth,
There He arose and glanced from south to north,
From east to west o'er all the watery waste
And scanned the whole horizon; with one blast
He blew the winds that circle round the globe,
And stood among the gods in radiant robe!"

The last that we propose to cite at length is the celebrated Purus'a Sûkta. In this hymn we no longer have to deal with personified abstracta such as *Prag'âpati*, *Brahmaṇaspati*, or *Viśvakarman*, but with a concrete being, namely, Man himself—*Purus'a*. Here we have the process of mythological anthropomorphic personification. The ancient Vêdic deities and the gods of the Greeks assumed a human form, but they were only personifications of *parts* of Nature. When once the Ṛs'is recognise the unity of the universe they give us a personification of the whole of nature, an organic, living, personal being. The song may be divided into three parts: (α) the world is Purus'a; (β) the world has arisen by a sacrifice of Purus'a; (γ) the several parts of the universe are the organs of his body. Spring, summer, and autumn are the accompanying relations under which Purus'a is sacrificed, that is to say, natural force becomes manifest.

The Purus'a Sûkta forms the close of the Ṛgvêda philosophy, and is evidently the latest hymn of that Saṃhitâ, as it mentions not only the four Vêdas but, what is more remarkable, the four Castes. The thought of the hymn seems to be: Man (Purus'a),

the flower of creation, saying: "Give me matter (Virâg') and I will build the world!"

"With thousand heads, with thousand eyes,
Above the earth, beyond the skies
Is Purus'a, the mighty Man.
His thousand feet prepare to span
The bounds of time, the ends of space,
The foremost runners in the race
For life that is, and was, and grows
Till time shall be no more. He goes
Not hence in his immensity,
He is the lord, he cannot die!
Through space his body headlong hurled
Disclosed the limits of the world.
All things a quarter of him are,
Three-fourths are in the sky afar;
A quarter here, a quarter there,
The whole embraceth everywhere.
From him was born Virâg', and so
Twin-natured are all men below.
His presence is all round the earth,
And was so at his matchless birth.
And when the gods did sacrifice,
Of Purus'a they took a slice:
The Sâd'jas and the Ṛs'is came
From far away and did the same.
The spring, the summer, and the fall
Were butter, fuel; great and small.
The gifts that from that victim fell
To mankind's lot: remember well
The wingéd creatures and the kine,
The horses, sheep, and goats, that line
Of things both wild and tame, that grass
On which the slain preparéd was.
From Purus'a the Vêdas sprang,
With Ṛk and Sâman ages rang.

The many-voicéd Jag'us' spake
And all the world began to wake.
The gods in council then began
To pull to pieces the great Man.
The Brâhman was his mouth, his arms
The Ks'attrija, whose warlike charms
Enrich the world: the Vaiśja eke
From out his thighs, and S'udra weak
From out his feet. So came degree
And rule of man in perpetuity.
His soul was mother of the moon,
The sun sprang from his eye alone,
And Vâju issued from his breath.
The gods arranging for his death
Fast bound their victim to the stake.
Then all the earth began to wake,
Arising swiftly from his feet.
The fire was kindled: it was meet
The gods should make the sacrifice
With seven sticks and seven thrice
Of faggots. Thus all things arose
To life throughout this world of shows!"

II.

We are now in a position to deal with Mantra B'âga, the beginnings of philosophy and religion in India. What is the view here presented of God, the world, and sin? A careful analysis of the literature of the period discloses no uniform or consistent account either of the creation of the world or of the nature of the Deity.

Already we have noticed the falling away from an early purity of faith which described the Supreme as Adṛs'ṭa the Unseen, Aditi the Infinite, to a mere physicism or physiolatry in which a multitude of dâivas—Sûrja the sun, Us'as the dawn, Agni the fire, Indra the rain, Djaus the sky, Varuṇa the firmament, Marutas and Rudra the storm-gods—take the place of the one great Dêva, and Aditi is dissolved into the Âditjas. No doubt the sunny-souled Âryan sought to unify his aspiration both extensively and in intension. Thus we have the pathetic appeal to Savitar (3, 62, x):

"Tat Savituh varênjaṁ b'argah dêvasja d'îmahi,
D'ijah jah nah pra-k'ôdajât."

"Let us meditate on that adorable glory of the divine Sun;
May he enlighten our understandings!"

and the music of repentance addressed to Varuṇa (vii, 89):

"Mô iti su Varuṇa mṛt-majaṁ gṛhaṁ râg'an ahaṁ gamaṁ
Mṛla Suks'atra mṛlaja." || 1 ||

"The house of clay, King Varuṇa, I cannot enter yet.
Have mercy, pity, Lord, and be compassionate!"

"Jat êmi prasp'uran-iva dṛtih na d'mâtah adri-vah
Mṛla Su-Ks'atra mṛlaja." || 2 ||

"If along I trembling move, as a cloud before the wind,
When and where below I rove, may I then thy mercy find!"

"Kratvah samaha dînatâ prati-îpaṁ g'agama śuk'ê
Mṛla Su-Ks'atra mṛlaja." || 3 ||

"Through want of strength, O shining One, I went to life's wrong shore,
But do thou bring me back, O King, in mercy evermore!"

"Apâṁ mad'jê tast'i-vâṃsaṁ tṛs'ṇâ avidat g'aritâraṁ
Mṛla Su-Ks'atra mṛlaja." || 4 ||

"Though by the water's brink, thirst overtook me there;
Have mercy, Mighty One, thy worshipper O spare!"

"Jat kiṁ k'a idaṁ Varuṇa dâivjê g'anê ab'i-drôhaṁ
Manus'jâh k'arâmasi
Ak'ittî jat tava d'arma jujôpima mâ nah tasmât
Ênasah Dêva riris'ah." || 5 ||

"Whene'er before the heavenly host we men commit offence,
And haply break thy law, O God, yet send us pardoned thence!"

But this beautiful appeal to Light and Love did not last. Starting with the two great elements of the primitive religion at the time of the Indian and Iranian unity, the physical and the ethical, it was not long before the Âryan mind became conscious of a dualism in its faith. The organ of the spirit, the early faith-faculty, seems in each sphere to have followed a different course. By exclusion of the moral element the naturalism of the Vêdas was developed, by shutting out the physical, the spiritualism of the Avesta. In the whole of the Ṛgvêda we shall hardly find a parallel to the following passage from the 39th Hâ of the Jasna (10, 11, 12, 13):

"Jat'â tû î Ahura Masdâ meg'âk'â, vaok'aśk'â,
Dâeśk'â, varesk'â jâ vôhû;
At'â tôi dademahî, at'a k'îs'mahî, at'â t'wâ âis jaṣamaidê, at'a nemaḳjâmahî, at'â is'ûidjâmahî
Twâ Maṣdâ Ahurâ!
Vag'eus ḳaêteus ḳaêtâk'â vag'eus as'ahjâ twâ pairig'aśâmaidê!"

"As thou, O Ahura Maṣdâ, hast thought, spoken, done and created what is good, so render we to Thee our love and praise. We pray to Thee and confess ourselves Thy debtors, Maṣdâ Ahura!

"By the self-hood of the pure Self and of the good holiness we approach Thee!"

It is quite true that one Ṛs'i exclaims (i, 164, 46):

"Êkam sat viprâ bahud'â vadanti."

"In many a way, the sages say,
The true One doth Himself display!"

but in India there was always the tendency to worship creation rather than the Creator, the clay rather than the Potter. Thus, though conscience demanded One, imagination led to many, until at last we find no less than thirty-three gods in the oldest Vêda!

As regards the origin of life, the statements, whether sceptical or dogmatic, are equally unsatisfactory. At one time we are told that none could say whence this great creation sprang, though perhaps there may be some All-Seer who knows; at another the poet sings of a World-Giant who was cut up by the gods to form the various elements of which the world consists. Then we have the suggestion that creation did not take place once for all, but is renewed at the end of every cycle. For instance:

"Sûrjâk'andramasâu d'âtâ jat'âpûrvamakalpajat
Divam k'a pṛt'ivîm k'ântariks'amat'ô svah." || 3 ||
Ṛgv., x, 190, iii.

"As in a former cycle He formed the sun, moon, Heaven and earth, and the atmosphere, so now again He frames them."

The last theory is connected with, and is held to explain, the doctrine known as *saṃsârasja anâditvam* "the beginninglessness of the migration of souls." In vast periods lasting from eternity Varuṇa, Indra, or Prag'âpati creates and absorbs the world.

Compared with this how simple, how truly sublime is the Hebrew thought of Creation:

"Brês'ît bârâ Elohîm êt' has's'âmajîm v'êt' hâÂrez. V'hâ-Ârez hâit'âh t'ohû vâbohû, v'k'os'ek' al-pnê t'hôm, v'rûak'

Elohîm mrak'ep'et' al-pnê hammâjim. Vajômer Elôhîm ihî Ôr! vaihî Ôr."

"In the beginning the Almighty framed the heavens and the earth. And the earth was formless and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, 'Let there be Light!' And there was light."

What, again, in the Vêda can be compared with the thirty-eighth chapter of the Book of Job?

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said,
'Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man,
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.

* * * * *

"'When the morning stars sang together
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

* * * * *

"'Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Out of whose womb came the ice?
And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?
The waters are hidden as with stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.
Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades
Or loose the bands of Orion?'"

As we ventured to say in a former work,* "Yet, from the first, there has always been a great differ-

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 92.

ence between the Semitic conception of the Kosmos and that of any other tribe or family of nations. The Semite never identifies God with Nature. Man Semitic, be he Hebrew, Samaritan, Arab, or Assyrian, does not speak of Dryads, Oreads, Naiads. To him the multiform manifestations of Nature are all controlled by one awful, invisible Presence—Êl, Allâh, Elôah, Elôhîm, and, above all, Jâhû. Indeed, it is not too much to say that to Arabian monotheism we owe the beginning of physics, and to the monotheism of the Jews the æsthetic contemplation of Nature. Alexander von Humboldt did well to point out that the essential characteristic of the nature-poetry of the Hebrews is its constant treatment of the Kosmos as a whole, its reflex of monotheism, just that very refusal to regard any part of Nature as separately divine. It conceives the whole of the universe in its unity, and nowhere do we find this more beautifully expressed than in the 104th Psalm."

Let us now compare the views of sin and expiation set forth in the Ṛgvêda with those contained in the Psalms.

The words most generally used in the Ṛgvêda to express sin are *ênah* and *âgah*. Underlying both these is the thought of compulsion, for the former is from √*in*, to press, use force, and the latter from √*ag* to urge, from which comes also the Greek ἄγος, guilt. *Ênah* means first of all an injury or violence done to a man, then sin, *e. g.*:

"Martân ênah stuvatô jah kṛṇôti tigmam tasmin nî g'ahi vag'ram Indra." (vii, 13, 18.)

"Whoever injures the singing mortal, upon him, O Indra, let the sharp thunderbolt fall!"

Âgah is really an insult or annoyance alike to gods and men. For instance:

"Dêvân vâ jak' k'akṛmâ kak' k'id âgah sak'âjaṁ vâ sadam ig' g'âspatiṁ vâ." (i, 185, 8.)

"Whatever offence we have ever committed against the gods, the friend, or the householder."

Sometimes *âgah* and *ênah* are used together (v, 3, 7):

"Jô na âgô ab'j ênô b'arâtj ad'îd ag'am ag'aśaṅsê dad'âta."

"Whoso brings offence or sin upon us lays evil upon him who thinketh evil."

But it would seem that there was a difference in the two terms in the ethical consciousness of the early Ârjas. Âgah is employed in a more subjective sense, especially with regard to one who has suffered wrong, whilst, as a rule, *ênah* occurs only in connexion with *kṛtam*, that is to say, sin committed.

In the Psalms we meet with three expressions for sin: *âvôn*, crookedness, *k'aṭṭât'*, the missing of the true goal, and *pes'a*, faithlessness. Whether so stated or not, all three denote wrong-doing toward God.

In other parts of the Bible, Genesis, for instance, these terms are used of offences toward men. The verb belonging to *pes'a* properly denotes the falling away of a people owing tribute, *e. g. Vajip's'a Môâb bjisrâêl.* "And Moab fell away from, acted faithlessly toward, Israel" (Kings II, i, 1). This is the designation by which failure toward God was apperceived, a meaning of the word often found in the Prophets.

Only a participle occurs in the Psalms (li, 15), but as regards the verbs belonging to the other two stems, there are more forms.

Only by such periphrasis as *ênas âgas kṛ* can "sinning" be expressed in the language of the Vêda.

A comparison of the expressions in the two languages shows that the Hebrew are more subjective than the Saṃskṛt, though many of the intuitions in the songs of the Vêda find a parallel in the Psalms. Thus, to the straight *ṛg'u* is opposed the crooked *vṛg'inâ;* of Sûrja it is said, *ṛg'u martês'u vṛg'inâ k'a paśjan*, "Beholding the straight amongst mortals and the crooked" (iv, 1, 17); and of the Âditjas we read, *antah paśjanti vṛg'inôta sâd'u*, "They look into the crooked and the right" (ii, 27, 3). In viii, 56, 9, the cheater is called *vṛg'ina*. Again, to the "law of the conditions of physical, religious, and moral life and growth," *Ṛtam*, stands face to face *Anṛtam*, the unrighteous. The sinner is said to injure the commandments of Varuṇa:

"Jak' k'id d'i tê viśô jat'â pra dêva Varuṇa vratam minîmasi djavi-djavi." (i, 25, 1.)

"Whichever of thy commandments, O god Varuṇa, we, as men, injure day by day."

And in the hymn already cited (vii, 89, 5):

"Ak'ittî jat tava da'rmâ jujôpima."

"If we have violated thy laws through thoughtlessness."

For Varuṇa is *d'ṛtavrata*, law-upholder. Upon him, as upon a rock, his unalterable decrees rest securely.

Man is said to sin just because he is man: "jad va âgah purus'atâ karâma" (vii, 57, 4), "If we, in a human way, commit a crime against you (Marutas)." Ignorance and folly are also said to be the cause of sin. Thus Vasis't'a says (vii, 36, 6), "It is not our will, but temptation, wine, dice, anger, folly."

But temptation is even said to come from the gods themselves:

"Sa nas trâsatê Varuṇasja d'ûrtêr mahô dêvasja d'ûrtêh." (i, 128, 7.)

"May he protect us from Varuṇa's temptation, from the temptation of the great God!"

Again, we often read of the fetters which bind mankind, and from which release is asked of the gods, especially of Varuṇa. For instance: Vj asmat pâs'aṁ Varuṇô mumôk'at. "O Varuṇa, free us from the fetter!" (vii, 88, 7). And vi, 74, 3:

"Ava sjatam muñk'ataṁ jan nô asti tanûs'u badd'aṁ kṛtam ênô asmat."

"Unbind, and set us free from, the sin which has clung to our bodies, O ye two (Sôma and Rudra)!"

Also vii, 93, 7:

"Jat sîm âgas' k'akṛmâ tat su mṛlà tad arjamâditih śiśrat'antu."

"Whatever crime we have committed, may (Agni) pardon it, may Arjaman Aditi absolve!"

"Vi mak' k''rat'âja raśanâm ivâgas."

"Set me free from sin as from a trap!"

And not only is the inducement to sin said to

proceed from the gods, but the traps and meshes for wrong-doing are ascribed to the same source (ii, 27, 16).

The Psalms know sin only in connexion with the nature of man, with his weakness as the dust-born:

"Kî hû jâda jizrênû ṣak'ûr kî âp'âr anak'nû."

"For He knoweth our frame; He is mindful that we are dust."

"Elôhîm attâ jâda tâ l'ivvalti v'as'môt'aj mimm'k'a lô nik'k''âdû." (lxix, 6.)

"O God, thou knowest my folly, and my guilt is not hidden from Thee!"

Sin committed is here represented as the cord which the sinner winds round himself.

Both in the Ṛgvêda and the Psalms a distinction is drawn between the man who sins from weakness and the man who deliberately chooses wrong-doing. In the one case we have *ag'aśaṅsa*, the plotter of evil, *dus'kṛt*, the wrong-doer, and *pâpa*, the bad man. In the other, *pôêl âven*, the worker of iniquity, *k'aṭṭâ*, the sinner, and *râs'â*, the criminal.

The representation of these wicked men shows us what sin was considered to be. Ṛs'i and psalmist alike ascribe to them lying, cheating, falsehood, malevolence, and violence (Ṛgv. i, 42, 3 and 4; Ps. x, 7, and xxviii, 3). In both books the wicked are designated as wild animals. The Ṛs'i speaks of the *vṛkas*, the wolves, the psalmist of the *kep'îrîm*, the young lions, the *lebâîm*, the lions. Both desire

that such shall be caught in their own traps (Ps. xxxv, 3, 7, 17; Ṛgv. ii, 23, 6; viii, 18, 13).

But the great gulf between the Psalms and the Ṛgvêda is best seen in those passages which treat of sacrifice and offering. According to the Vêda the man who fails to pour his libations and offer the sacrifice is described as wicked (ag'âju), inhuman (amânus'a), and even as an atheist (adêvaju) (i, 147, 4; vii, 1, 13; i, 150, 2, and viii, 59, 11). Hence poverty is looked upon as a great sin, and the person without means as one of evil life (durêvâ).

Contrast with this what we find in the Psalms (xl, 7):

"Sebak' ûmink'â lô k'âp'astâ."

"Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not! The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." (li, 17.)

Again (vxxiv, 6):

"This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

The consequence of sin is punishment, decreed by the deity. This is a thought common to both collections, and, indeed, expiation or punishment is alike in Hebrew and Saṃskṛt apperceived by an expression for sin. Thus *avôn* (Gen. iv, 13) and *k'aṭṭât* (Zach. xiv, 19), and *pâśa*, the fetter of sin and punishment, of disease and death. Both Ṛs'i and psalmist pray that they may not suffer for the sins of their forefathers, and whilst the former also longs to be free from others' guilt, the latter prays

that the sins of his youth may not be remembered against him.*

But whereas the Vêdic singer implores forgiveness and reconciliation in order to avert chastisement, the singer of Israel prays to God for pardon because of his broken spirit, his consciousness of guilt, and longing for repentance. "For I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me" (li, 5). And this not only as regards the past, but also with respect to the future: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," (li, 12). "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me." "Good and just is Jahavah (Jâhû); therefore doth He direct sinners in the way."

This is the essential difference: the Hebrew seeks forgiveness from one holy and righteous God; the Âryan tries to avert punishment by appealing to many gods.

[For this portion of my subject I have consulted the works of my friend Prof. Deussen and Dr. M. Holzmann, and gladly commend them to the reader who may care to pursue the enquiry.]

* Al tiṣkor lânû avônôt' ris'ônîm (lxxix, 3). K'aṭṭôt' n'ûraj ûp's'û aj al tiṣkor (xxv, 7).

Ava drugd'âni pitrjâ sṛg'â nô 'va 'â vajaṁ k'akṛmâ tanûb'ih (vii, 36, 5).

Mâ va ênô anjakṛtam b'ug'êma (vi, 51, 7).

III.

THE BRÂHMAṆAS.

PASSING on to the second period of Indian philosophy we come to the Brâhmaṇas, the time of âśramas and castes: and here we may at once notice that the speculations of the Purus'a-Sûkta, of which we have given a metrical translation, and in which the universe is represented as created by the sacrifice of the various parts of the world-giant, form the foundation on which has been reared the theory of sacrifice propounded in the Brâhmaṇas. For here, as Professor Eggeling points out, Prag'âpati, who takes the place of Purus'a, is regarded as offered up anew in every sacrifice, which is a repetition of the first creative act. And the complicated structure of the great fire-altar becomes a miniature representation of the universe.

Discursive and fanciful as many of the Brâhmaṇas are, we can nevertheless trace a certain sequence of cosmogonic ideas. First we have the history of Prag'âpati. In the Aitarêja, Taittirîja, and S'atapat'a Brâhmaṇas he is first described as the Creator, then as Preserver and Ruler. Attempts are even made to derive Prag'âpati from some still higher Principle such as Âpas, Asad, Manas, and Brahman. Nor is this all. We also find a trans-

formation of the deity into Vâk' voice, Samvatsara, year, and Jag'ña, sacrifice. Then we come to the history of Brahman, from which these prose texts of the Vêda are named.

As Professor Deussen has well shown, the three concepts in which, during the Brâhmaṇa period between the Ṛgvêda and the Upanis'ads, philosophic thought was wont to move, and in which it may be summed up, were Prag'âpati, Brahman, Âtman. The transition from the first to the last is an easily intelligible process, analogous to other historical developments of a philosophic nature. It is, in fact, a progress of thought from the mythological to the philosophical. But for Âryan culture as found in Ârjâvarta, the significant fact is that, between the mythological and philosophical concepts, a third steps in, which is essentially neither the one nor the other, but one wholly ritual. Of the period which produced the greatest ritual works of the world, these gigantic scholastic buildings, it is certainly characteristic that philosophical speculation was concentrated on *Brahman*, an originally ritual concept, and grasped it so fully that later, in the Upanis'ad period, and, indeed, even to the present, no doubt with deviation from the primitive ritual sense, it was retained in order to denote, as a complete synonym of Âtman, that which to the Hindû represents alike the great First Cause and the highest goal of all human thought and effort.

As regards the meaning of the term which gives its name to the priestly codes, there is even to-day, at all events to some extent, a conflict of opinion. In his 'Sanskrit Texts,' Dr. John Muir has been at

pains to show that Brahman is used first of all in the sense of prayer or hymn, and, when masculine, as the composer or reciter of a hymn or prayer, though, as a rule, the name given to the singer of the hymn is Ṛs'i, and sometimes Vipra, Vêd'as, Kavi. Professor Deussen tells us that the word Brahman is found in more than 200 places in the Ṛg-vêda, Dr. Muir, on the other hand, says that it occurs forty-six times, and the term Brâhmaṇa in only eight hymns. There is an interesting passage in the seventh Maṇḍala to the effect that "both the ancient and the recent Ṛs'is have begotten prayers."* Again, "they call him a Ṛs'i, him a Brahman, reverend, a chanter of Sâma verses and reciter of Ukt'as—he knows the three forms of the brilliant (Agni)—the man who first worshipped with a largess."

It is quite true that our word "prayer" does not wholly cover the Saṃskṛt term, which may sometimes be rendered by "word" alone, as the aspiring Will of Man, the λόγος ἐνδιαθετός, from √*barh* farcire. In India, as elsewhere, prayer has two sides, the moral and the mythological, the individual and the super-individual, and in order to fully understand the religious history of Ârjâvarta we must bear them both in mind. The super-individual side is specially manifest in the origin of the word. It is the welling up of the spirit, the longing to be one with the Divine when on the wings of devotion. This feeling of the inspiration of the one who prays is found developed to a great extent in the Ṛgvêda.

* Jê k'a pûrvê Ṛs'ajô jê k'a nûtnâh Indra brahmâṇi g'anajanta Vipràh.

"Sing a prayer given by God" (i, 37, 4). "Varuṇa effects prayers; him, the path-finder, we implore to reveal the sacred song through our heart" (i, 105, 15). "From thee, O Agni, come the poet's gifts, from thee the songs of devotion and the hymns of praise if they are to succeed" (v, 42, 4).

From such utterances it is manifest that even the Vêdic singers are to a great extent conscious that they speak not as individuals but in the service of a higher power. And because prayer is held to be divine it is not simply limited to what the praying singer expresses; only a quarter of the expressed thought tarries with men, three quarters remain hidden in heaven as personified sacred speech (x, 125). It is at once the language of the celestials and the subject of their conversation: "the gods were conversing concerning Brahman" (Taitt. S., 3, 5, 7, 2). "The gods sang, the Gand'arvas spake of Brahman" (T. S., 6, 1, 6, 6). And only a limited part of this Brahman forms the Vêda; the Ṛk, the Sâman, and the Jag'us are limited, but there is no end to what the Brahman is (T. S., 7, 3, 1, 4). And this endless essence the suppliant felt that he carried in himself, that it arose within him. "In the hidden depths of his own breast the devotee, far removed from his own individuality, by means of prayer (Brahman) became aware of a power which he felt to be above all other powers in creation, a divine power which, as he realised, dwells in all earthly and heavenly beings as the inner regulating principle (antarjâmin) whereon rest all worlds and all gods, in fear of which fire burns, the sun shines, storm and death accomplish their work,

and without which not even a straw is burned by Agni or carried away by Vâju."

Now, when there came to be a division of functions in religion, the word Brahman was used for a minister of public worship, and, at last, in the sense of one particular kind of priest with special duties. Thus:

"Thou, Indra, with the believers didst blow against the unbelievers, with the Brahmans thou didst blow away the Dasju." *

"O pure Sôma, in the place where the Brahman, uttering a metrical hymn, is exalted at the sacrifice through the crushing stone, begetting pleasure with Sôma; O Indu flow for Indra!"

Lastly, as distinguished from the Hôtar, Udgâtar and Ad'varju, the word Brahman seems to designate the particular class of priest so called. "I have sat," says Agni, "as an adorable Hôtar; all the gods, the Maruts, stimulate me. Day by day, ye Aśvins, I have acted as your Ad'varju. The Brahman is he who kindles the fire: this is your invocation" (x, 52, 2).

The word Brâhmaṇa is also found in many passages of the Ṛgvêda. For instance:

"Speech consists of four defined grades. These are known by those Brâhmans who are wise. They do not reveal the three which are esoteric. Men speak the fourth grade of speech.

"The men who range neither near nor far, who are

* Amanjamânân ab'i manjamânair nir brahmab'ir ad'amô dasjum Indra.

Jatra brahmâ pavamâna k''andasjâṁ vâk'aṁ vadan grâvṇâ sômê mahîjatê sômêna ânandaṁ g'anajam Indrâja Indô parisrava.

neither Brâhmans nor yet pious worshippers at libations—these, having acquired speech, frame their web imperfectly, (like) female weavers, being destitute of skill.

"One man has a store of verses (ṛk'âm), another sings a hymn (gâjatra) during the *s'akvaris*, one who is a Brâhman declares the science of being (g'âta-vidjâm), whilst another prescribes the order of the ceremonial" (Ṛgv. i, 164, 45, etc.).

In the Kât'aka Brâhmaṇa (xxxvii, 17) there is a remarkable passage about the most renowned of the ancient Âryan seers, which shows at what an early period sacerdotalism had begun to make itself felt in India:

"The Ṛs'is did not behold Indra face to face; it was only Vasis'ṭ'a who so beheld him. Indra was afraid lest Vasis'ṭ'a should reveal him to the other Ṛs'is and said to him, 'I shall declare to thee a Brâhmaṇa in order that men may be born who shall take thee for their purôhita. Do not reveal me to the other Ṛs'is.' So he declared to him these parts of the hymn. Hence men were born who took Vasis'ṭ'a for their purôhita."*

Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most important of the many curious legends contained in these priestly portions is the story of S'unahśêpa, which is found in the Aitarêja Brâhmaṇa belonging to the Ṛgvêda.

"A certain king, named Hariśk'andra, having no

* Ṛs'ajô vai Indram pratjaks'aṁ na apas'jaṁs taṁ. Vasis'ṭ'ah êva pratjas'am apas'jat, sô 'bib'êd "itarêb'jô mâ ṛs'ib'jah pravak'sjat'i" iti: sô 'bravîd: "brâhmaṇaṁ tê vaks'jâmi jat'â tvat-purôhitâh prag'âh prag'anis'jantê, at'a mâ itarêb'jah ṛs'ib'jô mâ pravôk'ah" iti; tasmai êtân stôma-b'âgân abravît tatô Vasis'ṭ'a-purôhitâh prag'âh prâg'âjanta.

son, went to the sage Parvatanârada and asked what real use and source of pleasure a son could be. The answer was that there was no joy like it. A man might have food and raiment and much gold, nay, a loving wife and daughter, but without a son he could never clear off his debt to his forefathers, could never know the ecstasy of light from the highest heaven. So Nârada said, 'Go to the great Varuṇa and say, "Let but a son be born to me and I will sacrifice the same to thee."' This the king did, and in due time a son was born, and named Rôhiṭa. When the lad had come to a fitting age, the father thus addressed him, 'My son, I have devoted thee to him who granted thee; therefore prepare thyself for sacrifice.' 'No,' said the son, took up his bow, and left his father's home. Then Varuṇa was angry, and caused the king to suffer from dropsy. For six years Rôhita roamed the forest, and one day it chanced that he came upon a Brâhman eremite, named Ag'îgarta, half dead with the pangs of hunger, together with his wife and three sons. 'O Brâhman,' said Rôhita, 'one hundred cows will I give thee for one of these thy sons.' But the father put his arms round his eldest son and said that he could not part with him, whilst the mother clung to the youngest. Then S'unahśêpa volunteered to go, so he was purchased for one hundred cows and taken to the king as a substitute for his son. Hariśk'andra then took the lad and prayed to Varuṇa, 'Let him be ransom for my son;' to whom the god replied, 'Than a Ks'atrija more worthy is a Brâhman; let him be offered.'

"Preparations were then made for the sacrifice.

But the question arose, Who will bind him to the post? To officiate as priests four renowned Ṛs'is were ready, but none would do this. At length the father, who had followed the boys, consented to bind 'Sunahśêpa upon being presented with another hundred cows. Still none would venture to kill him. The greedy Ag'îgarta then went so far as to say, 'Yet give once a hundred cows, and I will slay him for you.' So for the third time a hundred cows were given, and the father whetted his knife to offer up his son. But the child cried, 'Let me implore the gods, if, haply, they will bring release.' Then with verses from the Vêda, S'unahśêpa prayed to all the gods, and they delivered him from death, and to his father brought relief."

This legend from ancient India will at once recall to the western reader the well-known story of Abraham and Isaac, as told in the 22nd Chapter of Genesis. Human sacrifice is of immemorial antiquity, and in the eighth century B.C., under Israel, even the offering of children was prevalent. In order to combat this tendency the teller of the thrilling tale teaches that, although he highly values the readiness to bring so great a sacrifice, Israel's God does not desire that it should be brought. But the great patriarch is represented as the pattern of an obedience which can be put to the severest test. And herein lies the strength, shines the sombre beauty of the Semitic story. Not for all the bulls of Bashan, or for the cattle upon a thousand hills, would Abraham be induced to slay his son; the voice of God would alone suffice.

The Hebrew account is doubtless by the Elôhist,

that is to say, Northern Israelitish in origin, but worked up by a Judæan, as we see not only by the probable insertion of verses 14—18, but in the change of scene. There is good reason to believe that the original writer placed the altar upon which the Father of the Faithful was to offer up his son on Gerizim, but that the later narrator of the south considered that it could not have been other than the Mount of the Vision of Jâhû (Moriah), the very spot of the Zion sanctuary, where was to stand the Holy Temple of the City of Peace!

At this period of the Brâhmaṇas sacrifice is the very centre of religion. In whatever stage we find it, whether to be explained by the gift-theory, the theory of homage, or that of abnegation, of the sacred significance attached to the act in primitive worship there can be no doubt (cf. jâg-am, ἁγ-ος; jag'jas, ἅγιος). We open the oldest book of the Âryan race, and lo! at the beginning stands the thought of sacrifice. Agni, the divine fire, mouth of the gods, and messenger of the all-knower, receives the offerings burned on the altar fire. "O Agni! the sacrifice which thou encompassest whole, it goes unto the gods!" *

A comparison of the Brâhmaṇas with the book of Leviticus brings out many interesting points. First of all, it shows us that sacrifice is a religious rite of remote antiquity, adopted and sanctioned alike by Âryan and Semite. In each case the jag'ña, the ṣebak', appears "not with the lower conception of a gift acceptable and even beneficial to deity, but with the higher significance of devout homage or

* Ṛgv. i, 1, 4.

expiation for sin." According to the Indian ritual the sacrificer is the animal, which, as it were, ransoms the man,* whilst those who sacrifice are said to remove their sin.† Again we read, "Let him who desires heaven sacrifice;" † "By faith the fire of sacrifice is kindled; by faith the offering is offered."‡ But the great difference between them is that, to the Hindû the jag'ña was sacramental, to the Hebrew the ṣebak' was typical. From the first the Brâhmans seem to have been more or less conscious that the horse, or whatever animal was used in the sacrifice, could not of itself be the burden-bearer, and so they did not hesitate to say that the deity must be incarnate in the animal offered, whether as Prag'âpati or as Vis'ṇu. "He who is this Vis'ṇu is sacrifice; he who is this sacrifice is Vis'ṇu." "Prag'âpati is this sacrifice, is both uttered and unuttered, finite and infinite. What the priest does with the Jag'us text, with that he consecrates the form of Prag'âpati which is uttered and finite. And what he does silently with that he consecrates the form of Prag'âpati, which is unuttered and infinite."

And this great thought seems never to have been lost. We find it not only in India, but also in Scandinavia, four centuries before the introduction of Christianity. The Hâvâmal tells us how Odhin sacrificed himself on Ygg-Drasil (iii, 5, 138):

"Veit ec at ec hecc
Vindga meiđi a
Netr allar nío,
Geiri undapr

* Tait. Sam. vi, 1, 11, 6. † Ait. Br. v, 25; i, 13.
‡ Tait. Br. ii, 8, 8, 6.

Oc gefinn Oðni,
Sialfr sialfom mer,
A þeim meiþi
Er mangi veit
Hvers hann af rótom renn."

"I know that I hung
On the windy tree
For nine whole nights
Thrust through with a spear,
To Odhin offered,
Myself to myself,
Upon the tree whereof the root
Is hidden from the ken of man!"

But the Hebrew never loses sight of the fact that the sacrifice of the animal is typical of the offering of one's whole moral nature to God. The very psalmist who sings, "Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar" is he who exclaims:

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, Thou wilt not despise!"

And with Israel's choicest spirits it is the spirit of the prophet rather than the ceremonial of the priest that prevails. Here we have Prototype and Antitype. No Christian can read unmoved the vision of the great prophet:

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every

one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

"He was oppressed, yet He humbled Himself, and opened not His mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, yea, he opened not His mouth."

In all ages of the world there has been the craving of the human soul for the Burden-bearer, but what a gulf between this and the self-immolation of Vis'ṇu, Odhin, Prag'âpati! Only to the Man of Sorrows must all hearts turn, for He alone could say:

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

IV.

THE VÊDÂNTA.

LASTLY, we have to grapple with what is undoubtedly the subtlest and most profound of all India's teaching, which has sunk so deeply into the national consciousness that it has become the most formidable foe which the Christian missionary has to face, namely, the philosophy of the Vêdânta.

By orthodox Hindûs all parts of the Vêda are considered to be apaurus'êja, that is to say, not written by man, but revealed. But whereas Mantra B'âga and Brâhmaṇa B'âga treat only of Karṃa-Kâṇḍa and Upâsanâ-Kâṇḍa, or works and worship, Upanis'adas or Vêdânta, *i. e.* Vêda's end, has wholly to do with G'ñâna-Kâṇḍa or knowledge of things divine. According to the regular curriculum, the rules under the first two heads were taught to all the so-called twice-born classes, and were considered absolutely binding until the Ṛs'is had come to see that the student's soul was fit for a revelation of the Self.

Now, of the Vêdânta metaphysics taught by the ancient Âryan seers to their Ad'ikârins, there are four forms: the Advaita of S'aṁkara, the Viśis'ṭâdvaita of Râmânug'a, the Dvaita of Mâd'va, and the S'udd'âdvaita of Vallab'a.

We must remember that amongst the concepts by which Indian thought leading up to the Upanis'ads, in which this philosophy is enshrined, seeks to get a more exact expression of the everlasting unity, dimly discerned in the Ṛgvêda, the most important are those which have found the key to Nature as a whole in the contemplation of one's own self, that is to say, the conception of the Eternal One as Purus'a (man, mind), Prâna (life), and, above all, as Âtman (self). In a previous work * we ventured to lay stress upon the interesting history of the last word, how from the simple act of breathing, so distinctive of life in its beginning, and coinciding with its departure at death, the intension of the concept was gradually raised until it came to express what Anaximander meant by ἀρχή, Parmenides by ὄν, Plato by ὄντως ὄν, Spinoza by *substantia*, Kant by *Ding an sich*, and Spencer by the Unknowable. The process of conceptual refinement is well shown in the Taittirîja Upanis'ad. As regards the G'îvâtman, or conscious soul, we have first of all the *Annarasamaja Purus'a* or man in his bodily state nourished by food, also called Mâtṛs'vâ. But this body is only a sheath (kôśa) which hides the essence; if we remove it we arrive at the *Prâṇamaja Âtman*, the self with the breath of life, but this also is a husk which, when taken away, reveals the *Manômaja Âtman*, the intellectual self; and so from this, pressing on in the same way to the *Vig'ñânamaja Âtman*, or cognising self, we reach at last the *Ânandamaja Âtman*, the blissful self.

This is the kernel of Indian philosophy, whereof

* 'The Idea of God and the Moral Sense,' p. 13.

the Vêdas and Brâhmaṇas are but the *kôśas* and the *upakôśas !*

But in order to get at anything like a consistent philosophy from the Upanis'ads, which he considered to be revealed truth, S'aṁkara found it necessary to construct two systems : one lower, one higher. The *pâramârt'ikâ avast'â* or *nirguṇâ vidjâ* is the esoteric, the philosophical κατ' ἐξοχήν, whilst saguṇâ vidjâ, vjâvahârikî avast'â is the exoteric, or what we should call the theological.

In dealing with these two systems it will perhaps be best to confine ourselves to their central teaching, namely, the theological.

(A) The Thought of God.

If by Vêdânta we understand not only the Sûtras and the Upanis'ads, but also the B'agavad Gîtâ, then, indeed, we may say that we have here henotheism, monotheism, and monism. It is the old Âryan distinction between karma-kâṇḍa and gñâna-kâṇḍa, between g'ñâna-jôga and b'akti-jôga, word and work, reason and faith, law and love. To the purely intellectual Brâhman, such as the uncompromising S'aṁkara, the advaitî devotee *par excellence*, Brahman is Êkam Êvâdvitîjam, wholly one, without a second. In the words of the S'âṇḍilja vidjâ, which is certainly the oldest form of the fundamental dogma of Vêdânta doctrine :

"Sarvaṁ k'alv idam Brahma : tag'-g'alân ; iti śânta upâsîta."

"The whole world is indeed Brahma: from him it comes, to him it goes, in him it breathes. So let every one adore him calmly."

Or we may take the following short verses:

"Brahma satjaṃ, g'agan mit'jâ; g'îvô Brahmaiva nâparah."

"Brahma is true, the world is false; the soul is only Brahma and no other."

"Mattah parataraṁ nânjat kiñk'ad asti d'anañg'aja,
Maji sarvaṁ idam prôtaṁ sûtrê maṇigaṇâ iva."

"'Highest-mounted soul,' said I,
'Though he hover on the wing,
Cannot touch the pearls that lie
Poised on me as on a string!'"

Such, in brief, is the Nivṛtti-D'arma of the Gñânî, the nirguṇâ vidjâ of the Âtman, but it is only right to point out that there is another side to the earnest Indian's thought of God. The B'akta appeals to man's emotional nature and tells us that only by love can we approach and understand the Divine. Such a prayer as this: 'Dêhi, dêhi k'araṇamad'upânam," "Let me drink a drop of the nectar of Thy feet," or the following:

"Nât'a jôni-sahasrês'u jês'u jês'u vrag'âmj aham
Tatra tatrâk'jutâb'aktir ak'jutâstu sadâ tvaji."

"O Lord! O Imperishable! In whatever thousands of births I may wander, may my undying love be ever in Thee!"

gives us the very essence of Pravṛtti-D'arma, of saguṇâ vidjâ. The B'agavad Gîtâ is full of the doctrine of B'akti or Prêma, of passionate devotion

to the Supreme Being conceived as Kṛs'ṇa. It is, indeed, the song of the reconciliation of contradictions. The dvâitavâdin and the advâitavâdin can each find his central thought expressed in the most exquisite language, for do we not read: "However men approach Me, even so do I accept them, for the path men take from every side is mine, O Pârt'a!"* Speaking of the two forms of *jôga*, of the two paths to *anub'ûti* (realisation), Bâbû K. L. Sarkar well says:

"G'ñâna sees with a telescopic eye, b'akti sees with a microscopic eye. G'ñâna perceives the essence, b'akti feels the sweetness. G'ñâna discovers the Supreme Intelligence, b'akti reciprocates to the Supreme Loving Will."

"Âtman alone exists," says S'aṁkara, "all else is Mâjâ, and this veil can only be removed by g'ñâna or anub'ava." "Nay," says the Gîtâ, "this mâjâ of God, consisting of the three guṇas, is hard to pierce. They who come to S'rî Kṛs'ṇa as he is manifest in person, they only cross over this mâjâ." Again, though on the one hand we read:

"I, O Gudakêśa, am the Self, seated in the heart of all,
I am Beginning, Middle, End, and All in All!"

we also find (ix, 13):

"Truly the Mahâtmas, O Pârt'a, partaking of my divine prakṛti, *love* me with mind fixed on no other, having known the imperishable source of beings!"

* Jê jat'â mâṁ prapadjantê tâṁstat'aiva b'ag'âmjaham,
Mama vartmânuvarttantê manus'jâh Pârt'a sarvas'ah.
B'. G., iv, 11.

The two ways that lead to Môks'a, b'akti-mârga the path of love, and g'ñâna-mârga the way of wisdom, taught at length by the Gîtâ, become afterwards united in the B'âgavata Purâṇa. Thus it is said of Nârada:

"There, day by day, I heard heart-ravishing episodes of Kṛs'ṇa, by the favour of those Jôgîs who used to sing them. And so, hearing these, word by word, through my reverence, my intense love arose for Him-Whose-Glory-is-Loving.

"Then arose in me, who had gained a passionate longing for Him-the-Glory-of-Love, the unshaken conviction by which I perceived that this universe appearing as real and unreal, is created by my own illusive power, who am (in reality) the Supreme Brahman."

But when in the Gîtâ Arg'una asks:

"Those who ever earnestly fixed in B'akti worship Thee, and those who worship the Supreme Being as the Impersonal, Indestructible, and Unmanifested, which of these is the more accomplished in Jôga?"

the answer comes:

"Those who are earnestly attached to Me, and ever in a state of communion, worship Me with intense reverential love, these, as I take it, are the best in Jôga.

"They who worship the Indestructible, the Invisible, the Unmanifested, Omnipresent, and Unthinkable, the Unchanging, Eternal, renouncing and subduing the senses, everywhere with Budd'i well-balanced, in the welfare of all rejoicing, these also come unto Me. The difficulty of those whose minds are set on the Unmanifested is greater, for the path of the Unmanifested is hard for the embodied to reach."

Thus in the Gîtâ more stress is laid upon the saguṇam Brahman than upon the nirguṇam Âtman.

In the Upanis'ads themselves we find the most conflicting accounts of the nature of the deity. Alike in the oldest and in the most recent we have the two vidjâs. At one time Brahman is the spirit in the sun and in the eye, at another he is all-pervading Over-Soul. In the Kât'aka of the Jag'ur-vêda (ii, iv, 12, 13) we read:—

"The Man, no bigger than a thumb, is in the midst, inside the Self; the lord of the future and the past; from Him a man hath no desire to hide. This verily is That.

"The Man of the size of a thumb, like flame free of smoke, of past and future the lord, the same is to-day, to-morrow the same will He be. This verily is That."

The Bṛhadâraṇjaka of the same Vêda tells us that the warp and woof of the whole world, past, present, and future, is Âkâśa, ether, space; that this Âkâśa is woven and interwoven by Aks'aram, the Imperishable, and that this Aks'aram is Âtman.

Jâg'ñavalkja said, "O Gârgî! that which is woven and interwoven above the heavens, below the earth, and in the regions between; what is known as Past, Present, Future, is Âkâśa." "But what," asked Gârgî, "is the substratum of that Âkâśa?" And he said:

"Gârgî! He is the Aks'aram. Those who have known Brahma say that he is neither gross nor fine, short nor long, neither burning like fire nor dissolving like water. He is not shadowy and confused. He is neither the air nor the ether. He does not require eyes, ears, organs of speech, nor the mind for sensation and perception. For

his existence neither the vital heat nor the vital air are necessary.

"At the bidding of the Imperishable, sun and moon move according to law, heaven and earth are held apart, the periodicity of time is secured; the rivers from the snow-clad mountains flow, some to the east, others to the west; and at the Aks'aram's behest men admire the open-handed man, the gods respond to prayers, and departed ancestors accept the offerings prepared for them."

Then, more especially in the later *rahasjas*, He is the personal Îśvara or Îśa, distributing rewards and punishments according to a man's works. Take, for instance, the short Upanis'ad of the Vâg'asanêjins: *

"O dweller 'neath these nether skies
To see how all things in accord
Proclaim: 'The world is in the Lord,
Abandon wealth and lift thine eyes!"

"'For life, if thine a hundred years,
Must be naught else but faithful deed,
Without a thought of praise or meed,
Escaping penitential tears!

"'To sunless regions 'neath the ground,
Where dark and lonesome spirits hide,
Go, slayers of the soul, who slide
From depth to depth without a sound!

"'More hidden, more soul-piercing far
Than sight or hearing, taste, or touch
Is He, the great first Spirit, such
As only sages know, fixed as the primal star!

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 40.

"'He wandereth not, yet moves about,
Is far but still for ever near:
The world within is His, and clear
His traces in the world without!

"'Beholding all things in the Soul,
The Self in all the world around,
We know no sorrow, nor are found
To look with scorn on Nature's scroll!

"'He ev'rywhere is seen to be,
All-knowing Prophet, Poet pure,
To each assigning, to endure,
Reward of works eternally!'"

But it is with the nirguṇâ vidjâ of the Âtman, with Para Brahman, that the great commentator, and, indeed, most Vêdântins, are chiefly concerned. Of this supreme Self it is said: *kâla-dêśa-anavak'k'inna*, "unsplit by time and space;" *sarva-vikrijâ-rahita*, "free from all change." This timeless, spaceless, causeless Âtman is wholly inaccessible to human thought and speech. In the words of the Kâṭ'aka Upanis'ad (ii, vi, 12, 13):

"Since by neither speech nor mind nor yet by sight
can He be gained,
How can He be realised except by whispering 'He
is!'?

"Not only as 'He is!' both 'Is' and 'Is-not' must of
Him be said,
But truth's first smile must rest upon 'He is!'"

Again (i, 3, 11):

"Beyond the Great, the Increate; beyond the Increate, the Man;
"Beyond the Man, not anything; That is the goal
That is the end of all!"

In his endeavour to reach this goal the advâitavâdin wholly renounces all hope of reward. For him there is *ihâmutrap'alab'ôgavirâga*, "renunciation of the enjoyment of reward both here and hereafter." You ask him to define the Âtman and he keeps silence, for *sântô 'jam Âtmâ!* "Is it Purus'a, Prâṇa, Prâg'ña?" *Nêti! nêti!* "Not so, not so!" Or rather it is this and much more: it is the metaphysical entity of every Purus'a who, not by *g'ñâna* but by *anub'ava* comes to the supreme conclusion: *Aham Brahmâsmi*, "I am Brahma." This is what Sañkara calls *saṃrâd'anam*, "fulness of joy;" *mô'ks'a* or *mukti*, "salvation," whereby man's innate *avidjâ* vanishes, the mâjâ veil is removed, individuality is lost, and the G'îvâtman becomes the Paramâtman. Then it is, according to the Muṇḍaka, that a man sees both the highest and the lowest, the knot of his heart breaks, all his doubts are solved, and his works vanish. He exclaims:

"Satjaṁ g'ñânam anantaṁ Brahma
Ânandarûpam amṛtaṁ jad vib'âti
S'ântaṁ śivam advâitam.
Ôm. S'ânti S'ânti S'ânti!"

"Truth! Wisdom! Brahma! Endlessness!
Undying, shining source of Bliss;
Peaceful, blessed, secondless!
Ôm! Peace! Peace! Peace!"

For this Supreme Spirit, besides the philosophical terms Brahman and Âtman, Vêdântins have two expressions which are well worthy of consideration, namely, Ôm and Sat-K'it-Ânanda. For an exposition of these we cannot do better than study the short treatise attached to the At'arvavêda, known as the Mâṇḍûkja Upanis'ad.

The whole treatise is primarily an exposition and expansion of the sacred name, to which many other Upanis'ads refer. Thus the Kâṭ'aka (i, 2, 15):

"Sarvê Vêdâ jatpadamâmananti tapâṁsi sarvâṇi k'a jad vadanti |
Jad ik'k"antô Brahmak'arjaṁ k'aranti tatê padaṁ saṁgrahêṇa bravîmi Ôm iti êtad." ||

"That goal of which the sacred sciences all sing the praises, for which the sacred practices all speak, desiring which men enter Brahman's service, that goal to thee I now succinctly tell. It is the Ôm!"

"Hold the bow," says the Muṇḍaka, "the Upanis'ads proclaim; fit in it the sharp arrow of concentrated attention, draw it with the whole mind of devotion, and forget not that the mark is the great Imperishable. Ôm, the great name of God, is the bow, the soul the arrow, the mark, the Supreme Being himself. Shoot it with all your care and diligence. As the arrow is held fast in the mark, so is the soul lodged in divinity." "Whoso pronounces the sacred Ôm," says the Gîtâ, "the one imperishable Brahma, thinking all the while of me, he, thus abandoning his body, treads the path supreme."

In all Vêdic literature the most sacred name is

Ôm. Whereas other names of the Supreme also express or imply phenomena, or things that pass (nâmarupam), this word alone indicates the Eternal, expresses the noumenon. All followers of the Vêda believe in the threefold manifestation of the Divine, known respectively as Brahmâ, Creator; Vis'ṇu, Protector; and S'iva, Destroyer. That is to say, God is conceived as Virâta or Vâiśvânara, as Hiranjagarb'a or tâig'asa, and as Îśvara or prâg'ña. All this and even more is contained in the monosyllable. But this is not all. "The deepest and, in truth, the highest, reason," says the Vêdântin, "is that the signification of Ôm is the keynote of the realisation of the Divine Spirit. The several letters of Ôm, with unparalleled exactness, mark the successive steps of meditation by which one rises to the realisation of the true nature of divinity."

This sacred syllable consists of three letters: "A.U.M.," and these by the Mâṇḍûkja are made the modal expressions of the First Cause, the means of the self-development of the Divine along the three planes of Vjavahâra, Pratib'âsa and Paramârt'a. "A" represents g'âgrat, the "wakeful" phase or Sat; "U" svapna, the "dreaming" or K'it; and "M" sus'upti, the "slumbering" phase or Ânanda. In brooding over the meaning of "A" the devotee has in mind the deity as framer of systems and of worlds, as Brahmâ emerging from Brahman, a divine self-projection into infinite space, resulting in the music of the spheres, and in Nature as the manifold manifestation of mind. Reflection on "U" leads to a thought of the Supreme Being as turning in upon

himself to review the results of His previous act of creation. The exquisite play of light and shade, the full-toned tints and forms of star and tree and flower, the lovely lotus and the shining sea, all the high harmonics of this solid-seeming world are seen and heard as in a dream, until, in that matchless line of Dante: "Ciò ch'io vedeva mi sembrava un riso dell' Universo!" The deity viewed as himself the embodiment of all ideas and principles, is the meaning of "M." Creation and contemplation are over; the objective world has ceased to be; it is *Sarvô-paramatvât*. The All again becomes the One. Behind and above all that *Appears* is that which *Is*; *das Werden* is again *das Sein*. For "M" is mâtra, that which measures all, is the resort of all.

Here, then, we have the realisation and reconciliation of *Ad'ib'ûta*, the separable nature of Brahma, *Ad'idâiva*, the procreative principle in Nature, and *Ad'ijag'ña*, the meeting of the human and the divine. Ôm thus expresses the union of G'îvâtman and Paramâtman, the truth so often proclaimed by the Upanis'ads: hṛdi-Ajam, "He is in the heart!" This, too, is the triple thought of God—*Sat*, *K'it*, *Ânanda*, "Being, Thought, Joy."*

MÂNDÛKJA UPANIS'AD.

"To Him, the one, imperishable Ôm,
Who was, and is, and shall be; 'yond the foam
And fret of Time, and man's and Nature's home!

"His name is Brahma: Spirit, Self, and Soul,
Four-fold in form, and yet in essence whole!

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 65.

"O'er Nature's realm He watches, vision true
Guards mind and matter, speech, thought, me and you!

"And so, in second phase, He ay appears,
Worlds' dreamer and the Architect of years!

"As rest, self-folded, human souls in sleep,
When ear and eye repose, no vigils keep;
So He, in thought, in joy, knows slumber deep!

"Yea, this is He, awake or in a dream,
Within, without, o'er all things is supreme!

"Not solely self-absorbed know Him to be,
Nor yet as wholly lost in trackless space;
As mind made manifest, as giving face
To truth, aye, this and more; we cannot see
The half, much less the whole of Him who lies
Unseen, unsearchable; His qualities
No man can name. Within the soul know this:
An undivided Blessing and pure Bliss!

This matchless spirit, present everywhere,
The symbols A. U. M. can best declare.

"Of Waking, Watching, find in "A" the sign,
The first phase this of being all-divine;
O take this step and all desires are thine!

"And Meditation doth the "U" proclaim,
An ordered world, an architectural mind.
Whoso has ta'en the second step will find
His home rejoicing in the sacred Name!

"In "M" behold the silent Soul in sleep:
Who grasp this truth, of world-thought measure keep.

"The fourth is Reconciliation sure,
The last, the best, the measureless, the pure;
Awake, aware, asleep—life's thrill and flush,
The soul supreme, the silence and the hush!"

V.

THE VÊDÂNTA AND CHRISTIANITY.

BEGINNING with the most important of the three schools of philosophy, namely, the Advâita or non-duality of S'añkara, which follows the path of g'ñâna and anub'ava, we find at the outset that the fundamental difference between its teaching and that of Christianity is as to the nature of God. The Founder of our faith, though he tells us that God is Spirit (Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός) and Love (ὁ Θεὸς ἀγάπη ἐστίν) distinctly teaches His personality: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name;" "If ye had loved Me, ye would have rejoiced that I go to the Father, for My Father is greater than I;" "And now ye seek to kill Me, a man who told you the truth, which he heard from God: this did not Abraham."

No doubt we often have a very limited and imperfect conception of personality, but precisely as we know and love the Son of Man do we become conscious that He reflects and reveals God, and from Him we receive the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba! "Father!"

Again, to the Christian, alike in the divine Being Himself and in His providence, holiness is an essential, to the Hindû an accident. It is sometimes said that the best test of a religion is its ethical system, and, indeed, it is perhaps the most appropriate fruit of religious conviction, for it not only keeps before the eyes of mankind the goal which God has put before us, but also points out the way thereto. Now what is the supreme goal of advâita ethics? In other words, What is its way of salvation?

Strange as it may seem, the answer to this great question is given in almost identical terms by prince and peasant, by pantheism and agnosticism, by S'añkara, and by Gâutama, the Budd'a. *Môks'a* is *k'aurassi kâṭnâ*, "cutting the eighty-four," that is to say, getting rid of the 8,400,000 births, in the one case by following the g'ñâna-mârga, the way of knowledge, and in the other by following the ârjâs'-ṭangika-mârga, the noble eightfold path. According to S'añkara, the Brahmak'ârin pondering his Guru's words, *Tat tvam asi*, "That art thou!" and receiving the śruti text *Aham Brahma asmi*, and having become convinced alike by precept, revelation, and his own meditation (d'jâna) that he himself is the eternal Âtman, obtains *môks'a*, knows salvation. Adṛs'tam, the unseen force that used to bind his spirit by the bond of deeds to Avidjâ, and Mâjâ no longer have power over him; he is beyond and above the deeds that must be followed by repeated births, he is one with the All! And, indeed, the Nirvâṇam taught as the *summum bonum* by S'âkja Muni Gâutama, the Budd'a, differs little, if at all, from the Nêti, Nêti, the Môks'a of the Advâitin. To be

delivered from saṃsâram, the round of births and deaths, it is necessary for gods and men alike to tread the noble eightfold path of high aims, lofty speech, harmless livelihood, good conduct, right feeling, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought. In his first sermon, at Isipatana the Budd'a states very clearly the ideal of the B'iks'u. It is freedom from the fetters of individuality, the longing for salvation from the futility and sufferings of material existence. "The Will-to-Life is the worst of all diseases, individuality the greatest evil. Whoever is penetrated with this knowledge sees in Nirvâṇam the highest bliss. This wholesome advice I give you all who are gathered here: Root out the life-longing, that Jama may not continue to grind you with death!"

Here we see how Vêdântism and Budd'ism meet, how thin is the line between the "all god" and the "no god." And now let us ask, Can any earnest seeker after truth count such a môks'a as at all comparable to the life in God which Jesus came to teach and to reveal? Instead of utter loss of individuality and all that we understand by character, the Christian ideal is that of a conscious life with a holy God, made possible by fellowship with the personal Saviour, who is Himself the Way, the Truth, the Life.

The dvâita vêdântin may truly say that he worships with love a personal Kṛs'ṇa, that his best devotion is by means of B'akti-kâṇḍa, but the answer of the Christian is, "Your Kṛs'ṇa is not holy, according to your own S'âstras, in which we read, 'Listen to the story of Hari, but do not think of doing his deeds.'"

It is sin which separates from God; to be perfect as He is perfect we must all be in Christ, the sinless Revealer of the Father, and then shall east and west exclaim together:

"Sâmîpja! Sâjug'ja! Sâlôkja!"

"Near Him! One with Him! Abiding with Him!"

THE STORY OF BELFAGOR IN LITERATURE AND FOLK-LORE.

With an Appendix containing the 'Belfagore' of Giovanni Brevio, now first translated into English.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, HON. LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read Feb. 26th, 1902.]

THE story of Belfagor belongs to the Italian literature of the sixteenth century, and its invention has been attributed to four separate authors—Macchiavelli, Brevio, Straparola, and Doni. The claims of the two latter are, though for different reasons, not very strong, and the real controversy is as to Brevio and Macchiavelli.

The story of Belfagor may be thus summarised:—The souls of men who were condemned to hell complained that they had been brought to that sad estate by the agency of their wives. Minos and Rhadamanthus at length reported this to Pluto, who summoned a conclave of the infernal powers, and the result of their deliberations was that the arch-demon Belfagor was sent to the earth to investigate the matter.* He took the form of a handsome young

* Belfagor, which in French and English has become Belphegor, is the name of the Midianitish deity mentioned in Numbers xxv, 3, and other passages. The Hebrew form of Baal-Peor became Beelfegór in the Septuagint, and Beelphegor in the Vulgate. Luther, in his German version, retains the Hebrew form, as does Diodati in his Italian rendering, whilst Scio, in his Spanish translation, uses the Greek form. The form adopted by Brevio is Belfagore.

man, and was supplied with a hundred thousand golden ducats. He was to marry a wife and live with her ten years, and then return to hell with a faithful report of his experiences. Moreover, during this time he was to be subject to the ordinary mischances of humanity, and have to escape poverty, disease, and the prison by his own astuteness. Belfagor, who entered upon the task unwillingly, settled at Florence, where he could put his money out to good interest. He called himself Roderigo di Castiglia, and said that he had left Spain when young, and having made a fortune in Syria was now desirous of settling down in peace as a married man. As he desired no dowry he soon obtained a bride who was beautiful and well-born, though poor. Onesta, the daughter of Amerigo Donati, had three brothers and three sisters. Belfagor was very much in love with his wife, and as she was prouder than Lucifer himself her extravagance soon caused a serious wasting of his fortune. She induced him to set up her three brothers in different forms of trade and commerce, and to provide portions for her three sisters.

Onesta, notwithstanding Belfagor's attachment and liberality, treated him badly, and had a temper so violent that her servants left her and her husband had no peace. Even some of his assistant imps refused to stay longer and preferred to return to hell. Meanwhile he had been obliged to raise money by bills of exchange, and when these were maturing there came the news that one of her brothers had lost at play the money he had borrowed from Belfagor, and that the other was in as evil a plight

from the shipwreck of the vessel in which he was returning home with merchandise. Belfagor was now ruined, and fled to avoid his creditors. The hue and cry was so close upon his heels that he took refuge in the house of a labourer, Matteo del Bricca, who concealed him upon a promise of rich recompense. When the danger was over he narrated his history to Matteo and undertook to possess a rich lady, and not to be exorcised save by Matteo, who would thus earn a large reward. This is done, but Belfagor is still grateful and next possesses the daughter of a King of Naples, and Matteo earns still greater emoluments by freeing the lady from the demon. He now desires to abandon the trade of exorciser, but a little time after the daughter of Louis, King of France, suffered from an evil spirit, and Matteo was summoned. He declined, but with the assent of the Florentine Council was forcibly taken to France and given the alternative of curing the damsel or being hanged. Matteo endeavours to exorcise the spirit, but finds it to be his old acquaintance Roderigo, who refuses to budge. Matteo tells the King that there are certain demons whom it is difficult, if not impossible, to expel, but that he will make a last and desperate effort to cure the lady. A large stage, erected in a great square, is to be handsomely decorated, and to have an altar placed in the middle. There is to be a great concourse of nobles and ecclesiastics, and after a solemn mass has been sung, the possessed princess is to be brought upon the stage. On one side of the square is to be stationed a band of men with trumpets, horns, bagpipes, and other instru-

ments capable of making a discordant noise. When Matteo takes his hat off the band is to strike up a hideous uproar and to march toward the stage. This is done, and whilst Belfagor is mocking and refusing to be expelled Matteo gives the signal. Belfagor asks the meaning of this din, and Matteo replies, "Alas! dear Roderigo, it is your wife who is coming for you." At this unwelcome news Belfagor fled and left Matteo in possession of the field.

Of the literary quality of this story Macaulay has well said, "The little novel of Belphegor is pleasantly conceived and pleasantly told, but the extravagance of the satire in some measure injures its effect. Macchiavelli was unhappily married, and his wish to avenge his own cause and that of his brethren in misfortune carried him beyond even the licecne of fiction."

This outline will serve equally well for the story as told by Brevio, Macchiavelli, and Doni, whom I name here in the order in which their versions were printed. It must, however, be remembered that the order of publication is no criterion as to priority of composition.

The claim of A. F. Doni is the most shadowy. As he rather hints than asserts his authorship, it is best to give his own words, which are to be found in 'La Libraria'* as follows:

Non è da marvigliarsi quando si stampa un libro, e gli viene stampato sopra una casa per un' altra: percioche una bella compositione va d 'una in mille mani e fa cento mutationi, come s' è veduto in una novella sotto 'l nome del Macchiavello laquale s' è venduta in banco, e s' è stampate

* Venegia, 1580, p. 89.

nelle novelle del Brevio, ultimamente a Firenze, e io che haueva l'originale in mano mi son riso quanto la sia strappazzata: alla fine accioche si ponga fine a questa strappazzamento voglio che la si legga come dall' autor fu fatta interamente.

Then follows the novel, identical in incident, but differing to some extent in phraseology from the earlier versions. Not much stress can be laid upon this half-hearted claim of Doni to a story that had been attributed to others for more than a generation.

Which had precedence, Brevio or Macchiavelli? Brevio's novel was printed in 1545, and Macchiavelli's not until 1549; but it was a posthumous publication, for the author died in 1527. Thus there need be no question of plagiarism on either side. Nor is it to be imagined that the two narratives are absolutely identical, although the language of some of the literary historians lends itself to that supposition. The fact is that the stories of Brevio and Macchiavelli, whilst in close agreement both as to the incidents and ideas, are quite distinct in the form of expression. The name of the heroine in Brevio is Ermellina, in Macchiavelli it is Honesta, though both represent her as the daughter of Amerigo Donati. Macchiavelli's autograph MS. was given to Magliabecchi by his learned friend Bernardo Benvenuti, and is now in the Magliabecchiana, and is Codice 335 della Classe VII. This text was printed in 1869.*

* 'Belfagor, arcidiavolo, Novella di Niccolò Macchiavelli riscontrata sull' originale dell' autore.' Firenze: Giovanni Dotti, 1869. There is a preface by the publisher, and an introduction by G. Gargani, in which the history of the MS. is given. An appendix gives a list of the rarer and more noteworthy editions of 'Belfagor.'

The balance of evidence is overwhelming in favour of Macchiavelli. Is it a case of plagiarism? Apostolo Zeno urged that Brevio could not have "conveyed" the story as he was a prelate of the Roman Church. This is not a very convincing argument. "Dionisio Pedagogo," whilst putting Zeno's plea aside, suggests as most probable that the story was in common currency, and so came independently to the knowledge of both Brevio and Macchiavelli.*

The third in point of date is Straparola. The story, as we find it in his 'Notti,' has an air of incompleteness, and might almost justify the statement made by the author that he had not invented these stories, but only reported them as they had been narrated by the damsels who are the heroines of his book. Whether this declaration, which appears in the editions after 1553, is to be taken literally, may be doubted. Of the biography of the author nothing is known. He styles himself Giovanni Francesco Straparola da Caravaggio. The first part of the 'Notti' appeared at Venice in 1550, the second part in 1553. An edition in 1557 is said to be published at the instance of the author. Forty-two years before the appearance of the 'Notti' there was printed at Venice, with the title of 'Opera nova da Zoan Francesco Streperola da Caravazo,' a collection of "Sonetti CXV, Strabetti XXXV, Epistole VII, Capitoli XII." Straparola is more likely to be a nickname than a patronymic.

* Brevio's 'Rime e Prose Volgari' appeared at Rome in 1545. The 'Novelle' were reprinted in an edition of eighty copies dated 1799, but in reality printed at Milan in 1819.

The fourth tale of the second night is, however, told by Signor Benedetto of Previso. The Devil, weary of the continual complaints of the husbands who reach his domain against their wives, determines to make trial of the commodities of the married life. He assumes the form of a rich and handsome young man, calls himself Pancrazio Stornello, and marries Silvia Balastro. His best man was Gasparino Boncio. A few days after the wedding Pancrazio tells his wife that she must ask, once and for all, for whatever she desires in clothing, jewellery, etc., but having received her request must never repeat it. With the aid of her mother she draws up a long list of the things that excite feminine cupidity. These he at once gives her, with a warning against further demands. Notwithstanding this, as fashions change, Silvia finds that for a certain festivity she has "nothing to wear." The husband a second time supplies all her desires, and again warns her. But a third time she finds herself appealing to him. He gives her what she wishes, and, conceiving a violent dislike, abandons her for ever. Meantime, Gasparino, who is a gambler and trickster, has gone to Malfi, where one of his unpaid creditors takes a curious revenge. The Duke has become possessed by an evil spirit, who is no other than our friend Pancrazio celebrating his release from the cares of matrimony. The creditor tells the Duke that Gasparino is an accomplished exorcist, and the unlucky gamester is commanded, on pain of death, to expel the demon. It is in vain that Gasparino disclaims the powers attributed to him. He tries his hand, and in conversation with the demon finds that it is old crony Pancrazio, who,

however, refuses to budge, even for the sake of "auld lang syne." Gasparino devises a plan, and a few days later there is a great sound of music and rejoicing in the city. The sound attracts the attention of the Devil, who inquires what it may mean. He is told that the Duke has invited Silvia to the city. Upon this, rather than encounter his wife again, the Devil flees, and the Duke, thus released from demoniacal possession, rewards Gasparino. Silvia sees all her husband's gifts turn to smoke and ashes and dies mad.*

The story was included by Sansovino in the first edition of his 'Cento Novelle Scelte,' but he omitted it from the second, issued a year later, in 1562. He made some changes in it of an expurgatory nature.† It was also adapted for edification by a good priest, Carlo Casalicchio, whose book, 'Utile col Dolce,' appeared in 1671, ran through twelve editions, and was translated into German.‡

It is to be noted that in the opening sentence Macchiavelli disclaims the invention of the story.§ A possible source is indicated by Dunlop, who says, "This story, with merely a difference of names, was originally told in an old Latin MS., which is now lost, but which, till the period of the civil wars in

* There is an English version, 'The Nights of Straparola,' now first translated into English by W. G. Waters; illustrated by E. R. Hughes, A.R.W.S. London, 1894, 2 vols. Some of Straparola's novels, but not the Belfagor fable, were included in Paynter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1566.

† See the preface of "Dionisio Pedagogo" to Brevio, 1799.

‡ Marchesi: 'Per le Storia della Novella Italiana nel Secolo vii,' pp. 164—189.

§ "Leggesi nell' antiche memorie delle Florentine cose, come già s' intese per relatione d' alcuno santissimo huomo," etc. etc.

France, remained in the library of Saint Martin de Tours."*

The story of Belfagor was turned into verse by Giambattista Fagiuoli, who died in 1742. The first edition appears to be exceedingly rare, and is unknown to Passano, who mentions two reprints. That of Venice, 1820, is entitled 'Il Matrimonio del Diavolo; Novela faceta di Giambattista Fagiuoli a sua moglie.' The second, printed at Florence in 1851, varies the title to 'Le Nozze del Diavolo,' and omits the possibly ambiguous dedication from the title-page. Fagiuoli's aim was not only to versify the story, but to excise from it all that might be regarded as "contrary to religion and good manners."† Fagiuoli states that he had taken the story from Casalicchio, Doni, Brevio, Sansovino, and Straparola, but omits any reference to Macchiavelli.‡

The Latin translation of 'Belfagor' by Cæsar Beccaria (Augustae Taurinorum ex officinâ Alexandri Fini, 1870) can only be regarded as a scholarly exercise. The Italian text is given page by page with the Latin version.

The Belfagor story found its way into German

* Dunlop: 'History of Prose Fiction,' edited by Wilson, ii, p. 186. Dunlop cites no authority, but his statement is perhaps based on a note of Pierre de Larivey in his French translation of Straparola, who says that a canon of St. Martin of Tours told him that in the library of the church there was a MS. containing the story of the marriage of the devil "in five or six lines."

† Passano: 'I Novellieri Italiani in verso,' Bologna, 1868, pp. 174, 175.

‡ Marchesi: 'Per le Storia della Novella Italiana nel Secolo xvii,' Roma, 1897, p. 175. Another 'Belfagor' in verse, "da un ignoto poeta detto il Brigido," is mentioned by Marchesi as appearing in the last years of the seventeenth century.

literature in the middle of the sixteenth century. Hans Sachs has a Schwank which is dated July 13, 1557, and is entitled, 'Der Teufel nahm ein altes Weib zur Ehe.' In this the Belfagor motive appears in a somewhat different form. The Devil comes on the earth and marries a rich, but ugly and cantankerous old woman, who makes him so miserable that he runs away from her, and in the forest he meets with a travelling physician with whom he enters into partnership. The Devil enters into a rich burgher and is duly exorcised by his medical confederate. But the professor of the healing art cheats the Devil out of his fair share of the reward for this remarkable cure. The Devil conceals his annoyance, and proposes that he shall next "possess" the canon of a cathedral. When he has entered into the body of the ecclesiastic the physician comes to bid the demon begone, but the Devil refuses to budge and cries out, "The physician is a thief who has stolen five dollars from me, and no thief can expel me." When the physician heard this he was in great anxiety as to how he should get out of the difficulty and rushed out of the room in his perplexity, but soon returned and said, "Below in the courtyard is your old wife, who has got a decision, signed and sealed by the judges, that you are to live with her again." On this the Devil flies away and leaves the physician to enjoy the gratitude of his patient.*

In France the story owes its popularity mainly to the genius of Lafontaine, but it had been previously

* Hans Sachs' 'Ausgewahlte poetische Werke: Sprachlich erneuert von Karl Pannier,' Leipzig, n.d., p. 163. His "Fastnachtspiel" of 'Der Teufel mit dem alten Weibe' is not concerned with the Belfagor motive.

put into a French dress. Gabrielle Chaphuys has the story in his 'Facétieuses Journées' in 1584. Another translation, that of Tanneguy Lefebvre, appeared in 1664 under the title of 'Le Mariage de Belphégor.' In the 'Vie des Poètes grecs' (Paris, 1665) it is sandwiched between a notice of "Aratus et Homère le Tragique" and an "Abrégé de la Vie de Thésée." It has, according to M. Louis Moland, "less of grace and of piquant irony than the original," and in his opinion is the version used by Lafontaine, whose conte was printed in 1682.* As he frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to Macchiavelli it is not necessary to analyse the well-known poem.

Marc Antoine Legrand made a comedy out of Lafontaine's conte, and it was represented at the Paris Théâtre des Italiens in 1718. It is said that when Legrand advised Crebillon to become a candidate for a vacant seat at the Academy, he replied, "Moi à l'Académie! Eh, mon pauvre Legrand, j'aimerais mieux avoir fait ta pièce." There is also 'Belphégor, vaudeville fantastique,' par Dumanoir, Saint-Yves et Choler, répresenté sur le Théâtre de la Montausier (Palais Royal) le 20 mai 1851.† There were two translations of Straparola. That by Guillaume Rovillie appeared in 1615, and that of Pierre de Larivey in 1725.

The first reference to the story in English litera-

* Lafontaine dedicated his 'Belphégor' "à Mademoiselle de Chammelay," *i. e.* Marie Desmares, a famous actress who married Chevillet, Sieur Champsmeslé or Champmêlé. She was born at Rouen in 1644, and died in 1698. In the edition of 1694 Lafontaine suppressed this dedication of twenty-nine lines.

† Lafontaine, ed. Louis Moland, t. iv, p. 443.

ture is in Barnaby Rich's 'Farewell to Military Profession,' which appeared at London in 1581. This consists of eight novels and a conclusion, in which is the adventure of a devil named Balthaser, who marries, "nere aboute London," a young lady who is styled Mildred. Tired with his wife's temper Balthaser leaves her, and goes to Dover with the intention of crossing the seas, but "findyng no shippyng readie he altered his course, and gat him into Scotlande." Here he possesses the King, and Persinus, an English physician, is called in to cure the royal malady under penalty of losing his own life. Persinus is the father-in-law of Balthaser, and frightens the devil away by the announcement of Mildred's imminent approach. Rich introduces the story in these words: "And nowe, freendlie reader, because I have entered thus farre to speake of fashions, I will conclude with a tale that maketh somethyng for my purpose. I have read it so long agoe, that I cannot tell you where, nor the matter is not great, though I doe not tell you when. But in Englande (as I think) and as it should seem neare about London there was," etc. From this it appears that the fable immortalised by Macchiavelli was known in England by about the middle of the sixteenth century.*

The play of 'Grim, the Collier of Croydon,' although there is no printed edition known of an earlier date than 1662, belongs, as is evident from the style, to the sixteenth century. In this

* There is a notice of Barnaby Rich in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' See also Peter Cunningham's introduction to Rich's 'Honestie of this Age,' reprinted for the Percy Society in 1844.

play St. Dunstan appears as the opponent of the demon, and the character of the wife is made much blacker than in the Italian novel, as she does not shrink from an attempt to poison her husband. The motive is taken from Macchiavelli, but much fresh matter is imported into the plot.

Ben Jonson's 'Devil is an Ass' was printed in 1616 and acted a little earlier. It agrees so far with the Belfagor story that it describes the adventures of a spirit sent from the infernal regions to investigate the truth as to the evils of married life, but in the development of the plot the English dramatist owes but little to the Italian novelist.

The story is told in a tract entitled, 'The Divell a married man; or, the Divell hath met his match.' An abstract is given by Mr. Frederic Thomas Elworthy in his 'Horns of Honour' (London, 1900, p. 99). A copy of the tract, which is without title-page, is in the British Museum, and was published, as George Thomasson has noted, September 24, 1647. It is a translation of Macchiavelli.*

In 1691 appeared 'Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil.' This is a tragi-comedy by John Wilson, which was acted at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Garden. In the preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to Macchiavelli, "whether the original were his own or Straparola's," but he has located the story at Genoa, and has interwoven a love story so as to contrast a good wife with the one whom

* The name of the great Florentine is one of frequent occurrence in English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Many of these references are collected in Edward Meyer's 'Macchiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama' (Weimar, 1897). This is an interesting tract, but 'Belfagor' does not enter into its scope.

Belfagor has wedded. "To this purpose," says Wilson, "I fancy Imperia, the wife of Belphegor, had a sister Portia (of as high virtue as herself was void of it) married to Montalto, a noble Genoese, who had sunk his fortune in serving the Republic, which yet (unknown to him) had been generously restored by another nobleman, his friend; and thence endeavour some short characters of friendship and gratitude of a woman that sweetens her husband on all occasions of discontent; one whom no accident of Fortune can move, nor injury, how designed soever, provoke to an indecency, and of a man in him that weathers his troubles with an evenness of mind; one whom his country's ingratitude cannot tempt to a revenge, and so little affecting his own grandeur that when the Senate had at last elected him Duke, he modestly refused it." The extent to which Wilson is indebted to Macchiavelli has been exhaustively examined by Dr. Ernst Hollstein.* It may be sufficient here to say that whilst he has made great use of the Italian story he has treated it freely, and has added to it original matter that contributes much to the interest of his play.

The other appearances of Belfagor in English are entirely due to Macchiavelli's novel. His works were translated into our language by Henry Neville in 1674, and again by the Rev. Ellis Farnworth, vicar

* 'Verhältniss von Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass," und John Wilson's "Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil," zu Macchiavelli's novelle von Belfagor.' Inaugural Dissertation von Ernst Hollstein. Halle, A. S., 1901. The translation regarded as that of Henry Neville, Dr. Hollstein, on somewhat slender grounds, attributes to the Duke of Wharton. Neville was the author of 'The Isle of Pines,' a remarkable forerunner of 'Robinson Crusoe.'

of Rostherne, Cheshire, in 1762. Belfagor appears in the first volume of 'A Select Collection of Novels by several eminent hands' (London, 1722). The dedication is signed S. C., and the editorship is usually assigned to Samuel Croxall. There is a prose version, or rather abridgment, of Belfagor in Alexander Pennycuik's 'Collection of Curious Scottish Poems' (Edinburgh, 1762, p. 135). Belfagor appears in independent versions in the rare volume of 'Italian Tales,' illustrated by Cruikshank in 1824, and in Thomas Roscoe's 'Italian Novelists,' which was published in 1825. In 1872 another English version appeared in 'Streams from Hidden Sources,' by B. Montgomerie Ranking (London, 1872, p. 200). Whilst he has a bad opinion of the state of sentiment which the novel shows, he has a high opinion of the literary skill of Macchiavelli. "Neither Boccaccio, Bandello, nor any of their many followers has surpassed this romance, and it may take rank as the culminating point of that art of story-telling which rose in Italy in the fourteenth century to prepare the way for nobler work in all the earth; the foundation, however fragile, is seeming of the great temple of modern literature." In 1824 there appeared a fragmentary rendering in verse by the Rev. S. Weston,* and in 1840 appeared 'Belfagor: a tale translated in verse.'

After this glance at the appearances of Belfagor in the literature of Italy, France, Germany, and England, we may turn to the unhappy matrimonial experiences of Belfagor in folk-lore.

* Ranking's 'Streams from Hidden Sources.'

The story is current in Sicily, and is given by Pitré. The incident of the marriage is located at Palermo, and follows closely the order of the *novella*. But the exorciser is not a human being, but another demon, who, when the lame devil is expelled from the princess, marries her and is left in quiet possession of his royal bride.* This difference may perhaps be taken as an indication that it is a genuine folk-tale, and not merely a reminiscence in the popular mind of the story as it exists in Italian literature. The editor of Dunlop gives variants of the story which are current in Servia, Poland, and Bohemia. There is an Andalusian legend in which the demon is afraid not of his wife but of his mother-in-law.† It is not always easy to decide whether any given narrative is a genuine folk-tale or an echo from literature. No doubt many stories pass and repass from oral tradition to the printed book; but these have primitive characteristics.

The tale is current in Egypt, and was taken down by the Rev. A. H. Sayce from the recitation of a professional story-teller in Cairo. The Arabic text and the following English translation are given in 'Folk-Lore:'‡

There is a man who was married to a (wife), but the man was terribly irritated by his wife. When he wanted to go to a place she would say, "I will go with you," so (at last), out of irritation, he told her that he was going on the pilgrimage to Mecca. She said, "I will go with you, too." They marched along the road of pilgrimage till they came

* 'Folk-lore,' vol. xii, p. 213.

† This is Fernan Caballero's "La Suegra del Diablo" in her 'Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluces.'

‡ Vol. xi, p. 374.

to a well. He said to her, "I am going to get some water;" she replied, "I will go with you too." She went with him to the well; the man drank, went down into it first, and filled a skin (with water). Then she descended after him in order to drink; the man gives her a shove and she falls into the well. In the well was an afrit (demon). When the woman had descended into the well the afrit was irritated by her, and escaped out of it. The husband walks along a road and met with an old man. He said to him, "Good sir, what sort of creature are you?" The other replied, "I am an afrit." The husband asked, "Where are you going?" The afrit answered, "I have run away from a woman named Bakhtiya (Luck); I fell across her in the well. I left the well and went off. But come with me, we will be friends; we will go to the city, and I will enter the body of the Sultan's daughter, and you shall act as doctor. When you come to the palace, and sit in the palace, I will go out of her body; she shall be as well as she was before, and then they will give you bakshish. But afterwards I will next go into the body of the Vizier's daughter. You may come, but I won't go out of her, so don't come, for it would be better they should kill you." When they got to the city the afrit entered the body of the Sultan's daughter. The man walked along the road crying, "A physician! I heal! I'm a healer!" When they heard him in the palace they called to him, saying, "Are you a clever physician?" "Yes," he answered, "a clever one." They said, "This girl is very ill; if you cure her I will give you plenty of bakshish." He replied, "Very well," and added, "I must stay in a room along with the girl, and must have a sheep richly stewed." So he stayed in the palace three days, eating and drinking with great satisfaction, since he had had nothing to eat (previously). The afrit left the girl, and the girl became as well as she had been before, and they gave him bakshish and they gave him clothes. The afrit went into the Vizier's daughter, (so) the Vizier sent to the Sultan to ask for the physician.

The physician went to the Vizier's house, and the Vizier said to him, "If the girl is not cured I will cut off your head." The man sat in the room with the girl two or three days, but the afrit did not rise up out of her; so the man said, "My brother, depart!" The afrit replies, "No, I will not depart." Then the man asked the Vizier to let him and the girl go into the garden. When they had gone into the garden, and were staying there, the afrit rose up and sported before them, but did not depart. The man remembered his wife. He said to the afrit, "Have you not heard the news?" The afrit replied, "No." He answered, "Bakhtiya is looking for you!" When the afrit heard of Bakhtiya he vanished, (and) the girl became as well as she was before.

This does not sound like an echo from a printed book, but has all the characteristics of a genuine folk-tale. Another version, practically identical, is current in Asia Minor.*

In the 'Cuksaptati, or Tales of a Parrot,' there is a story of a demon who lives at a pīpal tree, from which he is driven by the constant scoldings of a Brahman's wife. The Brahman leaves her and makes the acquaintance of the demon of the pīpal tree. The remainder is like the Cairene story.†

In the remarkable collection of folk-tales from the Upper Indus, in the Rev. Charles Swynnerton's 'Indian Nights Entertainment,' there is an elaborate story with the Belfagor motive. According to this tale there are two friends, Mahomed Bux and Amir Khan; the latter blessed with a good wife, the former encumbered with a terrible termagant. At last they plot to kill her, and she is pushed into

* 'Folk-lore,' vol. xii, p. 213.
† Ibid., vol. xii, p. 213.

a deep well. She falls on the back of a demon who inhabited this watery mansion, and she agrees to become his wife on condition that he allows her to inflict a hundred strokes with her slipper on his head every morning. At last the demon grows weary of this diurnal castigation and leaves her. He assumes the shape of a man and becomes a sweeper at the very mosque in which Mahomed Bux, who has turned dervish, is living. Mahomed discovers from the sweeper's gluttonous fashion of eating that he is a demon in disguise. He extracts the demon's secret, and finds that both are the victims of Fuzzle Noor. In order that the dervish may keep the secret the demon promises to marry him to the King's daughter. He enters into the body of the princess, the most beautiful in the world, and makes her act as one who was mad. Mahomed promises to cure her if he may have her for wife. When he pronounces the word of exorcism the demon is not very willing to leave his comfortable quarters, but a hint that Fuzzle Noor is coming frightens him quickly away. He does not leave the city, however, but takes possession of the Vizier's daughter, and threatens to tear his quondam friend to pieces if he should again attempt the task of exorciser. He is, however, urged by his father-in-law to undertake this additional cure. When Mahomed went to the Vizier's house the demon began to rage. "My dear friend," said the exorciser, "that day at the palace I was merely joking when I told you Fuzzle Noor had come. But to-day I tell you seriously that she is now at the door of this house waiting for you, and no doubt

she will find you out. Hark! I hear her coming up the stairs." So the demon fled, and the Vizier's daughter was restored to her normal condition.*

In Bihar there is a proverb which, with its explanation, is thus given by Rev. John Christian: †

"392. A shrew strikes terror into a demon even."

Je jagdīpeñ nagar ujāral, rākas chhoral fūpar
Se jagdīpa āwat bari, hāthe le le mūsar.

That Jagdipa, who desolated the town, (and on whose account) the demon even left his habitation of the pīpal, is now coming with a pestle in her hand.

"Jagdīpa" was a village termagant, who, by her constant brawling, made it so unpleasant for her fellow-villagers that they finally quitted the village. When there was no one left to quarrel with she, it is said, used to vent her rage on a *pipal* tree. Every morning, armed with her broom, she would attack the tree and vociferate. A demon, who dwelt in this tree, unable any longer to stand this daily invasion, also left his abode and sought refuge elsewhere.

This saying is used as an invocation to exorcise evil spirits. Her name is sufficient to make any demon flee; also said in joke when one noted for her temper is coming to a place.

Whether in this rudimentary form the story is in an early stage of its evolution or a late period of degeneration, must be a matter of doubt.

Many, if not most things are found in the 'Talmud,' and it contains a legend that embodies one of the two elements that make up the story of

* 'Indian Nights Entertainment, or folk-tales from the Upper Indus,' London, 1892, p. 298.

† 'Bihar Proverbs,' p. 182.

Belfagor. The demon Benthamelion, who is travelling with Rabbi Simeon and Rabbi Josua, enters, by a divine order, into the daughter of the Emperor of Rome, and is exorcised by the two Jewish teachers, who thus obtain Imperial favour and a relaxation of the laws against their co-religionists.*

The story of Belfagor bears evidence of its Oriental origin, and fits much more easily into schemes of pagan mythology than into the theological system of Christianity. The afrit of the Arabian tale, the demon of the Punjab story, are each better fitted for the part of a henpecked husband than one of the rebel angels, still preserving a gloomy grandeur in his fatal descent from heaven to hell. It is, however, true that in the Middle Ages the Devil is often represented in a scurvy light, the butt of many jokes, and often cheated of his prey by some pretext which would not deceive the merest dolt. On the mediæval stage the representative of the infernal powers appears in a three-fold capacity: "first, as the opponent of the good; second, as the corrupter of man; third, as the buffoon." The Apostle describes the Devil as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but in the mediæval stories he has more resemblance to the ass in the lion's skin. Possibly this may be due to the imperfect assimilation of a foreign element incorporated into the religious thought of Europe in the Middle Ages. As the Belfagor story is still current as a folk-tale, and is found alike in India and in Egypt, we may reasonably assume that it has travelled from east to west. One of its elements,

* 'Dunton,' ii, 189.

the incident of the exorcism, is found in the 'Talmud,' though there is no trace there of the married Devil. At what period or by what precise route Belfagor wandered from the Orient to the Occident there is not sufficient evidence to show. It may have been brought to Italy by a traveller or sea captain who had laughed at its humour in some African harbour or Indian guest-house. In what manner it attracted the notice of Macchiavelli is equally unknown, but it is to be noted that so far from claiming it as an invention of his own he expressly states that it is taken from the memoirs of a certain holy man of Florence. That Belfagor enters into Italian literature by the agency of Macchiavelli seems to be certain. Brevio may have derived his materials from the same source as the Florentine secretary.* As told by Straparola the story suggests the repetition of one imperfectly remembered. Doni and the rest of the Italian narrators of Belfagor's woes may be regarded as imitators, acknowledged or unacknowledged, of Macchiavelli. In France the genius of Lafontaine has given a fresh charm to the story, but he keeps very close to the original. No English author of the first rank has treated the theme, though Ben Jonson has taken a shrewd hint from Macchiavelli, and John Wilson's play possesses

* As already mentioned, there are various English translations of Macchiavelli's story, but, so far as I know, there is none of the novella of Brevio, and a version is therefore given in the Appendix. A close comparison of Brevio with Macchiavelli shows many agreements and some differences. Signor Azeglio Valgimigli, of Owens College, Manchester, who has, with his accustomed courtesy, looked over the proof of this paper, reminds me of two passages in Dante which may be compared with the opening passage of 'Belfagor'—'Inferno,' xvi, 45; and 'Purgatorio,' viii, 76—78.

great merits. The early and unknown dramatist who composed 'The Collier of Croydon' has also grafted much fresh matter upon the Italian original.

Adam, in his capacity of the first man, was the first man who complained of the ways of woman; many of his sons have inherited this as well as other evil ways; and until the last man has disappeared from earth there will probably be some male person ready, with or without reason, to lay the blame of his own folly upon a woman. But if Eve's daughters have led many into the "primrose paths of dalliance," they have incited more to heroic endeavour, courageous endurance and wise contentment. Fortunately we may laugh at Macchiavelli's mordant satire and fully acknowledge the measure of truth it contains, and yet remember that older portrait, true and beautiful, of the virtuous woman, the wise wife: "the heart of her husband trusteth her, and he shall have no lack of spoil. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . She spreadeth out her palms to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy . . . strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying, Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

APPENDIX.

BELFAGORE: A TALE BY MONSIGNOR GIOVANNI BREVIO.

Printed at Rome in 1545, and now first translated into English.

Belfagore, an archdevil, is sent by Pluto into this world, with a command to marry a wife; he comes and takes one, and, not being able to bear her insolence, returns to hell.

COURTEOUS AND LOVING GENTLEMEN,—It has ever been the opinion of the wise, and of those especially who have experienced the hard and severe yoke of matrimony, that the greatest affliction, and the most difficult to endure, is a wife, when, as most frequently occurs, she happens to be peevish, tiresome, and scolding. Leaving on one side the infinite instances of this amongst philosophers and other excellent men, renowned for their deep learning and for their experience in the work of this world, of which chronicles and histories are full, I will relate a case which occurred not many years ago, in order that, warned by this example, you may lead a glad and serene life, by fleeing from this sorrow to which the enemy of your soul would deceitfully lead you. And if it comes to pass that you desire a wife, for which you are not to be blamed, be advised to examine carefully and to minutely inform yourself as to the qualities of the lady you wish to marry.

I would say, then, that it is understood from the narration of a hermit, a man of saintly life, that once when he was abstracted in his prayers he saw the souls of many men who had been condemned to the pains of hell, of whom the greater part mourned that they had come to that

miserable condition for no other reason than through having suffered the pride and insolence of their wives whilst they still had a part in human life. Minos and Rhadamanthus were much astonished at this, and as the number increased hourly, they determined to report the matter to their chief Pluto, and accordingly did so. He, upon profound consideration, summoned a Council, and after much discussion of the matter it was decided, by the common agreement of the infernal princes, to send the archdevil Belfagore into this world in the form of a man, provided with 100,000 ducats, and that he should be required and constrained to take a wife and to live with her for ten years, and at the end of that time he should pretend to die, and, returning to hell, should report in detail to Pluto and to the other princes as to the manners and lives of married women. The further condition was attached that during this time he should be liable to all the inconveniences and evils with which hard fortune afflicts and torments men in this world. It was added that he was not to avoid them by deception or astuteness. Belfagore, though not with good-will, departed upon these conditions with the money. He went in good array to Florence with many servants and horses. This city pleased him best because there he could more freely, and without regard to any one, put his money to exchange and usury. Staying there, he called himself Roderigo di Castiglia, took a house in the district of All Saints, and told all who wished to know about him that he had left Spain when a boy, and had gone to Aleppo and from there to Syria, where by his industry he had gained many thousand ducats, and that finally he had come to Florence in order to marry, and to settle down in a quiet life. Roderigo, as he was a Spaniard, had a handsome and agreeable appearance, and looked to be about thirty years old, and was particularly good-tempered and gentlemanly. In a few months the fame of his riches and his pleasant manners spread about, and many ladies were suggested to him as suitable for

a consort. One of these, who pleased him more than all the others, was the daughter of Amerigo Donati, a man who belonged to one of the best families in the city, but who was poor and had more sons and daughters than his means could well support. The wedding of Roderigo was celebrated in honourable and distinguished fashion, and nothing was omitted that on such an occasion could be desired. After his marriage with Ermellina, for so his wife was called, Roderigo, who was familiar and in business relations with the best men in Florence, became ambitious, and almost incredible as it sounds, began to be pleased with the pomps and vanities of this world. He kept a splendid table and gave money away without measure. What caused even greater damage and trouble he was so desperately enamoured of his wife that he was uneasy whenever away from her presence, and could not bear to see her sad or displeased. Now Monna Ermellina had brought into the house of Roderigo along with her good blood and her beauty more pride than even Lucifer ever possessed. Roderigo, who had experience of both, believed that of his wife to be much the greater of the two. And it increased all the more when she saw the love which the poor husband bore her. She treated him with an entire absence of respect, and ordered him about as though he were a servant, and when she wished to obtain something that he had to refuse she reviled him in the most opprobrious terms she could find for scolding and scoffing. These things caused Roderigo great trouble. Nevertheless, having regard to his father-in-law, to his wife's brothers, sisters, and their relations, and still more from his ardent love for her, and, in addition, from the obligation into which he had entered with Pluto, he patiently endured all the wickedness and bad manners of the lady. After a time he found that he had expended the greater part of his wealth, for in addition to the great cost he had in clothing his wife, who, as is the custom of Florence, dressed daily in new fashions, and in satisfying her

whimsical appetites, which he was obliged to do in the hope of peace, he sent one of her brothers to the Levant with a great cargo of cloth, and another of them to the West with similar merchandise, and set up the third as a goldbeater in Florence. In this way he expended the greater part of his possessions. As the Carnival and St. John's Day drew near, in which the whole city, by ancient usage, is given up to festivity, and many of the more aristocratic and rich citizens honour each other by splendid entertainments, Monna Ermellina, who would not have yielded to an empress, determined that Roderigo should surpass all the others in expenditure. All these things, for the reasons already given, he endured, and however hard they were to tolerate he would have thought them but slight if by this means household peace could have been obtained. The result was quite otherwise, for these unsustainable expenses, added to the evil temper of his wife, brought numberless unpleasantnesses. There was not a servant who would remain with her more than a few days. No one could endure for any length of time her ways. The servants, whether they came from the country or the town, soon left; nay, even the demons whom Roderigo had brought with him in the form of men as servants preferred to return to the household of the Devil rather than remain in this world under her imperious control. Such was the position in which poor Roderigo now found himself. Having by excessive and extravagant expenditure consumed his ready money, he was obliged, in order to maintain his position, to live upon the expectation of the returns from his mercantile ventures in East and West. He had still good credit and began to raise money upon bills of exchange, and soon had many accounts running against him, as happens to many who manage their affairs in this manner. Not content with this, fickle Fortune, whose wheel alone brings good or evil to men, caused news to arrive that the brother of Monna Ermellina, who was trading in the West, had gambled away all that Roderigo

had entrusted to him; and the other brother, returning from the East in an uninsured vessel, suffered shipwreck and was drowned. No sooner were these tidings known than Roderigo's creditors came together, although their bills were not yet due, to consider how to watch him lest he should abscond. On the other hand, Roderigo, finding no remedy for his desperate case, and still more being weary of the miserable life which Monna Ermellina led him, arose very early one morning, and rode towards the Prato gate which was not far from his house. His creditors quickly knew of this from the report of one of their spies, and at once applied to the magistrates, and with the officers of justice and many of their friends they started in pursuit. Poor Roderigo was not more than two miles from Florence when he heard the tramping of the horses behind him. Seeing the danger he left the high road, and dismounting and passing on foot through some fields, crossing ditches, of which that country is full, he sought for a chance to hide, and at length by running and walking he came to Peretola and entered the house of one Gianmatteo del Briga, a labourer of Giovanni del Bene, and there sought shelter. Just then Gianmatteo was feeding his oxen, and Roderigo implored him most earnestly, and for the love of God, to rescue him from his pursuers, and promised that if he would do so he should be a rich man. Gianmatteo, although a rustic, was a man of courage, and took pity on Roderigo. Thinking that he could only gain by doing so, he decided to save him. So he hid him on a rubbish heap in front of the house and covered him with chaff and weeds that he had been gathering together in order to be burned. Having done this he entered the house. When the creditors arrived and began to search, they could not, either by prayers or menaces, make Gianmatteo understand who this Roderigo was. At length, having spent the day in a vain search, they returned to Florence, weary and out of spirits. Gianmatteo, when they had been gone a sufficient length of

time, brought Roderigo forth from his hiding place, and reminded him of his promise. Roderigo, after having thanked him heartily, said, "I am under a great obligation, which by all means I wish to fulfil, and in order that you may believe that I can do so you must understand who I am." Thereupon he recounted his adventures—his coming from hell, his marrying a wife, and the incidents that had followed. Roderigo added that the mode in which he intended to enrich his preserver was this:—When Gianmatteo heard that some lady was possessed by a demon, he would know that Roderigo was the spirit that had entered into her. "Oh," said Gianmatteo, "are they not all possessed?" Roderigo laughed and said, "Good, but I will enter into one in particular, and her father will have to pay what you demand, for I will never leave her unless you come to exorcise me." When they had come to this agreement Roderigo disappeared. Not many days later all Florence was full of the news that a young woman, who was the daughter of Ambrogio Amidei, and the wife of Buonaiuto Tebaldino, was possessed by an evil spirit. The father and husband tried all the remedies that are usual on such occasions, such as the cap of San Zenobi and the mantle of San Giovan Alberto and similar devices, which had no impression on Roderigo, who poked fun at them in order to make quite clear to everyone that it was not any fiction of the imagination, but really an evil spirit that had the damsel in his power. Roderigo discoursed in Latin on the secret things of philosophy, and revealed the sins of many, and amongst others of a Franciscan friar, who had kept, for many years, a girl in his cell, dressed in the fashion of the order. These and many other things he declared, which were marvellous to hear. When at last Messere Ambrogio had lost all hope of the girl being cured, the matter came to the ears of Gianmatteo, who, remembering the promise made by Roderigo, went to Florence. Having reached the house of Messere Ambrogio, Gianmatteo told him that if he would give him five hundred

florins with which to buy a farm he would undertake to cure the young lady. Ambrogio willingly agreed to this bargain. Gianmatteo caused certain masses to be said, and then, after some other ceremonies to give colour to the proceedings, approached the lady and whispered in her ear, "Roderigo, I am Gianmatteo, who have come in order that you may fulfil your promise." To this Roderigo replied, "I am content, but this affair will not make you as rich as I ought and desire to make you; therefore when I leave here I shall enter into the daughter of Carlo, King of Naples, and I shall never leave her unless you come to expel me; then you can obtain a richer present and give me no further trouble."

Having said that he departed, not without the exorcism amazing the people of Florence. Not many days had passed when all Italy heard that a daughter of the King of Naples was a victim of demoniacal possession. After many exorcisms made without result the fame of Gianmatteo reached the ears of the King. He was sent for from Florence, and having reached Naples, he, after the customary ceremonies, freed the King's daughter, and received a present of some six thousand ducats. He returned to his home, and shortly afterwards took a house at Florence and began to enjoy his wealth after the fashion of the citizens, and did not attempt to cure any more possessed women. Whilst Gianmatteo was thus enjoying peace and felicity with his family it happened that Roderigo took possession of the daughter of the King of France, who, not finding any method of delivering her, was reminded of Gianmatteo by the Florentine Ambassador. In consequence a letter was sent to the authorities of that city asking them to send him to France. When Gianmatteo came into the presence of the King and heard what was required of him, he tried to be excused and declared that he no longer understood exorcism, and that there were some spirits so evil that they did not fear the masters of the art, and that he felt afraid this was one

of the worst. He also said that the demons were more difficult to drive out on that side of the mountains than on the other. All this Gianmatteo said in order not to be disagreeable to Roderigo, but the King in reply swore that he would hang Gianmatteo unless the damsel was set free. Then, seeing that it was impossible to escape, Gianmatteo took heart, and after the customary ceremonies the demoniac was brought in, and he whispered in her ear in the most humble manner a petition to Roderigo that he would leave her. In asking this favour he reminded Roderigo of the service rendered in the past, and told him of the peril in which his rescuer now found himself; to which appeal Roderigo turned an unfavourable countenance, and cried, "You traitorous villain, how dare you come after me? Is not what I have enabled you to gain sufficient for you? You were a farm labourer, and you have been made a gentleman, and yet you are not content! Get away from me as quickly as you can before I do you an injury." Gianmatteo, in spite of this disdain, still begged Roderigo to let the young lady go free. Then he said to the King, "I have told your Majesty that the spirits of this part are more malevolent and difficult to exorcise than those of Italy, but nevertheless I will make one more attempt. Your Majesty must order a great stage to be erected in the square in front of the Church of Notre Dame, a stage so large that all the ecclesiastics of the city and all the nobles of your court may be present there; it must be draped in silk and cloth of gold, and in the middle an altar must be set up. Next Sunday I desire that your Majesty with the clergy and with the nobles in their greatest state, and all clad in the richest attire of silk and cloth of gold, shall come upon the stage I have named, where, after the celebration of mass, the possessed damsel shall also be brought. I desire, in addition, that on one side of the square there shall be assembled the players of all sorts of noisy instruments, each player holding his instrument ready, and when I give them the signal by raising

my cap, I want them all to strike up at once, and as they sound their instruments to march towards the stage."

All this the King accordingly ordered. The Sunday came, the stage was full of great personages, and the square was crowded by the populace. After a solemn mass had been sung the damsel, accompanied by many nobles, was led forward by two bishops, each holding one of her hands, and thus brought upon the stage. To Roderigo the sight of so many people and such a magnificent and splendid array appeared a new and marvellously strange affair. Not knowing what was intended to happen, he felt bewildered and said to himself, "What does all this mean? It looks as if this asinine villain thinks he can frighten me with altar and crosses, but I will punish him in every way." Gianmatteo, whispering at the lady's ear, now recommenced his petitions to Roderigo to let the lady go free. The demon, laughing at him, said, "Oh yes, I shall not go for all this fine paraphernalia; do just whatever you like; I do not wish to go, but I do wish to remain so that the King can hang you." Then Gianmatteo saw it was no use waiting any longer and he made the sign with his cap to the bandsmen, who immediately began to play their instruments in such a manner that the noise reached the sky. Roderigo, hearing this tumult, turned his eyes in that direction and asked Gianmatteo what the uproar was, from whence it arose, and for what reason. Gianmatteo pretended not to know anything about it, but after a further pretence of inquiry from some of the bystanders, appeared to be quite frightened, and said, "Alas! my brother, she who comes here accompanied by this music is no other than your wife." Roderigo, when he heard this, without any further thought, left the damsel free, and flew with beating wings back to the infernal regions, preferring to live in the fires of hell rather than to stay with his wife. Gianmatteo, cleverer than Belfagore, had a rich present from the King of France, and returned merrily to Florence, where he lived the rest of a long life.

THE FOOLS, JESTERS, AND COMIC CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read April 23rd, 1902.]

In reading the Old English dramas we cannot help perceiving that our forefathers had a great relish for broad fun, which shows itself especially in their comedies and farces, for in them are to be found all the witchery of the poet's fancy—

> "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides."

Look at the names of some of their facetious characters: Lord Froth, Dapper-wit, Sir Amorous La Foole, Sir Politic Would-be, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Little Pickle, Lingo, Crabtree, Nipperkin, and a host of others, the like of which are not to be found in the drama of any other nation. Our forefathers evidently knew what a weary, dull, plodding, jangling world it would be, with nothing but common sense to guide it, if God had not given wit and laughter and the exhilaration of mirth and good humour to enliven and brighten it, and they endeavoured to carry out as far as they could Shakspeare's admonition:

> "Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
> Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

The Chinese have an old saying that if you can keep a merry heart you will never feel old. Our ancestors saw both sides of human nature—that man was made to laugh as well as to cry, and that he ought to laugh when he *can* and cry when he *must*, therefore their old comedies were salted with wit, and there was always in them something to laugh at, while in their tragedies the audience were not ashamed to shed tears. Though some men are born with a temperament like Heraclitus to weep, and others like Democritus to laugh at the follies and inconsistencies of their fellow-men, yet ordinarily in this mixed world existence is not so one-sided. Between these two extremes are endless gradations and combinations mingling and interweaving one with another in a thousand shades and varieties of human character. And man as we commonly see him is a fantastic being, who passes in one moment from tears to laughter. One of the old Greek poets, Palladas, described—

> "This life a theatre we well may call,
> Where every actor must perform with art
> Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
> Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part."

In our lives the sublime and the ridiculous are closely blended. Laughter and tears, joy and sorrow, are called the opposite sides of human life; yet so closely are they allied that, like pleasure and pain, one seems to spring from the other, for the "source of laughter is close to the fountain of tears." These two principles, though contrary, run in and out, cross and re-cross each other, and form the mingled yarn of that coloured web we call life:

"Sadness is a kind of mirth
So mingled as if mirth did make us sad
And sadness merry."—*Two Noble Kinsmen.*

It is in this profound knowledge of human nature that Shakspeare prepares us for the darkest scenes in his tragedies (like a kind friend communicating to us sad tidings) by gently humouring our fancies before the last dread scene. He places his fools and jesters side by side with kings, queens, princes, nobles, and cardinals, and in the darkest crimes their humours and jests light the way "even to dusky death." The facetious grave-digger in 'Hamlet' propounds his riddles, moralises in a humorous strain (as grave-diggers do), taking the battered skull of "Poor Yorick" for his text—sings of the days when even *he* could love; this he does over the grave of the broken-hearted Ophelia. It is from no spirit of revelry or caprice this strange juxtaposition takes place. The man of humour, by an intuitive perception, discovers beneath the surface of things those ever-working heterogeneous elements which produce those strange contrasts and grotesque accompaniments through all the moving, acting, suffering, and laughing forms of our real life—the sports, freaks, and gambols of Mother Nature with her children, side by side with what is high and noble, serious and majestic, showing how closely what is called folly is allied to wit and wisdom. We have often thought that it would be well for us if we had sometimes a presence like the old fool (who was not a fool in the ordinary sense of the word) or jester at our side so that we could "see ourselves as others see us," whose privileged

tongue would tell us the truth without offence, who could laugh at folly and fashion and make it ridiculous, could revile and jeer at anybody, even the greatest persons, by the privilege of his place, for "there is no slander in an allowed fool." Jaques longed to wear motley that he might tell the truth in the face of day:

> "I am ambitious for a motley coat,
> It is my only suit,
> Provided that you weed your better judgments
> Of all opinion that grows rank in them
> That I am wise. I must have liberty
> Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
> To blow on whom I please; for so fools have.
> The wise man's folly is anatomised
> Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
> Invest me in my motley, give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world
> If they will patiently receive my medicine."

The fool and the jester have passed away, but are men the merrier or the wiser? "The more the pity," says Touchstone, "that fools may not speak wisely, when wise men do foolishly." There is, perhaps, as much folly in the world as ever, but we keep it more to ourselves; we palliate, shuffle, equivocate, and conceal our faults, and do not bring them to the light of day. Life is not an open procession but a masquerade, and we skulk behind manners, customs, and precedents, so that the strong impulses of nature are hidden in the refinements and glosses of art. Are not some of us getting too serious even in our fun, and do we not read the comic papers of the day without exercising our risible muscles? It was asserted

lately by some French writers that the art and practice of laughing had almost died out in their once gay country. The early disposition for mirth and merriment shows itself in the unsurpassed comedies of the ancient Greeks. They had also temples dedicated to laughter. The Romans had their professed fools and jesters, though they seem to have been but poor varlets, slaves, and parasites, who hung about rich men's tables, and lived at other people's expense. As wit was their only capital they fared but poorly upon it. They were kicked, cuffed, and beaten without mercy, and had to submit to any indignity from their patrons. They were satirised in the old comedies as mere parasites, and their names in general were suggestive of servility and hunger.* The love of the comic was fostered and encouraged by the early Roman Catholic Church. It instituted those miracle plays which combined the grotesque myths and religious rites of the pagans with the stories of the Christian saints and martyrs. These were followed by the "Moralities" and the "Interludes." It is in these old plays that we obtain the first glimpses of the English comedy.

In those early plays the whole of the Bible was travestied, and there was abundant room for buffoonery, as contemporary characters and manners, topics of the day, and slang allusions were plentifully admixed with the Bible narrative. Take the miracle play of 'The Deluge' as an example. In this drama Noah's wife is a vixen, and will not leave her gossips and go into the ark. She scolds Noah, and

* See the character of Ergasilus in the comedy of 'The Captive,' by Plautus.

is whipped by him in return. She tells him to go into the ark alone, and to get a new wife. She drinks with her gossips some quarts of liquor, and her notion of "drinking fair" is quite in accordance with the rule of Mrs. Gamp:

> "Here is a pottle full of Malmsey good and strong,
> It will rejoice both heart and tongue;
> Though Noah think us never so long,
> Here we will drink alike."

When the water is nearly up to her neck she is partly forced and partly coaxed into the ark.

In these representations the devil and his demons took the comic parts. Later on in the moral plays the devil and the vice, the prototype of our modern harlequin, took the parts of clown, buffoon, and fool. The devil is described in appearance "as shaggy and hairy, that he had a bottle nose and an evil eye, one of the characters mistaking him for a dancing bear." The devil and the vice generally appeared together, and the principal employment of the vice was to belabour the devil until he roared for mercy. In Ben Jonson's 'Staple of News' Gossip Tattle exclaims, "My husband Timothy Tattle, God rest his soul, was wont to say that there was no play without a fool and a devil in't. He was for the devil still, God bless him! 'The devil for his money,' he would say, 'I would fain see the devil.'" It is no wonder we find it recorded that "revellings, drunkenness, shouts, songs, and other insolences" followed the representation of these religious plays. When we approach the period of the regular drama, after it had passed from

the control of the Church, the clown's occupation was changed; but even in Shakspeare's time he was little more than an extempore buffoon who indulged the audience with puns and all that small ware of wit. He entered into familiar conversation with the spectators between the acts, or in the midst of the scenes, and at the conclusion of the play he was expected to dance a jig, sing nonsense verses and lascivious songs to the accompaniment of the pipe or tabour. Shakspeare in 'Hamlet' severely criticises those privileged buffoons in his address to the players:

> "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary questions of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Though Shakspeare makes this protest there is no doubt that he was a victim to these interpolations which are called "tags." In the acting folio editions there are many additions to the speeches of the clowns and fools which are not to be found in the earlier quarto editions. These "tags" were introduced to please the "barren spectators," and were incorporated in the prompter's note-book.

Shakspeare had strange sympathies with an outcast and vagrant life, with odd men and women of the vagabond species; he enjoyed their company, and he makes us enjoy them too:

> "All picturesque varieties of man,
> All oddities of being, starting out
> In bold relief from life's strange canvas,
> Found grace in his eyes."

His humanity made them human, he did not stop to moralise whether they were good or bad. Nothing was too low or too high for him, from the "slight unmeritable man meet to be sent on errands" mentioned in 'Julius Cæsar' to the great Imperator himself. His large-heartedness was equal to his tolerance. "Of all men," says Dryden, "he had the largest and most comprehensive soul." No other dramatist has brought us into direct communion with Nature at all seasons as Shakspeare has done. His world is bounded by neither sea nor land. He gives us glimpses into fairy-land, dreamland, ghost-land, and that debatable land which lies between fairy-land and the working-day world. What a spell of enchantment is upon us as we touch Prospero's isle, which is "full of noises, sounds, and airs which give delight and hurt not," where Ariel shoots through the air like a falling star! We turn into the forest of Arden, where we may find rest and seclusion from the world in the glorious ideal of a poet's brain. Here the sun ever shines; we can make holiday and "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world," not like Virgil's stupid clown, with the only resource of sleep to forget our cares. Under green boughs, blest by leisure, we may think all joyous and pleasant thoughts, and grow wiser without any books. In this romantic forest, "under the canopy with the choughs and crows," we see nothing but pleasant wonders. The trees are carved with lovers' names and odes, and ballads hang like fruit upon the branches. We see the contemplative Jaques reclining under an oak, moralising with his banished friends

or entering into a ready combat of wit with that strange fellow in motley, the inimitable Touchstone. Jaques' surprise at meeting this fool in the forest seemed to be as great as it would have been in former times to have met a wise man at Court. It is this fool and some of his motley tribe whom Shakspeare has delineated we take for our study. It is because we think that some of the fools' texts may make good sermons we have chosen for our subject these eccentric characters. It is well for us if we do not scorn to learn wisdom even from the lips of the poor jester. What says the old couplet—

> "Did you ever learn yet
> That a fool may teach a wise man wit?"

As there are infinite varieties of folly, so there are many kinds of fools. Touchstone in 'As you Like it,' Feste in 'Twelfth Night,' and the clown in 'All's Well that Ends Well," are representatives of the old Court or domestic fool, who was mostly chosen for his office because he was wiser and wittier than his fellows, and was retained by princes, scholars, and distinguished families in order to relieve them of the dull monotony of every-day life, and to lighten their melancholy humour with his merry jests. Will Summers, Dick Tarleton, and Archie Armstrong were the most famous of these privileged Court fools, and kings, cardinals, bishops, and courtiers escaped not their satirical quips. We might mention also "Jane the Fool," for many years Queen Mary's favourite female fool.

Dr. Fuller says of Tarleton that "when Queen Elizabeth was serious and out of humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure," and that "he told the

Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than her physicians."

The fools or jesters of Shakspeare are unique. They utter their paradoxes in strange and startling metaphors, and toss their wit from one to another like a shuttlecock, and sometimes make a great show of logic in their wit. No one could parody a syllogism or play the "logical contradictory" better than Touchstone. Their province was to make people laugh more than to think, and sometimes Shakspeare could speak more freely through them than any other of his characters. They have been strangely neglected by most Shakspearian writers, who have scarcely condescended to notice them, but we can afford "to lose no drop of that immortal man." *

Shakspeare had a purpose in introducing these jesters, else he would not have distilled so much wit, wisdom, and pathos into their sayings. They are not isolated and capricious beings, "mere epigrammatic machines" introduced to show off the wit of their author. Shakspeare often gives them an important place, as upon them frequently hangs the whole plot of the drama, and they must be studied in connection with the characters around them.

Of all Shakspeare's fools commend us to Touchstone, for he is a fool *par excellence.* Jaques' description of him is as follows:

> "One that hath been a courtier,
> And says, If ladies be but young and fair
> They have the gift to know it. And in his brain—

* Garrick.

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms."

Both Jaques and Touchstone are odd characters, and though they were drawn together by sympathy of the like with the unlike, yet there are many points of resemblance between them. The former is shy, sensitive, sarcastic, irritable, and quick of observation, with a keen sense of the ridiculous. He is fond of solitude, and never less alone than when alone. His cynical good-nature makes for him a melancholy peculiarly his own, which he says is "composed of many simples extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplations of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." The other (Touchstone) is one of Nature's comedians, "a motley fool who morals on the time." He is one of the most popular of Shakspeare's fools, and an irrepressible humorist, whose gamesome frolics and mirthful sallies divested the melancholy Jaques and his banished friends of their sadness as easily as the sun in the fable stripped the cloak from the back of the roasted traveller. We note his humorous account of his amours with Jane Smile, his homily on the strange capers of true lovers, his arguments with the simple shepherd to prove him incontestably damned for never having been at Court: "Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation; thou art in a perilous state,

shepherd." No doubt it was from this clown a certain nobleman borrowed the saying that "God would never damn men for their sins but for their bad manners." We notice, also, this clown's ludicrous parody of Orlando's verses, and the pertinent remark, "that he could rhyme so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted." The summing-up of his own character is quite worthy of a courtier: "I have trod a measure, I have flattered a lady, I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy, I have undone three tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one." Then follows his dissertation "on the seven causes" of quarrel, the laws of honour, and on the "great virtues of an If," one of the best satires on the folly of duelling. Then, again, his paying court to the simple country wench Audrey, whom he describes to the duke as "a poor virgin, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own." What a curious match was this (which Jaques tried to prevent) which united the Court and the forest! Touchstone brings to our mind the old comedy where a town-bred beau addresses a blooming country maiden: "Nature is very clever, for she made you, but Nature never could have made me." Well might Jaques say of Touchstone, addressing the duke, "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool."

Feste, the clown in 'Twelfth Night,' is a singing, merry-making, convivial fool, yet withal somewhat of a scholar and philosopher.

Viola has aptly described him and his vocation in these words:

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit."

This clown could adapt himself to any company. At one time he is the boon companion of that frolicsome roystering toper Sir Toby Belch and his super-silly associate, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, at another he in his own way endeavours to administer comfort to Olivia in her sorrow for the death of her brother. He affects the priest to Malvolio, and sang the sweetest of all melancholy love songs to fit the humour of the amorous duke. He could sing love songs, moral songs, convivial songs, and "songs that shouldn't be sung." He has left us some of the sweetest of Shakspeare's verses. Those with the lines commencing, "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?" "What is love?" "Come away, come away, death," etc., will be familiar to all. An American statesman once, when reproved for his bad spelling, defended himself by saying "that a man was a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one." Our clown had much the same idea of the licence of words, that they were susceptible of many meanings, and in his fantastic quiddities of diction he turns and twists them into any shape and use, for they were evidently to him but "mouthfuls of spoken wind." He well understood his own character when he described himself as "not his

mistress's fool, but her corrupter of words." The wise and witty sayings of this fool are perhaps more often quoted than any other. We select one or two at random: "Foolery doth walk about the orb; like the sun it shines everywhere;" "There is no darkness like ignorance;" "The whirligig of time brings in his revenges." One of the best specimens of his ready wit is when he makes his own mistress a fool.

The following dialogue, and the moral of it, are worthy of our deepest study:

Fool.—"Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool."
Olivia.—"Can you do it?"
Fool.—"Dexterously, good Madonna."
Olivia.—"Make your proof."
Fool.—"I must catechise you for it, Madonna. Good! my mouse of virtue, answer me."
Olivia.—"Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll bide your proof."
Fool.—"Good Madonna, why mournest thou?"
Olivia.—"Good fool, for my brother's death."
Fool.—"I think his soul is in hell, Madonna."
Olivia.—"I know his soul is in heaven, fool."
Fool.—"The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen."

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia, in the same play is described as a "contemplative idiot" with great force of self-consequence. If he had not been so conceited, fantastic, and self-admiring, he might have passed for something better than a fool, for there were the makings of a man in him. We see the coxcomb as he was seen by Shakspeare, and

as he is seen in our own day—an inflated egotist, who thinks his own poor shadow worth more than any other man's substance. He is one of those stiff, unbending figures which remind us of the man who is said to have swallowed a poker, and looked uncomfortable ever afterwards. Malvolio is described "as a kind of Puritan, sad and civil" before his mistress, but "opposite with a kinsman and surly with servants." He is a fool of his own making, and annoys others by his folly, which like a snowball gathers as it rolls. He is, as Olivia tells him, "sick of self-love, and tastes all things with a distempered appetite," swallowing greedily the lies which flatter him. He goes prating, quirking, and buzzing about, "practising behaviour to his own shadow in the sun, and thinks that every one who looks upon him loves him." He falls easily into the trap laid for his disgrace and humiliation by those whom he had affronted with his pomposity and affectation. The climax of his folly is reached when he plays the part of a lunatic before his bewildered mistress, who he thinks is in love with him, and the cross garters and yellow stockings with which he invests himself fit his character better than the suit of motley of the professed fool whom he affects to despise. He casts a jealous and malign leer upon the clown, and expresses his surprise to his mistress that she should take delight in such "a barren rascal;" but he is no match for the professed wit, who soon exposes him to contemptuous ridicule, and in good time takes his revenge for his insolence and vanity by crushing him as if he were a moth. Malvolio brought on his ignominious disgrace by his

own folly, and he might have passed as a man of sense and rectitude if he had not been overcome by his vanity and self-esteem. When he was shut up as a lunatic in a dark room, and visited by the clown in the garb of a priest, his answers showed that, though a fantastic pedant, he had some smattering of learning, and that often a learned fool is a greater fool than an ignorant one. Shakspeare has made Malvolio the butt of never-ending laughter, a mirror in which all coxcombs may see themselves.

Lavatch, the clown in 'All's Well that Ends Well,' is inferior to Touchstone or Feste. He is a well-fed, easy-going fool. In his conversations with the countess upon matrimony, and his bountiful answer that fits all questions, we are irresistibly reminded of the advice Panurge sought of Pantagruel, when the former praises matrimony as men do hot Indian pickles, with tears in their eyes. Parolles, in the same drama, is one of Shakspeare's involuntary fools, "an infinite and endless liar, and a most notable coward;" his reputation is overshadowed by that of Falstaff, but it is only in his ludicrous adventures and in his capacity for lying that he can be compared to the colossal knight; he lacks his ready wit and nimble understanding, and is "a great way fool, solely a coward;" "one of those braggarts who fights with his tongue and storms castles in the air." His adventure in bringing off his drum which he had lost on the field of battle, with the trick of making him prisoner and taking him blindfolded into the camp of his friends, and his turning traitor and vilifying their characters under the impression that he is gratifying their enemies, are comic scenes and

situations not unworthy of being placed in juxtaposition with the great Falstaff himself. The clown discovers this poltroon and parasite from the first; the scene where he meets with Parolles after his disgrace, when his clothes smell strongly of fortune's disfavour, and the efforts of the former to keep him to windward, is irresistibly comic.

Lear's fool can hardly be classed with the domestic fools, for he serves a very high purpose. He seems to have been the wisest councillor the old king had about him, and had as much wisdom as an average prime minister. Had he held that office, he might have saved the poor old doting monarch from ruin. Lear's fool is a moralist—

> "Who cheers himself with ends of verse
> And sayings of philosophers."

His brain is like a quiver full of sharp arrows dipt in "scorn's fiery poison," and he has a hoard of cynical maxims, which he brings out in a sort of zigzag commentary rather than in conversation; he speaks his mind in mocking gibes and jests, not caring for the results, fearing neither the whip nor the halter; he had no enviable position, for he was subject to the whims and caprices of his choleric master and of his cruel daughters:—"They'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace."

In spite of such treatment he is faithful to Lear, and when nearly all beside him were faithless, he alone followed him when driven out by those monsters of ingratitude, his unnatural daughters, on the

lone cold heath, far from all human aid and sympathy. On that wild night the fierce tempest raged, and the thunder mocked the poor old king like a muttering fiend in the sky; the lightnings wreathed their fiery curls around him, and cataracts of rain descended upon his bare white head and half-naked body. But to him the roaring storm was nothing to the raging tempest in his soul, the lightnings were merciful:

> "I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
> I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
> You owe me no subscription."

In the explosions of his passion his curses are akin to prayers. The poor fool is at his side fearfully mouthing the raging storm and baying like a houseless dog, his lurid jests shoot up like rockets and help to deepen the tragedy and to set off the wild and almost savage misery of the king. In all his heart-breaking troubles Lear does not forget his faithful fool, yea! thinks of him first: "How dost my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself! Come to your hovel, poor fool and knave. There is one part in my heart that's sorry for thee." The sudden disappearance of the fool may surprise some readers of this tragedy, yet it is in perfect keeping with Shakspeare's intimate knowledge of the human mind. When the foolish, fond old king was acting from wilful caprice, the fool was at his side lashing his folly with bitter jests; when his reason began to fail the fool's speeches became shorter and less bitter, "he laboured to outjest his heart-struck injuries;" but when Lear became really mad

the poor jester is silent altogether and disappears from the scene. He knew that his vocation was gone.

One of the most remarkable of Shakspeare's fools is the deformed and scurrilous Thersites, who appears in one of the least known though most satirical of all our great author's dramas, 'Troilus and Cressida.' This play is founded on the story of the 'Iliad;' we have here Shakspeare's own vision and version of the 'Tale of Troy Divine,' which he probably derived from other sources than Homer. And how does our great dramatist treat the story told by the father of poetry and romance, the crowned monarch of the poets who has reigned supreme for nearly three thousand years? He simply takes the "tale" of the 'Iliad,' strips it of nearly all romance, and holds it up to ridicule in much the same manner as "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." There is nothing in the story but patchery, jugglery, and knavery. The whole argument of the 'Iliad' is a ten years' war for an adulteress. In spite of the fine speeches, such as those of Achilles and Ulysses in the third act, we feel the scathing irony of the poet blasting the whole "tale" and burning it to a cinder as completely as Troy itself was burned to the ground. The deformed Thersites is introduced, "a slave whose gall coins slander like a mint," who, by his railing and ridicule, made the Homeric heroes the laughingstock of the camp. Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Patroclus, etc., are riddled with the arrows of his scorn—he rates them all with himself as fools. Of all tongues his is the sharpest; for every blow received by him

from the brawny fist of his master Ajax he revenges himself tenfold, and the sword is no match for his tireless and untamable tongue; without pause and without mercy he pricks and stabs with it every one, for he has no friends. He is an ugly and venomous reptile with no jewel in his head. He curses his victims when they were writhing under his torture. Dr. Johnson's fishmonger, who cursed a wriggling eel he was skinning alive because it would not lie still, was merciful in comparison with this vivisector of humanity. He calls Ajax "the idiot of idiot worshippers, a mongrel beef-witted lord." He says to him and Achilles, "Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains, a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel." And as for their engineering he says, "If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves." He hisses out his scorn and contempt for the Homeric sages, "that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and the same dog-fox Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry." The courtly Patroclus is heaped with abuse: "The common curse of mankind, folly, and ignorance be thine in great revenue;" "thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk! thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye! thou tassel of a prodigal's purse! thou—! Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water flies, diminutives of Nature!" Thersites is one of those ugly, squinting, sprawling clowneries of Nature, and the venom of his satire resembles a certain poison said to be known to the ancients which preserved its virulent properties best when carried in an ass's

hoof. Shakspeare through the drama has followed Homer's description of Thersites in the 'Iliad' "as an ill-shapen buffoon, squint-eyed and lame, the filthiest fellow of all the Greeks."

There is a witty original clown, the servant of Othello, whose playful banter one is apt to lose sight of in the tempest and fury of the tragedy. We know little of him, for he appears but twice, but his lively badinage is a relief to the mind, and the brief by-play of his humour helps us to pause, and take breath, so that we are not carried away by the storm of passion before the consummation of the tragedy. We quote one of the scenes where the clown in 'Othello' dismisses the musicians.

Clown.—"Masters, here's money for you; and the General so likes your music that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it."

1*st Mus.*—"Well, sir, we will not."

Clown.—"If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again, but, as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly care."

1*st Mus.*—"We have none, sir."

Clown.—"Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into air, away."

From the number of comic characters in Shakspeare it is difficult to make a selection. What a host of sportive creatures has he conjured up! they start from their lurking places at the call of memory like Roderick Dhu's men, and come crowding and rushing into the brain. They rise up before us, and steal into our inward world of thought, shedding around the sunshine of their jubilant merriment:

> "Age cannot wither nor custom stale
> Their infinite variety."

Let us open our doors that the mirthful crew may come trooping in. There is the merry devil Launcelot Gobbo in 'The Merchant of Venice,' the half-starved servant of Shylock, who was the subject of that memorable conflict between the fiend and his conscience, and who was the principal agent in effecting the escape of Jessica. There is the blundering Costard, upon whose mistakes turns the whole plot of 'Love's Labour Lost.' There is Pompey the Great in 'Measure for Measure,' though perhaps the least said about him the better, as he keeps vile company. Great a man as he undoubtedly is, he belongs to the stews, and in the stews we will leave him. There is Pinch the schoolmaster and conjurer in 'The Comedy of Errors,' who is graphically described as—

> "A hungry, lean-faced villain,
> A mere anatomy;
> A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;
> A living dead man."

In 'King Henry VI,' Part ii, Act iv, Scene ii, there is a ludicrous passage, where Jack Cade the rebel is introduced with "Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and others in great number." One of the great reforms which the demagogue promises his rabblement is that "when he is made King he will kill all the lawyers." He says, "Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment,

being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I never was mine own man since." After this speech The Clerk of Chatham is brought before him, and he condemns him to be hanged "with his pen and inkhorn about his neck." Again, there is Launce and his immortal dog Crab in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' Was there ever such a dog, or ever such a master? Launce is puzzled with dog metaphysics, and he argues himself out of his own identity, anticipating the syllogistic aberrations of the modern Lord Dundreary: "I am the dog? No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O! the dog is me, and I am myself! Aye, so so!" Launce's account of his sufferings, self-denial, and punishments on behalf of his cruel-hearted cur is told with delicious drollery: "O! 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed; to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live he had suffered for't. . . . I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't." And all this to endure for a cur whom his master had "saved from drowning when a puppy, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it." "Who has not earned a name belongs to the elements," says Goethe. Many an obscure poet with an itching for fame might envy

the immortality of Launce's dog. There is Autolycus, the rogue in 'The Winter's Tale,' a worthy descendant of Mercury. He is the prince of vagabonds, a wit, a liar, a ballad singer, and a thief. Since he had been whipped out of Court he had followed every calling except an honest one, though he confessed he was sometimes honest by chance. He is light-fingered, spring-nailed, nimble-heeled, open-eared, and quick-eyed, endowed with all the special qualities necessary for a thief except courage; he dared not face the highway, so he adopted the pedlar's traffic as the best cover for his knaveries; he haunted wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings, and drew a good revenue from the shepherds, clowns, and simple rustics, who were fascinated by his songs, and swallowed greedily his lies when he emptied their pockets. He is brimful of wit, and inebriated with animal spirits, and leaves a wake of laughter as he jogs merrily along, fearing nothing but the whip and the halter. He does not torment himself with thinking. "As for the life to come, he slept out the thought of it." The scene in which he is first introduced is a very amusing one. He is found by a simple-hearted clown grovelling on the ground, pretending that he had been robbed of his money, beaten, and stripped of his clothing. When the clown was helping him up he picked his pocket of his purse. The clown, pitying his sorry plight, said, "Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee," and is about to put his hand in his pocket, but the rogue stops him, and whines out, "No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom

I was going. I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart." And thus he gets clear off with his booty. We see the rogue as Shakspeare must have often seen him; and there is much of the old Adam left in our composition in the sneaking kindness we have for him in his knaveries. Let us hope that he amended his life as he promised. Shakspeare saved him from the gallows, and made him do good even against his will, for he is one of the chief agents in unfolding the whole plot of the drama. Our great poet has thereby taught us that there are better uses to be made of a rogue than to hang him. As we take our last look of this merry knave he disappears from our view, cheerily carolling one of his own songs:

> "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
> And merrily hent [take] the stile-a';
> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a'."

Falstaff is a leviathan among wits, and requires a sea of fun, frolic, and good humour to disport himself in; he is a "tun of a man," and lards the lean earth as he walks along, shaking it with laughter. Though his mirth savours of flesh and blood, of wine and good living, "his is not a clay that gets muddy with drink;" he is not a mere vulgar sensualist, a fat hog of Epicurus' stye; his mind is as large as his body, and well nourished with jests; his brain is "full of fiery and delectable shapes, which clears away all the dull and crude vapours that environ it;" his intellectual activity is un-

wearied, and it is not the man we admire so much as his wit, for he is not only witty himself "but the cause of wit in others," and we are drawn to him by the same instinct as Prince Henry, with no other wish than to laugh and to be amused, for wit and good-humour, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. He is a rogue, and confesses it, for his mind is clear of cant. "Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty." He turns his wit even as he did "disease into commodity." There is something almost sublime in his self-possession and special felicity of invention, for he has a quick and ready shift for every opportunity. The sublimity of his impudence is reached when the Lord Chief Justice meets him at a time he is in fear of arrest. The former, in great anger, upbraids him for "living in great infamy," and for having "misled the youthful prince;" he tells him of the signs of the infirmities of old age which are upon him, among others, "that his voice was broken," etc. The fat knight at first pretends to be deaf, and not to understand him. He does not complain, like one of Dante's ghosts, that he was hoarse from long silence, but that he "had lost his voice with hollowing and singing anthems." He so cajoles the judge that in the end he endeavours to borrow £1000 from him. "Lies sprout out of him, fructify, increase, beget one another like mushrooms in a rich and rotten bed of earth;" they are, as Prince Henry says, "open, palpable, monstrous as the father

that begets them." Sir John has had many apologists; he has been called by some critics a pattern of knightly chivalry. They have tried to make a moral out of him, but he defies morality, as he does all attempts to reclaim and make him clean and respectable. Yet we are forced to like him in spite of ourselves, rogue, glutton, and sensualist as we know him to be. Shakspeare evidently delighted in his company, and when, after depicting the cold pomp of state, the glare and glitter of royalty, he seems to long to get back to the Boar's Head, and have a revel with Sir John and his merry crew. In Falstaff Shakspeare has left mankind an everlasting inheritance of mirth. The only ideal personage who stands out like him in the world's literature is Cervantes' 'Don Quixote,' yet the characters of the two can only be studied by contrast. Cervantes made his hero as dignified and noble as he could for one whose brain had become distempered by the reading of romances, upon whose mental phantasmagoria the real and the ideal were so confused that he could not distinguish the one from the other. We may moralise, allegorise, and philosophise, but we cannot forbear laughing *at* the lean, sorrowful figure of the knight-errant, and his whimsical distresses and ludicrous adventures. But Shakspeare makes us laugh *with* the fat jovial knight, who is of the earth earthy, whose mind overflows with the rich unction of humour and laughter, whose wit he says "is better than a dukedom." If in our anxious moments we fear that the dreams of the pessimist may be realised, and the time come when it will be better to sleep than to

wake, and better to die than to sleep, we have this consolation, that laughter will never be extinguished in the world so long as Falstaff is in it.

The merry quick-witted Mercutio in 'Romeo and Juliet' is one of the brightest of intellectual spirits; his humour is light and gamesome, and his wit as sharp and reckless as his sword; his nature is volatile, though sincere; yet he is not susceptible to the highest and deepest emotions; nor can he understand the violence of Romeo's love, therefore he ridicules it instead of, like a true friend, trying to sober and guide it. But ridicule is useless and misspent upon any great human passion. He is sudden and quick in quarrel, and meets his death in a contemptible street brawl. His recklessness, with Romeo's impatience, brought about the catastrophe of the drama. There is a romantic carelessness and gaiety of demeanour about Mercutio which he maintains to the last; when pierced with a mortal wound by the sword of Tybalt he laughs at the rueful face of death, and his dying words sparkle with jests. Speaking of his wound he humorously says, "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow and you will find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. What a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic." Thus careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, and to come, he plunges into the dark gulf, and the farce of life ended in the tragedy of death. Romeo himself, perhaps remembering Mercutio, said just before taking

poison, "How oft when men are at the point of death have they been merry." The use of the word "merry" reminds us of a passage in one of Sir Thomas More's letters addressed to his wife at the time of a great calamity, "I pray you be with my children and household merry in God."

In the scene with the grave-digger in 'Hamlet' Shakspeare has given us some reflections upon the poor jester's life. When the skull of Yorick is turned up from the earth by the dirty shovel of the clown Hamlet takes up the grinning emblem of man's mortality, and the remembrance of what this dark, hollow, eyeless orb once contained rose up before his mind with painful reality:

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he has borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Quite chapfallen. Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her let her paint an inch thick to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that."

The moral pointed at in Hamlet's speech is not against the jester's occupation, but at the pride and vanity which, even in our own day, attempts by various tricks and devices of the toilet to transform old faces into new, and to make a living mummy beautiful for ever.

We do not know why we should attempt to tag a moral at the end of the jester's life. The memory of a bright gamesome spirit which endeavoured to

give mirth and delectation to those around it may be well spared such an infliction. If it were our business to prescribe moral aphorisms for the benefit of others, we would rather give our advice to one of those poor sullen, sour, and uncomfortable creatures whose life presents a perfect contrast to that of the jester's, the length of whose solemn visage by no means implies the longitude of his wisdom, for his snivellings, whimperings, and whinings are a constant reproach to God for having made him. You may depend upon it, if there are any evil spirits in the world they take possession of a mind like this. Let us learn from him the moral to live otherwise. We can well understand why in some parts of Scripture a sad heart is called an evil heart.

Doubtless there are misery and want, sorrow and trouble enough around and with us; but on the whole happiness predominates over misery, and pleasure over pain. Pleasure is natural, and comes of itself, whereas pain is the consequence of some abnormal condition, and comes in the way of warning or as means to an end. Nature has made it much easier to laugh than to cry, and she has bountifully supplied us with sources of amusement:

> "All things are full of jest, nothing that's plain
> But may be witty, if thou hast the vein."

If God has given us a sense of humour let us be thankful to Him for His good gift. Dr. South, who "reconciled divinity and wit," once said to Dr. Sherlock, when reproved by the latter for levity during a debate: "If it had pleased God to have given you wit, what would you have done with it?"

Shakspeare, like Solomon, has taught us that everything is good in its season, and that there is a time for all things—for laughing and weeping, for fearing and hoping, for eating and drinking. He might have been called the laughter-loving Shakspeare. How he must have laughed in the wanton gladsomeness of his heart *with* Falstaff, Touchstone, Autolycus, Sir Toby Belch, etc.! He must have laughed often too *at* the follies, foibles, and oddities of his own creations—at the red nose of Bardolf, at the self-sufficient swaggering airs of ancient Pistol, at the childish gabble of Shallow, at the "yellow-legged stork" Malvolio, and a host of others, such as Froth, Dogberry, Bottom, Wart, Mouldy, Bull-calf, etc., whose very names are provocative of laughter. The world would be a great deal poorer without these fools, jesters, and mirth-moving creations of Shakspeare. They have helped to increase good humour, and to throw a bright sunshine over existence; have made our homes happier, and kept us in mirth's daily food, and given us also kinder, larger, and more tolerant views of life. Let us be thankful that Shakspeare did not give to party what was meant for mankind. Had he been animated by the Puritan spirit, the Ariels, the Titanias, the Oberons, and the Pucks had all vanished into thin air. There would have been no Falstaffs, Slenders, Launces, Touchstones, and Quinces. Autolycus would have filched no purses, Bardolph's nose would have been deprived of the fuel that maintained its fire, and Sir Toby Belch would have fought in vain for his cakes and ale. No; Shakspeare's warm genial spirit shone alike on the evil and the good. His gigantic powers were

directed by his sympathies, and not by his antipathies. He had no hatreds, and did not, like Dante, send his enemies to hell; he quizzed the Puritans, but painted no Tartuffe, nor has he created any character in which the religious sentiment or passion is predominant, yet in his writings are to be found innumerable allusions, direct and indirect, to Scripture history, persons, events, doctrines, and parables. We have thought Shakspeare was thinking somewhat of himself when he wrote this character: "For the man doth fear God howsoever it seems not in him, by reason of some large jests he doth make." He, to the end, believed in love, friendship, and joy, which survived his knowledge and experience of evil.

In conclusion, we remark that, with all Shakspeare's world-wide laughter, which was enough to exhaust the heart of a giant, the poet saw the serious side of our complex existence as clearly as the ludicrous, and he has shown that even the comic element is connected with the solemn and the tragic. The heart-breaking sorrow and mad fury of Lear must have "tore him as fire tears a thunder cloud." Where can be found such an accumulation of woes as in the tragedies of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Timon'? What must that heart have been that could depict all these great struggles and dark passions, which found vent in the impersonations of ghosts, witches, demons, murderers, suicides, madmen, and misanthropes? It is only as we read the comedies of Shakspeare that we can understand how it was possible for him to have written these tragedies. Humour which is akin to pathos and springs from love softened and

subdued the inward striving of those passions, which, like mad furies, must have possessed and tormented his soul. Truly he has given to the world both tears and laughter for all time. In the immense space stretching between Dogberry and Hamlet, Touchstone and Timon, Calaban and Ariel, lies the Shakspearian world, where, side by side with kings, queens, princes, cardinals, and angels in the form of women, are found these fools, jesters, clowns, pedlars, watchmen, joiners, weavers, etc., the boldest and broadest representations of the varieties of human character; yet with our great poet's universal comprehensiveness, his knowledge of humanity in the lowest and highest aspects ever revealed to mortal ken, human nature, that mighty universal heart and brain "which outsees seers and outwits sages," was infinitely greater and wiser than he; and in 'Hamlet' he has shown us how he was baffled and confounded in his attempts to interpret the dream of existence which floated around him. The words which he put into the mouth of the soothsayer in the play of 'Antony and Cleopatra' may be his own modest confession of the limited range of vision which was given even to him wherewith to pry into the unfathomable mysteries of the universe:

> "In Nature's book of secrecy
> A little I can read."

THE LITERARY FORGERIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM BOLTON, F.R.S.L.

[Read May 28th, 1902.]

THERE can be no question that the eighteenth century produced a majority of great writers in almost every department of English literature, whether they were poets, philosophers, historians, or essayists; and the era in question will always remain as the Augustan age of literature, as it is often called. Notwithstanding wars and revolutions of a stupendous character abroad, and of political excitement at home, with the defection of some leading statesmen, the two Jacobite risings, the loss of the American colonies, and the moral disturbance of all society, the course of English literature throughout the whole century not only ran on like a river, but widened into a flood. The eighteenth century began, as far as literature was concerned, with scarce one name of mark, and no prophet could have foretold at its dawning what was behind the cloud, or any far discerner have even the faintest guess of that stream of genius which was to spread over the unseen waste, not drowning it, but fertilising it with new thoughts for the benefit of all future mankind. It is true the previous century—that is, the seventeenth,—witnessed a Shakespere,

a Bacon, a Milton, a Dryden, and a Jeremy Taylor, to name them in order. These were all suns in their strength, but we know how little the light of Shakespere and Milton diffused itself. The former was thought so dull that his best plays were rewritten and altered—notably by Dryden,—while Milton was scarcely a name. Long before the fall of the Stuarts they seemed likely to set into night, and we can count a few great names only whose genius bridged, as it were, the two centuries, to form connecting links between them. In the year 1700 Dryden was dying; Sir Isaac Newton, though living, had long completed his great discoveries, and was approaching senility; Addison, who had just left college, having written some Latin verses, had in the following year started on his foreign travels, not having given the least promise of creating that sculptured prose which afterwards made him the first essayist in the world; Pope was a precocious boy of twelve years old only; and Dr. Johnson was not yet born.

It is unnecessary to mention names which in various departments of literature succeeded or synchronised with one another all through the century. If we take them in groups the earliest set may be said to be that of the Wits represented by Addison, Steele, Swift, and Gay. I may mention that it was Addison who resuscitated Milton from neglect, and put him on his true pedestal. Shakespere had to wait still longer for his enthronement. Of the poets proper, chiefest were Pope and Thomson, with a long train of the didactic school behind them. In general literature Dr. Johnson towered like a

mountain. The century created Biography as a school of literary art, as also the Novel, for there appears to be nothing of the kind existing in English between the 'Rosalind' of Lodge, written in the reign of Elizabeth, and the indecent tales of Mrs. Aphra Behn two hundred years afterwards (if we except De Foe), till Richardson, followed by Fielding, Smollett, and the purer Goldsmith, created the English novel proper. Then came the great historians, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; and with the turn of the half-century, that is, after the year 1750, there appeared a new school of poetry, with Gray, Goldsmith, and Collins for its leaders, and, though now an almost forgotten name, Beattie. With the last-mentioned the description of outward Nature in a grand form suddenly broke out, like a spring after winter, to have full summer and autumn combined with it in Cowper. The hundred years ended as they had begun, with a few names only to bridge over the gulf, chiefest of which were Wordsworth and Crabbe, two of the greatest anatomists of natural humanity there had ever been—the one with an "inward eye" to see and interpret Nature, and the other, "though Nature's sternest painter yet her best," carrying out literally that "the proper study of mankind is man." With the turn of the eighteenth century into the nineteenth we have a reproduction of the change literature underwent at the turn of the seventeenth into the eighteenth. All at once there burst out the genius of the romantic school, with the mighty Scott in the van; of the volcanic school, with Shelley; of the misanthropic, with Byron; of the sugary, with

Mrs. Hemans; and of the voluptuous, with Moore; to give place later on to the spasmodic school, which now seems to reign. And it is not too much to say that in History we have names greater than the greatest of the previous age—a Macaulay, a Grote, a Stanhope, a Burton, and, I may add, a Milman among them.

But it is of the eighteenth century and not of the nineteenth we are treating. In it, and more particularly in the earlier part, literature had so successful a sway, and the genius of so many different schools had been so universally accepted, that almost any writer could find readers for almost anything he might produce. Among such we find a few individuals who, while possessed with gifts of much originality, were either too diffident to publish in their own names, or too terrified to embark on the voyage alone, had recourse to pretence, appearing as discoverers or translators of forgotten sages, whose works were hid away in mouldering closets, or were in danger of perishing for want of a scribe, and so Ossian and Rowley were invented as authors of songs which a Macpherson and a Chatterton were forging and welding on their own separate anvils. At the same time there is so much that is really fine and first-rate in each of these two men, that we wonder now why they should have had recourse to deception. Out of the names that may be classed in this category, I shall select only four or five—each of a different school, but all clever in their different ways,—worthily or unworthily contributing not a small nor unimportant share to the stock of Eighteenth-century Literature.

To take them chronologically, I shall first speak of GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, and attempt a somewhat full account of that remarkable man, especially in connection with his literary impostures. His ruling passion was deception, and his circumstances forced him onward from one false step into another, the last to justify the first, that we may fairly say that the power of hypocrisy and charlatanism could no further go; and, wonderful to relate, he succeeded in all he did.

The present generation probably knows little about a name which made a great commotion more than a hundred and sixty years ago. A hazy idea about Psalmanazar may pervade the mind, but little more; yet at that time his name and deeds were on the tongue of every educated person in this country. Psalmanazar first appeared in England in the character of a Japanese, and then as a native of the island of Formosa—about as contradictory one with another as a Swede becoming an Irishman. He gave himself out as having been brought from Japan to Avignon by Jesuit fathers, who gave him letters of credit to make a begging tour throughout Europe. But all the while he was a true-born Frenchman and a Roman Catholic.

After he had been some years in England, in 1730 a great moral change came over him; one of the results of which was the composition of his memoirs, in which he penitently describes his numerous impostures. He sealed this manuscript autobiography, directing it not to be opened till after his death, which took place in the year 1763. This work, even for its own sake, is so entertaining that one wonders

why it has hardly ever been reprinted. It reads like a romance of De Foe and has scenes that recall 'Gil Blas.'

Psalmanazar opens his narrative by making a solemn declaration of the truthfulness of what he is going to relate, but even in this book he declines to give his real name or place of birth. He states, however, that he was French, and, it is thought, a Gascon. In his early life he was a precocious child, and, being taken up by Dominican friars, was educated by them in two monasteries. He gives us an interesting picture of these reverend men, and it is curious to see how cheap was a college education in France in those days. The boy, though clever, was, however, an untamable little "rough," and ran away from his ill-deserved privileges, for one day he entered a church and stole a cloak from a sacred image, and, unmoved by what his religion must have taught him was a great sacrilege, he tramped off as a pilgrim towards Rome!

He never meant to go very far, however, on the way, and after he had got out of the hue and cry assumed the character of an Irish youth, who had been driven from home on account of his preferring Catholicism to heresy, and succeeded in imposing on many, who did not discover his want of Irish, or rather of the English tongue.

After some time he ventured homewards, told his mother no end of falsehoods, and, once again as a pilgrim, set off, with her permission, to seek his father, who dwelt away from his wife in a German town. This journey was so long, and the toil so great, that the lad soon wore his clothes to rags and

became, literally, a beggar, soliciting alms as he trudged along for means to reach the shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne. His condition, he says, was so abject as to excel the loathsomeness of other beggars, and he was not yet out of France! On arriving one evening at the gate of Lyons, the beadle, on admitting him, asked the boy if he wanted a "viaticum," and then led him straight through the city to the opposite gate, and pushed him through into the open country with a gift of four sous, thus shutting him away from all chances of a lodging. He was afterwards arrested as a spy at Landau, imprisoned for a time and let go. The pilgrim at last arrived at Cologne, where the Three Kings did him no good, nor did he seem to want their aid; but at last he found his father, who, up to his means, supplied his wants, and recommended him to go on to Flanders, and seek employment as a tutor. He again got into a deplorable condition. At the town of Liège he suddenly hit upon the remarkable idea of personating a Japanese. This would be quite impossible for any European to do in the present day, but at that time Japan was the chief sphere of Missionary enterprise, and was as popular in all circles as Uganda is now with ourselves. Among the Jesuits of Avignon, with whom he had resided, the books of the missionary fathers Xavier and his successors were in the hands of all. Young Psalmanazar, being well indoctrinated in this literature, and having personally known some who had actually been in Japan, conceived the idea of making himself out as a convert to the Christian religion, and, to render his

story plausible, forged letters in his own favour, commending him to all whom it might concern. This cheat was so original that we can afford to admire it for its very daring. To back himself up in the monstrous fiction, he invented a code of characters which he called Japanese, originated a grammar, and actually began to talk in this novel language! His Japanese was similar, one supposes, to the Irvingite "gift of tongues" in London at a later period, but people believed him—men, women, clergymen, and even bishops! At this time Psalmanazar was barely sixteen years old.

His adventures now read more and more like pages out of Le Sage or 'Colonel Jack.' He was by turns a beggar, a pilgrim, a disciple, a teacher, and a soldier—always a knave, and probably one of the greatest hypocrites the world had ever seen. He next assumed the name of Salmanazar, an Assyrian king,* afterward prefixed with the letter "P" to make it look like Hebrew. Having now to maintain his difficult character, he again changed tactics and gave out that he had never been baptised, but was still a heathen. And now his life ran in another channel, for he fell across the English legion who were then fighting under pay of the Elector of Cologne, and young Psalmanazar was sought out by Dr. James,† the Protestant chaplain of the regiment, and, being supposed to be still a heathen, the boy actually allowed himself to be trained as an inquirer with a view to Christian baptism! This act, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the rest. If anything can

* Shalmaneser, 2 Kings xvii, 3.

† Or Innes. The name is spelled both ways.

be said in his favour, it was that being a Roman Catholic he believed Protestant baptism to be invalid, Dr. James being a heretic. Now he took the Christian name of George. As at that time he knew no English, the ceremony was performed in Latin, which language he did know, and it therefore added to his iniquity.

Up to this time all Psalmanazar's doings had been on the Continent. Henceforth the scene of them was to be in England, and to England he came in the character of a prodigy, with recommendations to English bishops. He was received and supported for some time by Compton, the Bishop of London, who seems to have been thoroughly taken in. The Archbishop of Canterbury was equally deceived, as were most others, the exception being the then Earl of Pembroke, who, says Psalmanazar, "conceived a just disgust at one absurdity. I had affirmed in my fabulous history of Formosa that the Greek tongue was there taught as a learned language." The youth had now given out that he was a native of the island of Formosa, which he pretended was a Japanese dependency, and so little was known at that time about either Japan or Formosa, and so full of odd errors were the current books of the Jesuits, that no one found this blunder out. He was next sent to Oxford, where he was for two years the *protégé* of the Dean of Christ Church. He had at the University to go on with his "syllabarium" or invented system of writing, and his self-control and impudence carried him through it. Professors were deceived with his pothooks and hangers and his uttered gibberish signifying worse than nothing.

He was now twenty years old. His work on Formosa he afterwards admitted to be a lie from first to last. "I was left to hammer it of my own brain," he says, "with the assistance only of Dr. Varen's description of Japan" [and Varen places Japan upon the mainland of Asia!]. "All this while the booksellers were so earnest, while the town was hot for my book, that I was scarcely allowed two months to write the whole."

In this way, fêted and fed, Psalmanazar, wonderful to relate, got on for five or six years more, always coming out with some new bit of imposture. At Oxford his hardy constitution allowed him to lie night after night upon the floor, so that his "bed-maker," who had not seen the bed disturbed for a week, might say that his nights had been passed in study, a lamp having been kept burning to deceive. He now took it into his head to pretend to have the gout, so that his friends prevailed on him to go and drink the mineral waters. "My pretended lameness," he says, "gave me a kind of gravity I was not willing to part with, and I went limping about like an old gouty fellow, though no man could enjoy a greater share of health than I did all the time."

He next taught fortification, of which he had a little experience when with the army in Germany; afterwards he took up fan making, "which I practised as a Japanese," and once more he professed he had brought another art from Formosa—that of making Oriental enamel.

But all this as he got older was too quiet for him, and he longed for the old roving free and easy life; so he got himself hired as secretary in a marching

regiment. He was present when the Jacobite rising was put down in Lancashire in 1715, and he says of himself at this time: "I was a greater favourite with the fair sex than any of the redcoats, and had frequent invitations from ladies of rank and fashion." His military duties were those now performed by what is called an "orderly" only. Psalmanazar all through his career seems to have been free from intemperance and other vices, except the use of opium, his tremendous conceit and self-control being too strong to allow him ever to be off his guard.

He had an uncommon aptitude for acquiring languages. When a child of six he learned Latin at Avignon, at ten he taught it to others, at eighteen he knew some German and Dutch, had invented a language and reduced it to a system. French, of course, was his native tongue. After his baptism he mastered English, and, lastly, he took to Hebrew, teaching himself so well that in a year or two he confuted Bishop Hare and other learned Hebraists. He now began to edit Hebrew works, read the Old Testament in the original, and by collating Psalm with Psalm, and passage with passage, his inner eyes became open, and a moral change of his whole nature took place. He does not seem to have come across the Methodists, and his reformation and repentance were due to "the still small voice" within.

Psalmanazar until the end remained a Protestant of the Established Church. The rest of his life was consistent. As far as he could make amends for his early sins he did so, and wrote his memoirs to be published after his death. By his will he directed

that his body should be buried among those of the paupers, in St. Luke's Churchyard, which was done in 1763. He never divulged his real name, nor tried to discover his relatives.

For several years before his death he was a writer for the booksellers, in a word, a "hack," his chief labour being on the 'Universal History,' a work now occupying the neglected shelves of old-fashioned libraries. His memoirs are in good English, and no sign of the foreigner can be detected from the style.

Psalmanazar's name occurs several times in Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' Dr. Johnson thought much of him, saying: "He was a penitent man, sir," and, "Sir, I should as soon thought of contradicting a bishop as George Psalmanazar."

The next name to be adduced as a literary forger is that of JAMES MACPHERSON, whose supposed translation of Ossian's wild songs into pretty, and often into drawing-room English prose, made a great sensation in the literary world after the year 1763, when the entire work appeared. So novel a theme in so novel a style, and so full of novel imagery, stamped itself as original, and the wild Highlands, so lately the scene of wars, became for the first time the locality of romance. The book was translated into several languages, among them into Italian, and Ossian's poems, as we know, were the travelling companion of Napoleon Bonaparte in all his military expeditions; but if the Gaelic (supposing it to have existed in Gaelic at all) could be rendered into only feeble English, what must the foreign versions have been, which were translated second-hand?

Nevertheless, many believed in Ossian through Macpherson, while the majority doubted. Blair, a Scotch divine, vindicated the work, while Hume, the Scotch historian, though not unwilling to believe, really helped to demolish it. But Macpherson never acknowledged the trick. It was proved that a few legendary fragments remained in the Highlands as traditions, and on this foundation Macpherson, assuming them to be centuries older than they were, must have built up his story. But after every inquiry and search, no manuscripts in the original were ever produced. Johnson was particularly indignant; and in terror of his opposition, Macpherson wrote him a letter of remonstrance, if not of threat, which provoked the sledge-hammer reply he got in return. Johnson's note, which was short, but severe, ran as follows:

"Mr. James Macpherson, I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. . . . I thought your book an imposture, and I think so still. I have given my reasons to the public, which I dare you to refute."

After a time the controversy died away, the general consensus of opinion being that Macpherson had built upon some small existing traditionary fragments several continuous narratives (some divided into cantos), each with a regular plot, and that the metaphors and images with which they abounded were only such as might suggest themselves to any

one with any knowledge of a wild mountainous country, rich in mists, storm-clouds, crags, torrents, and blasted trees, which did duty to repletion, varied with the ghosts of slain warriors fighting their battles over again. Ossian was reported to have lived in the third century after Christ, but whether in Scotland or Ireland was not settled. A cave high up on the south side of Glencoe is still pointed out as his birthplace, while a cromlech on a mountain called Luriegethan in the north of Ireland is claimed as marking his grave. But Ossian, after all, is as legendary as Merlin, and Macpherson with all his genius, for genius he undoubtedly had, was little better than a literary adventurer. Unlike Psalmanazar, he never learned humility, and died possessed of a large fortune, to be buried in Westminster Abbey among the poets under a monument for which he left the sum of £300.* As examples of the anachronisms in Ossian, two or three short specimens may be cited. The first is his description of a fair lady:

"The daughter of the snow overheard, and left the *hall of her secret sigh.* She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eyes rolled on him in secret, and she blest the chief of Morven."

The next is descriptive of a war chariot:

"The car comes on like the flame of death: the rapid car of Cuthullin. It bends behind like a wave near a rock;

* "By one of those coincidences in which the Abbey abounds, within a few feet of Johnson lies his deadly enemy, the author or inventor of Ossian."—Stanley's 'Memorials,' p. 298.

its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boat of night; of polished yew is its beam, its seat of the smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears, the bottom is the footstool of heroes! Before is seen on the right the snorting horse; loud and resounding is his hoof, the spreading of his mane is like a stream of smoke. Before the left side of the car is [also] seen the snorting horse—the thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, fleet-bounding son of the hill. A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in wreaths of foam. Thin strings, bright, studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds. The wildness of deer is in their course, the strength of eagles descending on their prey. The noise is like the blast of winter."

Macpherson's ghosts are equally wonderful. The first is that of Cuthullin, he of the chariot just referred to:

"The ghost stalked there alone; the sighing of his breast was frequent, the decayed flame of his eyes was terrible, his spear was a column of mist, the stars looked dim through his form, his voice was like hollow wind in a cave, his eye a light seen afar."

Another ghost is described thus:

"A cloud gathered in the west: a red star looked from behind its edge. I saw a ghost in the darkening air; his stride extended from hill to hill, his shield was dim on his side; but he passed away in his blast. My soul was sad; I went to the *hall* of shells (that is where usquebaugh was drunk); a thousand lights arose, the hundred bards had strung the harp."

There is a great deal about these "halls" all through the book. Can we fancy a thousand lights

and a hundred harpers in a single room of those times? A tyro even in archæology must pronounce this to be spurious. The only "halls" in the western islands of Scotland in the day of the reputed Ossian were ocean caverns, or the chambered passages in a tumulus, the largest chamber of which might hold about twelve persons, into which both men and women had to creep upon all fours, just as the Esquimaux of the present day creep into their snow huts! In the early copies, according to Mason, were several references to the Danes, a people which did not emerge into history until the ninth century, just six hundred years after Ossian's time. The poet Gray was among the number of those who were inclined to believe until the printed book appeared, when he discovered the language had been considerably amplified from the manuscript copy that had been previously submitted to him, and was scarcely the same thing. As English compositions the poems undoubtedly must rank high, if only as imitations of the old Runic; and the ideas are so poetical that we must admit Macpherson to be a poet. The catastrophe in Goethe's "Werter" was hastened by the lovers reading Ossian in German; and it is possible that the wild rodomontade about prophetic stars and flashing meteors foreboding undying glory to brave warriors, made Napoleon prefer Ossian, though in much diluted Italian, to any epic of older times.

The next name to bring forward is that of a really great man, one who might otherwise fairly be omitted from the rank of literary pretenders were it not for his connection with Chatterton.

This is HORACE WALPOLE, whose 'Castle of Otranto' was published in the year following that of Macpherson's book. It purported to be a translation from a manuscript written by a Neapolitan about the year A.D. 1100 in the "choicest Italian." Now when we consider that the era of this Neapolitan monk was that of Hildebrand, that the "*choicest* Italian" had not at that time developed itself, and that it was a "Gothic story," full of Gothic accessories, fully a hundred years before anything Gothic arose, these very anachronisms would have betrayed the book, had not Walpole in the second edition avowed the invention as his own. He had been for some years building and altering his house at Strawberry Hill into what he conceived to be a Gothic mansion, and the tale was only a sort of romance he had made from brooding over his pictures, his cardboard towers, and his sham Gothic galleries and staircases. At all events, Gothic or not, the book was a wonderful one, and it became the forerunner of the Gothic school of romance till that school died out under the genius of Sir Walter Scott. Walpole's book was therefore an experiment, and his method of introducing it was commendable—had he not a little later on implicated his own literary character by his imprecations on poor Chatterton, who had only done just what Walpole himself had done; and for a long time the world laid Chatterton's melancholy fate indirectly at Walpole's door; but whether Chatterton died of the other's neglect or not, it is certain the poor lad was under Walpole's stigma as a "forger" and a "scoundrel."

It is not necessary to enter upon a full account of the youthful poet's career. THOMAS CHATTERTON was a born genius from earliest years, full of poetical reveries, while his circumstances threw him into antiquarian study. Everybody who goes to Bristol visits the Redcliffe Church, in the parvise chamber of which, over the beautiful north porch, were formerly several oaken chests, out of which the boy purported to have taken all sorts of ancient manuscripts in almost every form of composition—poems, ballads, and dramas among them, — all written on vellum in Old English characters, in the time of Henry VI and Edward IV, by one Rowley, a monk, but which, it is needless to say, were his own compositions made while sitting for six hours a day on a three-legged stool in a lawyer's office. He was at the time only sixteen years old. When he had put a sufficient quantity together, he wrote a letter to Dodsley the bookseller, asking for a guinea as the price of one of Rowley's dramas, which he would send on. The bait, however, did not take, nor was the guinea forthcoming. A little later on the lad ventured to address Horace Walpole, informing him of his discoveries in the chest, and forwarding with some poems an extract from Rowley in reference to oil painting which he suggested might be useful to the noble author for his 'Anecdotes of Painting.' In this case the bait did take, and Walpole courteously replied offering the young man a "thousand thanks." Poor Chatterton, thinking he now found a friend, ventured to describe his humble station in life and his poverty—that he slept "with

a footboy and dined with a kitchenmaid," and begged for secrecy. This was too much for the fastidious man to endure, and the thousand thanks ended as might be supposed; but Walpole submitted the poems to the judgment of others, who pronounced them to be forgeries, which the sender might have detected himself from internal evidence. On this he shook the boy off altogether, and vindicated his conduct in the following words:

"All of the house of forgery are relations, and Chatterton's ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose—promissory notes."

This was strange language from the author of 'The Castle of Otranto,' and if the remark cut one way it also ought to have cut home, for the cases were alike. Chatterton's great fault was not in the assumption of the character of Rowley, but in the untruths he told respecting himself. Had Walpole recognised the great genius of the lad and the true poetry of his productions, or condoned him ever so little, the end might have been different, and had been better for Walpole's fame. The poor boy came to London and died of despair, too proud to beg, too weak for manual labour. He was buried in a pauper's grave where now is the north-west corner of Farringdon Market. If ever there was a great genius killed by unkindly frosts, it was he. After his decease Walpole coldly wrote to Mason:

"Chatterton was a consummate villain. . . . A rogue miscarries in attempting to cheat *me*. He had a very irascible resentment, and the poor soul perished before he

was nineteen. He was an instance that a compleat genius and a compleat rogue can be found before a man is of age."

Still earlier he writes, and I cite this passage because it speaks also of Psalmanazar and Macpherson:

"The amazing prodigy of Chatterton, Psalmanazar alone seemed to have surpassed, and when that lad could perform such feats as he certainly did, what difficulty is there in believing that Macpherson forged the cold skeleton of an epic poem?" *

Like Chatterton himself, it is to be feared that his marvellous works are perishing also, unless the fashion for the Spasmodic Muse shall one day change back into the old style. Even by the student of literature Chatterton is quite neglected, though much that he wrote in his own name is of a high order, while his Rowley ballads quite equal the imitations of the antique in Percy's 'Reliques,' or even those of the Border minstrelsy.

Another case of literary deception of a different kind must be noticed here, for it made a sensation in its day. A certain writer named WILLIAM LAUDER, who was also a Scotchman, to get a name ventured to assert in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and carried on the assertions for some years, that Milton, the

* Mason himself, who was always Walpole's echo, seconded his patron's opinions in indifferent verse, which he called satire:

"Not to discriminate is mighty odd
'Tween Thomas Chatterton and Doctor Dodd; . . .
The youth, tho' Bristowe born by all agreed,
Had parts might figure e'en beyond the Tweed."

mighty poet, was little better than a plagiarist, and that 'Paradise Lost,' the greatest poem in the English language, was in part made up of stolen passages from Latin writers, and to justify his statements advanced some quotations from Grotius and others that bore a faint resemblance to sentiments in some parts of Milton's great poem. This might be fair criticism so far as it went, had not Lauder, while knowing better, also quoted large extracts from a Latin version of 'Paradise Lost' itself, really making Milton copying from a translation of his own work done after his death; and, strange to say, some who were prejudiced actually believed in Lauder until, in the year 1750, he avowed that what he had been asserting all along against the great man was no more than a practical joke! Soon after this the joker emigrated to the West Indies and died. In our own day the same trick was committed by Father Prout, who turned the best of Moore's 'Irish Melodies' into good Latin, and pretended that Moore was no more than their translator. This, however, was done in honest play, while in Lauder's case the attack was seriously meant to lower Milton and exalt himself, though it was the case of the gadfly attacking Behemoth.

But the daring of Psalmanazar, the assurance of Macpherson, and the vanity of Chatterton were all to be surpassed ere the century closed by an adventurer who united all these qualities, with this difference: that while there is a good deal in the others to admire, there is nothing for him but contempt.

It is of WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND, the Shakespere forger, that I have now to speak.

Now there is a great difference between a forger and an imitator. Some of our greatest men have published 'Imitations'—Dryden and Scott among them, to which they put their own names; and had Ireland been content to *imitate* Shakespere—that is, if he could have done so,—he would have stood on different ground, or at least have been tolerated, and if his genius had been great enough he might have occupied a literary niche in the temple of Parnassus, but he chose the other way.

In the year 1795 there was dwelling in Norfolk Street, London, a gentleman named Samuel Ireland. He had originally been a mechanic in Spitalfields, but, embracing a literary and artistic career, became successful, and had retired from business. Nature endowed him with some talents, but the fairy who presided at his birth seemed to have withheld the gift of common sense. He had many acquaintances, and in the ordinary way might have died and been gradually forgotten had it not been for his notorious son, a natural child, whom he named William Henry. This youth was articled to an attorney in New Inn, in whose chambers were some old documents, and the boy, having little to do, took to studying them. Up to this point his history resembled Chatterton's, but beyond that he outran the other as a racer does a hunter. On one memorable occasion—memorable because it was the turning-point of his career—the youth accompanied his father to Stratford-on-Avon, and having heard the latter, who was Shakespere mad, declare that he would give half his library for

an autograph of his favourite bard, sweet William, who was then only seventeen, was immediately struck with the possibility of pleasing his father. They returned, the father to his home, and the boy to his chambers, where he revolved in his mind how to accomplish his purpose, and he has himself given us in detail the *modus operandi.*

As was said above, he had made himself familiar with the style and language of old documents, and he was not long in concocting his first forgery. He proceeded to imitate very carefully an ancient deed he had found: he prepared special ink, and on very old paper produced a forged agreement made between W. Shakespere, John Hemynge, and others, to which he affixed an imitation of Shakespere's signature with other names, and the thing was apparently done until the question of "seals" presented itself.

This he got over in a very novel way. By heating a penknife he cut an old waxen seal into two equal parts, and after having scraped a cavity in the under side of the divided portion, inserted a parchment strip, and then replaced with common wax the part of the seal he had removed, till the thing looked like an original sixteenth century deed, and the thing was done. In his 'Confessions' he has given us an engraving of the signature and of the seal. It does not look much like Shakespere's autograph, and the seal shows a quintain for a device. But it pleased his father, who fell into a transport of joy.

An antiquary to whom the thing was submitted pronounced it to be genuine, and all the virtuosos

of the day came to Norfolk Street to see the precious deed and believe. Young Ireland's vanity was increased, and though he said little, determined this should not be his last attempt at counterfeiting the handwriting of Shakespere. Not long afterwards he ventured again on the downward path, this time to invent a form of religious belief, purporting it to be Shakespere's own, which daring act also succeeded, none questioning the boy, the father alone having been told of a hoard of manuscripts the son had discovered. The poor man believed it, and made known this second discovery, which seems to have taken the literati of the day by storm. Among the credulous were the great Dr. Parr and Warton the poet, followed by James Boswell, whose nature it was to believe everything; and this worshipper of trifles, under the influence of brandy and water, fell down upon his knees before the precious document, and kissing it declared he could then die content!

More and more manuscripts, all in the Shakesperian script, followed in succession, almost too numerous to name, including love-letters addressed by the great bard to Anne Hathaway. These were all swallowed by admirers. Next came a forged letter of Queen Elizabeth addressed to Shakespere in his praise; after which appeared early drafts of the plays of 'King Lear' and 'Hamlet' with suppressed passages; later on still a forged letter of Shakespere addressed to a certain William Henry Ireland, thanking him for having *extricated him* (Shakespere) *from drowning!* All were exhibited, and, strange to say, the eyes of

clever men, and even of literary men, were not yet opened.

Lastly came the crowning achievement of all, a newly discovered tragedy of Shakespere, quite complete, which had lain untouched in a cabinet for two hundred years! This play was called 'Vortigern and Rowena,' and it attracted new crowds to Norfolk Street to behold and venerate. We are not told that there was an admission fee, but probably not. The Prince of Wales commanded that the manuscript should be brought to Carlton House for his inspection. With all his faults George was really fond of literature, and though he made a speech on the occasion, did not venture on an opinion. On another occasion the precious paper was submitted to the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan. A few persons only, the chief of whom was Malone, ventured to disbelieve, and he undertook to demolish the imposture. This was one of the very few things for which we pardon Malone, who, in another way, was a mutilator of Shakespere himself.

In the meantime the performance of 'Vortigern' was announced. The cast included the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons, who afterwards withdrew. The Poet Laureate, Pye, with others, wrote prologues, and an epilogue was written by Robert Merry, better known as Della Crusca. But that epilogue was not destined ever to be spoken, though it was to have fallen to the lot of Mrs. Jordan to deliver it. On April 2nd, 1796—it ought to have been on April 1st, All Fools' Day,—the play was produced at Drury Lane. It dragged its length along without any great signs of approval or the reverse

until the last act began, in which there was a single line which damned the play for ever. The Malonites were all present on the watch, but kept their secret until Kemble pronounced the line in question, which ran, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," at which there ensued such a scene of roar and confusion that Kemble stopped, and injudiciously repeated the significant words, on which, it is said, there took place such a scene of riot and deafening clamour as had never been heard before in the theatre. The piece could not go on. Young Ireland collapsed, after pocketing ninety pounds, and fell into eternal disgrace, his occupation, like Othello's, gone.

Had the play succeeded, William Henry had in his cupboard a whole stack of Shakesperian dramas on English history, from William the Conqueror downwards. Some of them were preserved at Birmingham till they perished in a fire in 1879. If we can admire anything at all in young Ireland, it is his perseverance in filling hundreds of folio pages with clever imitations of the penmanship of the Jacobean age, so difficult to read, and still more to imitate. Ink, time-stained parchment, and paper all had to be in keeping, while those who read his productions gave praise to the compositions as literary work. Our wonder is that so glaring an imposition should have been tolerated even for one season.

To make, it is hoped, a clean breast, the author soon avowed that what he had done was in every respect his own, and each production a forgery. He printed his 'Confessions,' from which all that is here stated is taken; but the father, who had now

cast off the son, who was not yet nineteen years of age—less for the son's errors than for his own, for the reputation of the son was as nothing to his own disappointment—actually continued to deceive himself and for a time to believe in the spurious document against the son's own avowal—a curious case in which the pleasure of being cheated is greater than the cheat. But Samuel did not long outlive his chagrin, dying in the year 1800, while William continued to exist almost unknown for more than thirty years. "The tear of pity which we bestow on Chatterton we must withhold from Ireland, who rejoiced to the end in what he had done, and only bewailed the penalty those doings had brought on himself."

In reviewing the doings of these men as a whole one is struck that at least three of them should have been mere boys, whose talents, if applied in a more honest way, might have given them famous names. We most like poor Chatterton, that "marvellous boy who perished in his pride," as Wordsworth said of him, and we cannot help regarding him with affection as one of the greatest of Bristol's children, the same city which produced a Southey. If there is anything at all to forgive in Ireland, it is that he helped to make people think of Shakespere a little more, while it helps us to contrast him, in giving Shakespere more than his due, with those who, in our own immediate day and at this very time, are trying to wrest from Shakespere all that he ever did, reducing him to an "airy nothing;" and though they give him a "local habitation" refuse him a "name."

Annexed is a *facsimile* of W. H. Ireland's book-plate. It is the same that his father used, with a different motto. The quotation from 'Menagiana' was probably copied from the book-plate of David Garrick. Ireland made no

W. H. IRELAND.

La premiere chose quon dmt faire quand on a emprunte un Livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plûtôt

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pretence of virtue, and the words "Nemo sine Vitiis" may have been purposely selected as a defence of his frauds by seeking to include others as general participators in evil-doing.

PAGEANTRY AND ART.

BY PHILIP H. NEWMAN, R.B.A.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL, R.S.L.

[Read June 18th, 1902.]

THE title of this paper is obviously suggested by the festivities and rejoicings in connection with the approaching Coronation of our beloved sovereign Edward the Seventh; the decorations and Pageantry for which solemnity his liege subjects have been anticipating for months past, in endless discussion on the character and propriety of their artistic conception and detail. I do not propose, however much I might be tempted, to carry this discussion further than it has already gone, before the happy event; nor shall I attempt to criticise, before the Coronation is accomplished, the general effect, from an Art point of view, of the preparations of those concerned in its due ceremonial splendour. I wish rather to take the opportunity the occurrence presents of looking at the spirit, or instinct which underlies all such demonstrations, and gather, if possible, some clear ideas of the affinities, and relations of Pageantry and Art, linked as they have been, more or less, by all peoples, at all times, for the manifestation of national, political, civil, or religious fervour. To make myself fully understood it is also necessary to premise that the Art that I

am speaking of must be taken to mean that Art which has had for its object the manifestation or symbolisation of the highest ideals, examples of which are familiar to us as household words. That Art which has not only created for us the greatest movements of antiquity, but which, by a spiritual and humanising influence, has affected and is affecting national temperaments. The Art, in fine, which has contributed to civilisation as well as to the joy of life.

If I seem to insist unduly on this aspect of Art as necessary for my purpose, it is with no disrespect to other views which obtain at some periods in proportion to technical excellence: I mean when aims appear to be submerged in means, and where great purposes are often lost sight of in great endeavours. "Art for Art's sake," as it is frequently termed, which is, of course, Art for the artist's sake rather than for the larger public. The "Art for Art's sake" may have its distinct value, and I am only alluding to it here for the purpose of differentiation with a wider Art. But if it appear in comparison with this a narrow and selfish view, we must not only allow that "Art for Art's sake" may have its origin in noble, if not the noblest impulses, but we must also grudge its exponents nothing, for it is written, "The labourer is worthy of his hire;" and, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

If, however, we look at Art in its broader aspect —my present point of view—especially associated as I would regard it with Pageantry, I find that though wrapt in exaltations as the great artists of the past may have been, however nobly they may

have wrestled and wrung from Nature her precious secrets, and worshipped her may be, and her attributes in their temples, I say I find that this nobility in Art could condescend—*noblesse oblige.* Powerless then, as powerless now, to lift the people up to see things from the heights and plains where great Art walks, the great artists came down to poor struggling humanity, and wreathed the storm-cloud with the rainbow and the glory of the sunset around its habitations and the commonplaces of its life, strewing its pathway, not only on festal days but every day, with myrtle, palm, and summer flowers, and by a thraldom greater than that of Apollo or Orpheus making the very beasts subserve the purposes of a beneficent and soul-lifting Pageantry.

Art has not altered; artists have not altered. Would it be believed for a moment if I asserted that Phidias, Michael Angelo, or Leonardo did not know as much about "Art for Art's sake" as any new club that ever flourished in or out of Bond Street, Chelsea, or the Quartier Latin?

Of course they did; the hidden-from-view sculpture on the pediment of the Parthenon proves that if nothing else. They knew, moreover, that the means were not the end; and however much they kept the means to themselves, and revelled in them may be, the end was always the good of the people, and that they might add to their gaiety or happiness by leading them into the paths where the flowers grew the thickest, and were the most fragrant, and where beauty, robed as Hope, trampled on despair. This great Art we know held this constant aim—that Nature was the real *Alma Mater*, and that her

driest lessons in the people's lives were to be put into the pleasantest bindings.

In thus judging the artists and the completeness of their work we must not lose sight of the aim of their employers; these aims lie at the root of the difference between the Art of the past and the Art of to-day.

Whereas now, excepting for portraiture, dilettanteism, or for more or less decorative purposes, the aims of Art to-day are ill-defined, not to say indefinite, in the past it directly influenced the education, if not the beliefs, of the masses of the peoples. To those who could not read, to whom the few works of literature were sealed books, and must have remained sealed books had there been means of multiplying them, to a people whose religious beliefs and romantic or historical traditions were otherwise dependent for existence on bard, poet, or story-teller, graphic Art afforded an authoritative document, and more, it afforded that tangible something that the eye could realise and the mind comprehend. Indeed, proportionately to its impressiveness, and quite independently of its technical excellence in other respects, Art was the incontrovertible witness to the fact and actuality of that which it aimed at representing. Art represented to an uninformed people in a grossly superstitious age both the beneficent powers of Nature as divinities for worship or propitiation, or typified the semblance and attributes of powers to be feared and avoided, often the lingering tradition of prehistoric creatures, depredative monsters with whom mankind in sparse and isolated families was unable to suc-

cessfully cope. The monster may have been extinct for ages, but the terror remained to be typified and propitiated. But this is not the place to dwell upon the bearing these aspects of Art have upon totem-worship and idolatry; the field is too wide to come within the scope of this paper; suffice to say that they are, however, inseparably bound up with a philosophy which to the end of time will rest upon the vulgar truism upon which all image-worship is based, viz. that seeing is believing.

It is easy for us to realise that if the aim of the artist or his employer was impressiveness, this was only to be attained either by a more or less vigorous *vraisemblance*, or the adoption of accepted types. It is not surprising for us to find that in very early times the *vraisemblance* was the important consideration, while at a later period types became conventionalised, hearsay and tradition had supplemented graphic art, and a type, a symbol, or a sign was all that was necessary to remind the believer or the hereditarily convinced.

In my paper on "Primal Instinct and Culture in Art" I pointed out at some length how these principles were affected by the growth of eclecticism and the æsthetic among the Greeks; and I will only repeat here "that Art for such a people would, in its highest range and scope, become naturally the expression of ideas transcending the limitations of Egypt or Assyria."

But if the technical excellence was greater in some places the dominant impulse was the same on the part of the artists everywhere, while everywhere the instinctive craving was constant on the part of

the people. What was this instinctive craving that was so universal? What was this imperative if uncultured demand that lawgiver and artist were bound to supply? Pageantry—Pageantry, that while it afforded eye and ear the gratification of sequential change, and stimulated the rhythmic mood that leads to the poetical evolution of the ideal, stimulated also the slumbering curiosity of the most ignorant with a desire to know, and for the mind to be fed through the eye with a pabulum of tradition made beautiful by order, sequence, and Art. Pageantry, that even stimulated for the moment the more beautiful feelings of the sophisticated by the sense of an inevitableness which is a characteristic and perhaps the most impressive feature of all great Art. Pageantry, which pointed a moral and adorned a tale for learned and ignorant alike, and as the creators of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, the architects of Philæ and Karnak knew, to say nothing of the builders of the Parthenon or the mediæval cathedrals, made for law and order, good government and the welfare of the state. Are these instincts dead, is the love of Pageantry extinct? No! All its records and traditions had not flared away in the Alexandrian library; all its trophies were not demolished by the Vandal and the Goth; and, above all, it survives engraved in the hearts and instincts of the people after thousands of years.

It survived the Institution of Learning on the Isis and the Cam. It lived, as we have seen, in mediæval times in metal, glass, tapestry, and stone. It was conspicuous in the Renaissance in masques,

and shows as well as in paint and marble. It was scotched, but not killed, by the Puritans of a later day. The French revolutions and the Empire even renewed its vigour, and it is as much alive to-day as in the past, however contemptuously we may smile at a travelling circus, a Coventry procession, or a Lord Mayor's show. Culture will never entirely supersede instinct in these matters. The wreaths, knots, and ribbons that entwine our Venetian masts, and form part of our street decorations of to-day, are they not the same in spirit and origin as the decorations of the "rag bush" at the wells by the maidens of ancient Britain in pre-Roman times? The origin of these things is far away, and may have to be sought for, if at all, in the psychology of "missing links."

Although, as I intimated at the commencement of this paper on Pageantry and Art, it does not concern itself with the art of Pageantry, some reference must be made at such a time as this to royal pageants, processions, and masques in our country's history, and that of the continent of Europe.

I do not propose to weary you with a catalogue *raisonné* of these functions, I will only refer to the wealth of example and authority on such matters in the illuminated manuscripts and the chronicles of the Middle Ages—Monstrelet and others. I must leave untouched the details of masques and shows, the origins of which are to be traced in the mysteries and miracle plays represented in churches and the streets before the institution of the regular theatre, of which the "Globe" at Blackfriars, in

Shakespeare's time, is a familiar example. I have conveyed the impression that the Puritans were inimical to shows; this was certainly so when, as was too often the case, the sacred mystery was associated with buffoonery: but it should be remembered that Milton's 'Paradise Lost' took form first as a dramatic sketch, opening with Satan's address to the sun. Also that Luther was reported to have admitted plays as superior to many sermons.

Turning over the pages of Nichols' 'Royal Progresses,' one gets a very complete idea of the frequency, cost, and splendour of processions, masques, pageants, and entertainments in Tudor and Jacobean times. Amongst many matters of great interest, it may be advantageous to cull a few extracts as throwing lights on our more immediate ancestors, *i. e.* sixteenth and seventeenth century, and their attitude towards Pageantry, their views on Art matters and customs, besides not infrequently important political and economic facts. Thus, speaking of Pageantry in general, there is a quotation from the dialogues of Richard Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 1759, in which he says:

"Nothing could be more amusing to rude minds opening to a taste of letters than the fabulous story of the pagan gods, which is constantly interwoven in every piece of ancient poetry. Hence the initiative arts of sculpture were immediately employed in these pagan exhibitions, etc."

From the men of art and literature the enthusiasm spread itself to the great. Hence in Marlowe's

'Edward II' we find, speaking of a luxurious and happy monarch,—

> "Music and poetry are his delight,
> Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night,
> Sweet speeches, comedies, and passing shows;
> And in the day when he shall walk abroad,
> Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad,
> My men like satyrs gazing on the lawns," etc.

Much of the manners of the times may be learnt from these progresses. "They give us a view into the interior of the noble families, display their state in housekeeping and other articles, and set before our eyes their magnificent mansions, long since gone to decay or superseded by others of the succeeding age. Houses that lodged the Queen of England and her Court are now, says the chronicler, scarcely fit for farms, are pulled down or rebuilt. Such were the seats of the Compton family at Mockings, the Sadliers of Staneton, of the great Burleigh at Theobalds, of the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth, of the Bishop of Ely at Somersham, of Sir Thomas Cook at Giddes Hall, Sir Thomas Mildmay at Moulsham, Lord Richmond at Leighs, Sir Thomas Waldegrave at Smallbridge, etc." Nichols says also in his preface the plan of popularity which Elizabeth laid down from the beginning of her reign is marked by no trait so strong as that of making progresses about her dominions. Her passage through the City of London the day before her coronation, 1559, was a great spectacle, as was her magnificent progress from Hatfield to the Charterhouse.

The spirit of the times demanded that these royal

progresses should be adorned by splendid entertainments for the amusement of the great, and were not restricted, as at present, to an overgrown capital. "The Marquis of Winchester was nearly ruined by the last royal visit to Basing. This was the Sir William Paulet created Baron St. John of Basing by Henry VIII, Earl of Wiltshire and Marquis of Winchester by Edward VI. Thirty years Treasurer to the last-mentioned monarch, to Philip, Mary, and Elizabeth, he rebuilt the castle of Basing in a magnificent and princely style." Camden observes of this structure and the vast expense incurred, "It was so overpowered by its own weight, posterity have been forced to pull down a part of it. The Marquis entertained Edward VI four days here; Philip and Mary, soon after their marriage, five days. Here also he entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1560 "with all good cheare," and so much to her satisfaction that she playfully lamented his great age; "For by my troth," said the delighted sovereign, "if my Lord Treasurer was but a younger man I could find it in my heart to have him for a husband before any man in England." She honoured the old man with another visit in 1569. The nobleman died at the age of ninety-seven, having lived to see 113 of his own descendants. One of these, William, his great-grandson, likewise had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth as a guest, and that for a period of thirteen days, to the great "chardge" of the said Lord Marquis. During her residence here the Duke of Biron, accompanied by about twenty French nobility and a retinue of some 400 persons, were lodged at "The Vyne," the seat of

Lord Sandys, which house had been purposely furnished with hangings and plate from the Tower and Hampton Court.

The Queen boasted that she had done that in Hampshire that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any prince in Christendom could do,—that was, that she had entertained at her subjects' houses a Royal Ambassador, and had royally entertained him.

The illustrations of some of these progresses by old engraving are well known, and I will not further enlarge upon the subject. If I have dwelt upon it at some length it must be borne in mind that I have abstained from similar lengthy quotations I might have made from Henry VIII's reign, and that of the Queen's successor James I; emphasising the fact that these sumptuous entertainments comprised masques, plays, and painted shows, wherein was included the best of all that Art in Europe could produce at that period. Torrigiano, the contemporary and sometime rival of Michael Angelo, was in this country in the earlier Tudor times, and with him unquestionably a number of adept Italian workmen, as witness the tomb of Henry VII, the many evidences of Italian carving and architecture in the southern counties of England, notably the tomb and effigies of the Forsters in the church of Aldermaston, near Reading, besides many others, especially in Hampshire.

I have not mentioned the Field of the Cloth of Gold, that splendid excursion of the nobility of England to Guisnes for a friendly handshake with the nobility of France, and which cost them as much

as though their monarch Henry had declared war against Francis, and the object of the invasion instead of handshakes had been fisticuffs.

Still, the Art expended on the show was commensurate with its sumptuousness, which is more perhaps than can be said of some later shows, or of those which are to come.

I have said enough possibly to demonstrate the continuance of this love of spectacle, show, or pageant, whichever one pleases to term it. Reference to the best known examples in the graphic Art of all periods will readily substantiate that the artists have done much to comply with the demand for it. They have, moreover, fulfilled the Tennysonian injunction in many instances, viz. that "beauty should go beautifully," insomuch that the list and chronicle of their splendid works becomes a very Pageant of Pageantry. But it is not enough only to show that love of Pageantry is only demonstrated by its association with graphic Art; that would be only to prove half the case, and leave us in doubt whether the eye may be pleased though the heart be plagued oftener than is usually allowed. No! the human love of Pageantry arises, as I have indicated, from something far deeper than this, and is bound up in sentiments that may be stirred by other forms of Art, the art of Music, and also, if I may be allowed the application of the term, the art of Literature.

Truly Art has had to serve many mistresses, and this robe of Pageantry she holds in her casket would seem to fit them all. Let us open the casket and examine its contents; let us find out the secret of these properties that so exactly suit so many actors.

To be explicit, what are the elements of Pageantry, and which go to make up so much of that which is important and essential to us in the arts? We find they are simply splendour, continuance, and expectancy; and perhaps we are rather startled to observe that these elements in Art are really the elements of that which is most impressive to us in nature, and we have to acknowledge, after all our accusations of artificiality in many quarters, that the poor artist has really been a deeper student of nature than we had supposed or given him credit for; for not content with giving us the colour of the sky, the character and foliage of the landscape, the arrangement and forms of the clouds, he has got beneath the surface of things, and even probed the depth and yearning of the human heart.

A word as to the third element—expectancy. This, it should be remarked, is in some forms of Art complicated and emphasised, when, as in Music and Literature, it is often the expectancy of the unanticipated. Splendour, continuance, and expectancy, these three; but the greatest of these is expectancy, both in nature and Art—expectancy that gives the lie to us when we enunciate the platitude that "nothing more was left to be desired"—which is the intellectual death.

Before considering Pageantry in relation to Literature, we will first consider Music, as it may appear more difficult to detect the spirit of Pageantry in concords of sweet sound than in other forms of Art. This difficulty is more apparent than real, especially when the thought arises as to what we should miss in Pageantry without music. It is

scarcely an exaggeration to say that the effect of suitable music is to double the impressiveness of the pageant. But there are passages in the works of many of the composers that suggest the pageant that is not visible to the eye. In some instances this must of course be allowed to be through the influence of association, but not in all. The processional marches suggest the pageants of victory or death, to which we have used them as accompaniments. The operatic choruses bring before our eyes again their spectacular settings, and we need not name them. Those who have witnessed the festival performance at the Crystal Palace of the 'Messiah' or the 'Elijah' will always associate the enormous crowd of singers with "For unto us," the "Hallelujah," or the Baal choruses whenever their strains are heard. The processional chorus of the guilds in the 'Meistersinger' will not only revive the *mise en scène* of the Nuremberg craftsmen and the emblems of the guilds, pageants in themselves, but bring to artist and amateur alike something of the spirit of Durer and Burckmair. The stirring ride of the "Valkyrie" or the bars of almost silence in 'Tristan' will call up our most vivid recollections of the Nibelungen in one instance, or steep us in the immeasurable gloom and waiting agony of the surpassing third act of Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde.' But, as I have said, that is not all; there is music without pictures as there are "songs without words." There are passages in the C minor and the Eroica symphonies of Beethoven, and bars in the slow movement of his stupendous A major, that have never been associated with stage

representation, gems which each hearer sets for himself, their facets reflecting and reproducing the greatest pageants the human mind is capable of imagining, and that, indeed, which "passeth show."

Again, in the great Leonora overture of Beethoven and the E flat trio of Schubert, planes of thought are suggested to some minds where spirits move who might have whispered inspiration to a Shakespeare, a Dante, or a Milton. I have been told that this is a bald statement, and incapable of proof. Alas! yes, as to the proof; and my only answer is that such things, even like verse, are dependent for their effect upon mood and feeling; while it should be remembered besides that there are even more people tone-deaf than colour-blind.

Next, how of Literature? Do we need illustrations to our Caedmon or our Chaucer? Can we not conjure up, or are not conjured up, those antiquated pilgrims or the "good women long ago"?—that legend that worked the lovely reflex in the verse of Tennyson. Need we paint the sacrifice of Iphigenia? or do not the lines—

> "The bright death quivered at the victim's throat,
> Touched, and I knew no more,"

bring before us the whole pageant from the flight of Helen to blazing Illion? Yes! our books are rare pageant-makers to us, and we love them often proportionally. 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Talisman,' and 'Count Robert' are very living histories to us, and we see more in the smoke wreaths of James's burning camp on Flodden ridge and that disastrous

field in the poem of 'Marmion' than in the verbose chronicles of Hall.

Macaulay is a striking example of a conjurer by words of stately shows, where he perpetuates the memory of the Armada. Well may he say—

> "Oh! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight."

Macaulay struck the staff of England's ensign deeper in those magic lines than its enemies have been able to uproot since, or will do if those lines are read for a thousand years. The greatest "combine" of our times—the combine of the mother country and her daughter states—is due, we may well believe, in no small degree to the poet's free description of the flag set up in Plymouth market-place, and the heraldic charges on those fields quarterly azure and gules.

> "As slow upon the evening breeze the royal blazon swells,
> See how the Lion of the seas," etc.

Then, again, that pageant on the sea at night, when in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, watching the alarm beacons,—

> "Far on the deep the Spaniard saw along each southern shire,
> Cape beyond cape in endless range those twinkling points of fire."

If these principles so observably apply in some forms of Literature it is equally true of others, where scenes and pageants are described in restrained but forceful diction, with the added charm that when the information is meagre, and the outline bare, we supply for ourselves the wanting detail

adequately to complete the picture. How different this from a painful pre-Raphaelism, touched all over, yet wanting that one touch that makes the whole world kin! Here in Literature is that just middle between impressionism and elaborateness that is so rarely attained by pen or pencil. Here is that simple statement or narrative which throughout carries with it a contextual suggestiveness which is far more attractive to the ordinary mind than a detailed account; here is the poetical language that is more convincing than fact, because it is based on that picturesqueness in which are wrapt the origins of our predilections and sympathies, the origin of our mental attitude towards the mysteries of life, the mental attitude which is a leaning to supply for itself all that is wanting to complete a picture. Thus we adorn the tale—we evolve the parable; we make a pageant of a simple incident of life. We add splendour to continuance and expectancy, we create to ourselves pageants, and we lay the broad foundations of Literature and Art. There is no need to multiply instances. I have shown how in graphic Art, Music and Literature, her sisters, lend themselves to the impulse, desire, and craving for Pageantry—a passion and a principle that stirs even in our coldest and most apathetic natures, and as in all past time, so will in all future time, lift the most common out of the commonplace. Call it vulgar, call it pompous, call it hysterical, call it what you will, it is ever present, deep down in our natures, and may move us to frenzy with a "Marseillaise," to tears with a "Dead March," or to universal brotherhood for "Auld lang syne;" and

being in us, with us, ever present, must be recognised and provided for. This is the duty of Art, the duty of the artists; to see that the passion is bridled with good taste and the noblest aims. Not all Art that comes before us is good for us, not all Art is healthy or restful. "Art for Art's sake" is a permissible thing for the nourishment of the artist and the amateur; the people must have food they can assimilate, not feeble impressionisms, but healthy landscapes; not intractable and lying photographs, but sound and searching studies; and above all the people should be taught the power of healthy discrimination in such exhibitions as are before us now, when in one room may be seen some of the fine examples of English portrait painting that have made that school what it is, and in an adjoining apartment examples of work which, while technically excellent, would falsify taste for all time,—an exhibition, I say, without a guide, where the innocent and the vacuous may wander from walls covered with sterling work of virtue and virility to the survey of immediate neighbours, examples of artificiality and erotic frivolity masquerading in Court costume.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, in a recent excellent lecture on "Shakespeare in Relation to the Evolution of Landscape Art," having occasion to allude to other forms of Art, spoke of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." I fancy he must have had these pictures in his mind—this vapid frivolling with vice. It would not matter so much if it were not so well done, but its technical excellences make this Art the very beatification of the brutal. Little wonder that those to

whom it pandered should have so soon taken part in that pageant of *pas perdus* that ended with the guillotine.

I have been trying to arrange in some just sequence the pageants of the Victorian age as a few here may remember them; not pageants in stone, nor pageants in paint, but veritable pageants that have had their distinct and effectual Art bearing—our returning armies, our naval reviews, our state funerals, and our jubilees; and some of our monuments, only to mention the podium and groups at the corners of the Albert Memorial.

It may be said that such things are not peculiar to such an age, and that in all times, in all countries, they will occur. True; but much has been urged against our climate, or national and utilitarian spirit, and notably our inartistic temperament. True, the Lord Mayor's show, no longer borne on the sullied bosom of the Thames, could not compare at any time favourably with that of a Venetian Doge marrying the Adriatic. November in London rarely affords an Italian sky. But in Pageantry we have had our compensations. Our great exhibitions have set examples not only of peace and good-will, but of Art to the world, which it has eagerly followed. The 100,000 people, approximately, who sang "God save the Queen" in unison on the closing day of the Exhibition of 1851 could scarcely realise that their pean of triumph should signify so much in Art and progress to the nations as it has done. And it is good to think that the Art courts still exist in the Crystal Palace, and are of some enlightenment to the student and the curious when they have disen-

tangled themselves from a football crowd fighting for its tea, both classes sheltered by the fabric of the fairy palace of 1851.

How intensely Lord Leighton must have felt these things—Leighton who felt the Pageantry in Art, and illustrated it more freely than any of the English school of painters! Two of his great works conspicuously show (intentionally or not is immaterial) a complete association with music. "The Epithalamium," suggested, as he says, I think, by the second idyl of Theocritus, lives in my recollection, as I first saw it on the Academy walls, as absolutely vocal; while in the Daphnephorian procession any tendency to a cold classicism is saved by its rhythmic movement, but which is too majestic to become the lilt that it might have been under other and less instinctive and scholarly art.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, in his 'Five Great Painters of the Victorian Age,' discerns that it was Leighton's chiefest glory that he kept the flickering lamp of Art alive, and also that he created an ideal of what an artist should be, and may be—an ideal that Sir Wyke trusts will never die in our country. Naïvely he adds, "Artists do not believe that Leighton is dead;" and after quoting Virgil—

"Corpora viva nefas Stygiæ vectara carina,"

concludes the monograph as all who feel great Art would have concluded: "When we buried him in St. Paul's we felt that we were burying one of the immortals."

This is beautiful because it is true, and beauty and truth shall live for ever. Leighton knew the

truth of beauty, and he painted it, Sir Wyke logically placing him among the immortals.

Sir Wyke speaks with eulogy and enthusiasm of Leighton's power in landscape; it is not a matter of the greater including the less, there is no less nor greater in such things, and it is not remarkable that great minds should express themselves in more ways than one. Leighton could express himself in many. I am dealing with one to-day, his Pageantry, for, as I have written elsewhere,—

> "The faded tints of the ancient myths
> On his panel revived again,
> And the echoed tale of the classic times
> Seemed never to wake in vain.
> For he dipped his brush in the sunshine blaze
> Of a great and splendid past,
> And the fair soft tone of its afterglow
> Seemed on his canvas cast."

But with the Pageantry was always the eclecticism—his strong point; no need to contend his Art was cosmopolitan and not French. There are only one or two French painters who approach him in motive and spirit. It may be said perhaps that as Leighton was the painter of the gods, Hippolyte Flandrin was the painter of the saints. Perhaps my love and reverence for that magnificent pageant that encircles the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris is because I find in it so much of the spirit of Leighton.

It is often asserted that we in England show our greatest strength in landscape Art. This is true, and perhaps because of so much of the spirit of Pageantry underlying sometimes the work of our

greatest landscape painters. It is very visible in such instances as Constable's "Mill," Turner's "Old Temeraire," and the magnificent "Ulysses" deriding Polyphemus.

There is a Pageantry in Art, however, that is less obvious than in those instances I have alluded to, and that calls for a subtler analysis than is necessitated in the consideration of historical, processional, or decorative painting, and sculpture. To take one or two examples. First, such a work as Jules Breton's "Bénédiction des Blés," or Millet's "Angelus." I may be told presently that there is nothing comparable in them, and no Pageantry at all, excepting in so far as in the former a procession of priests are blessing the corn-fields, in which groups of peasants kneel, and that these groups of peasants and their lighting constitute the picture. I will only say in reply, that in the broad view of Art we are taking now the eternal pageant of life and death is enforced and brought home to us by those two pictures in a more powerful way than is perhaps the case in any other painted sermons of modern times.

In regard to the "Angelus," a parallel in Literature is hard to find, where the mind insensibly bows to the conditions, and prayerfully acknowledges the eternal fitness of things, and the eternal hope that is born of the agony of life. Perhaps the only parallel that suggests itself may be in that 'Elegy' of Gray's in a country churchyard, where the Art is as perfect as in the picture, and like it enshrines its peruser—be he of the most masterful understanding—in the "peace of God;" that peace which the

world cannot give, but which God allows the high priests of Art sometimes to bless us withal; when Art is with us, robed in the chromatic "splendour" of the sunset, the melodic "continuance" of the river and the forest, and the boundless "expectancy" of hope.

GIL VICENTE AND LAFONTAINE: A PORTUGUESE PARALLEL OF "LA LAITIÈRE ET LE POT AU LAIT."

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, HON. LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read November 26th, 1902.]

To the 'Contemporary Review' of July, 1870, the late Professor Max Müller contributed an essay on "The Migration of Fables," justly regarded as a classic in that borderland of research which impinges on the several domains of comparative mythology, folk-lore, and literature. Taking as his first example Lafontaine's famous story of "La Laitière et le Pot au Lait," he shows us how this story has travelled by varied channels from east to west.*

In the 'Pantshatantra' there is a story of a Brahman who hung a pot of the rice remaining over from his dinner above his couch, and began speculating as to the future. In case of famine he could sell the rice at a price that would buy two goats, and with the offspring of these he would buy cows, and so, by continual progression, buffaloes, mares, and horses. He would build a fine house, and marry a Brahman's daughter with a large dowry. His son would be called Somasarman. "When he

* This essay is reprinted with some additions in the 'Chips from a German Workshop' (see the new edition 1894–5, p. 412, et seqq.).

is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap, and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and, full of anger, I shall call to my wife, 'Take the baby; take him.' But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up and give her such a kick with my foot." While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Hence came a proverb, "He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somasarman." The story is found in a somewhat different form in the Hitopodesa. There is an Arabic translation of a Pehlevi version of the Sanskrit story, in which, instead of kicking a wife, the day-dreamer is correcting an unruly son with the stick, and breaks the pots. Thus this ancient story passed by way of Persia from India to Europe. There are Syriac, Persian, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Hebrew, Italian, Turkish, Hindustani, French, and English translations and adaptations of the book of fables, in which the story of the Brahman who breaks the pots appears with various modifications.

It is also noteworthy that a variant of the story is still current in India as a folk-tale. The adventures of Lull, the idiot, are to be found in 'Indian Nights' Entertainment'—the volume of curious stories brought from the Upper Indus by the Rev. Charles Swynnerton, F.S.A., and published by Mr. Elliot Stock in 1892. Lull has been hired by a soldier to

carry ghee for the King's kitchen, but he drops it in the street, and it is all wasted. Accused before the King, the idiot Lull gives this explanation: "I agreed with the soldier to carry his butter for three ha'pence. As I went along I began to think what I should do with so large a sum. I would buy a hen and hatch chickens, and sell them. Then I would buy a sheep and have lambs, and sell them. Then I would buy a cow and have calves, and sell them. Then I would have a milch buffalo and have baby buffaloes, and sell them. And lastly I would buy a fine mare and go riding among the girls and choose me a wife, and get of children four or five. And I was just fancying myself in the midst of them, petting and tousling them, and I merely took down my hand from the jar to pat their dear little heads, when crash! down came the jar, and all the butter ran away. But was I to blame, O King, seeing I lost so much myself?" (pp. 23 and 29).

The form in which the narrative of Alnaschar, the barber's fifth brother, appears in the 'Arabian Nights' is another evidence of the transformations of the story in the Eastern world.

Professor Max Müller thought that the Brahman was first replaced by a milkmaid in the 'Dialogus Creaturarum optimè Moralizatus' of Nicolaus Pergaminus, a writer of the thirteenth century; but M. L. Moland, in his excellent edition of Lafontaine, points out that it occurs in the 'Exempla' of Jacques de Vitry. Mr. Thomas Frederick Crane, whose notable edition of the 'Exempla' was issued by the Folk-lore Society in 1890, thinks de Vitry's "must now be considered the oldest European

version of this famous fable"* (p. 155). He was ordained in 1210, and died some time before 1240.

There are two sixteenth-century versions not mentioned by Max Müller, which are sufficiently curious to demand attention—one in German and one in Portuguese. The less important is the German story, which occurs in the 'Schimpf und Ernst' of Bruder Johannes Pauli, a barefooted friar, whose book appeared in 1522 and soon went through thirty editions. The story is entitled "How Bruder Johann Pauli begged for Easter Eggs on Palm Sunday at Kolmar." In this we are told that a farmer's wife sent her daughter with some eggs as an Easter gift to Pauli, by whose preaching she had been impressed at Kolmar. The daughter, before setting out, begs that her mother will give her a jar of milk to sell, that she may with the price buy a pair of shoes with white points, in order fittingly to honour the festival of the Easter ass. Her special reason, however, is that she may impress the bailiff's son, who is courting her. The mother complies, and the daughter sets out so early that she reaches the market-place before it is open. She sat down on a wall with the milk jar before her, and fell asleep. She dreamed that she was at the shoemaker's trying on her new shoes, and stretching out her leg she knocked over the milk jar and spilled all the milk. Pauli ends the narrative in a naïve fashion. "When the girl awoke she was in a temper, threw the jar

* Mr. Crane rendered great service to the study of the migration of folk-tales by his paper on "Mediæval German Books and Stories" (American Philosophical Society, 1883), in which he rightly emphasised the great part played by the preachers in the transmission and modification of these narratives.

on the wall, snatched up the basket of eggs, and would have brought them to me, but as she came to my stairs she stumbled and fell, for she was still half asleep, and broke the eggs also. Therefore, my dear children, let us have other eggs."*

From a passage in 'Rabelais' we know that there was an old farce, "Du Pot au Laict," in which a shoemaker, becoming rich in a reverie, broke the pot and had to go without dinner. In this farce, which is now lost, the leading character was a man, but the Portuguese farce now to be mentioned has a shepherdess for heroine, and the jar of oil has not yet been transformed into milk.†

The founder of the Portuguese drama, Gil Vicente, amongst other religious pieces wrote the "Auto da Mofina Mendes," which was performed before King João III at Christmas, 1534.‡ The name of the play

* Oesterlay's edition of Pauli not being accessible I have used that issued in 'Reclam's Universal Bibliothek,' "Schimpf und Ernst, von Bruder Johannes Pauli, Ausgewählt und sprachlich erneuert von H. A. Junghaus," Leipzig (1877), p. 161.

† In the Spanish version contained in 'El Conde Lucanor' of Prince Don Juan Manuel, the central figure is a poor woman called Truhana, who is carrying a jar of honey to market. Of this thirteenth-century work there is an English translation by Dr. James York (Gibbings and Co., 1899, p. 147). Manuel was born in the year in which de Vitry was ordained.

‡ Obras de Gil Vicente, Nova Edição correcta e emendada, por J. V. Barreto Feio e J. G. Monteiro (Hamburgo, 1834, t. i, p. 99). It is worth noting that the 'Farça das Ciganas' of Gil Vicente is the first dramatic composition in which gipsies are introduced. It is very slight in structure. There are eight characters, four men and four women, none of whom have Romany names. They solicit gifts and offer to tell fortunes, and, it may be conjectured, addressed themselves to the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, at Evora, of D. João III, for whose amusement the farce was produced in 1521. The speeches of the gipsies would have under the circumstances a point and flavour that has now somewhat evaporated. It must be

is taken from that of a subsidiary character, and may be regarded as a proof of the popularity of the comic element which it introduced into what is intended in the main as a vehicle of religious instruction. The piece opens with a prologue spoken by a friar. In the first scene the Virgin Mary, attired as a queen and attended by her damsels, Poverty, Faith, Prudence, and Humility, receives the announcement from the angel Gabriel that she is to become the mother of the Saviour of mankind.

The second scene shows the shepherds watching their flock by night. The conversation has the genuine smell of the soil, and must have formed a striking contrast to the highly wrought and somewhat artificial religiosity of the first scene. Mofina Mendes, who has been a shepherdess with Payo Vaz for thirty years, is given a jar of oil. With this on her head she thinks her fortune made. The foundation, however, proves to be too shaky. With the money received for the oil she intends to buy eggs. From these will come hens, and the profits of poultry-keeping will make her rich and honoured. She will marry well, and wear a gown of scarlet silk on her wedding day, and will dance her best to please the enamoured bridegroom. Alas! as she starts to dance and sing the jar of oil tumbles off her head, and her fortune lies in potsherds and oil-splashes on the floor. After some words from Payo Vaz and Pessival, another shepherd, she points the moral that the jar of oil is a symbol of the vanities

confessed that the student of gipsy lore does not learn much from it, although the representation of Romany ways is accurate and characteristic.

in which all mankind find delight, and so passes from the scene. The shepherds go to sleep, Joseph and Faith light the lamp, and the Virgin with the other Virtues kneel and pray. Then the angels arouse the shepherds with their heavenly message. The angels play their instruments, the Virtues sing, the shepherds dance, and so depart in search of the heavenly Child.

In the long chain of literature and folk-lore that connects the story of the Brahman Somasarman with that of Lafontaine's milkmaid, the link furnished by Gil Vicente is one of the most characteristic and interesting. And it is appropriate to call attention to it in the year in which Portugal has celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the performance of the first play of the founder of the Portuguese drama, a man of genius, of deep religious feeling, and of a liberal spirit far in advance of the age in which he lived.*

* As Gil Vicente is not very well known in this country it may be worth noting that Edward Quillinan wrote an appreciative notice of him in the 'Quarterly Review' for 1845 (vol. lxxix, p. 168), and that a fuller account, in every way excellent, was contributed by Mr. Edgar Prestage to the 'Manchester Quarterly' of 1897 (vol. xvi, pp. 235 and 377). Mr. Prestage is writing a pamphlet on Gil Vicente, based on these articles, which he hopes to publish early in 1903. It will contain a sketch of the Portuguese drama, and of Gil Vicente's sources of inspiration, a life of the poet, and an analysis of each of the forty-two plays, with translated extracts, followed by a summary of his work and an estimate of its influence on the stage of the Peninsula.

APPENDIX.

[As the works of Gil Vicente are somewhat rare in England, it has been thought desirable to reprint here the whole of the scene in which Mofina Mendes appears.]

JUNTÃO-SE OS PASTORES PARA O TEMPO DO NASCIMENTO.

[*Entra primeiro André e diz.*]

ANDRÉ.—Eu perdi, se s'anoutece,
A asna ruça de meu pae.
O rasto por aqui vai,
Mas a burra não parece,
Nem sei em que valle cai.
Leva os tarros e apeiros,
E o çurrão co' os chocalhos,
Os camorros dos vaqueiros,
Dois sacos de pães inteiros,
Porros, cebolas e alhos.
Leva as peas da boiada,
As carrancas dos rafeiros,
E foi-se a pascer folhada;
Porque bêsta despeada
Não pasce nos sovereiros.
E s'ella não parecer
Atás per noite fechada,
Não temos hoje prazer;
Que na festa sem comer
Não ha hi gaita temprada.

[*Entra Payo Vaz e diz.*]

PAYO VAZ.—Mofina Mendes he ca
C'hum fato de gado meu?

ANDRÉ.—Mofina Mendes ouvi eu
Assoviar, pouco ha,
No valle de João Viseu.

PAYO VAZ.—Nunca esta moça socega,
Nem samica quer fortuna:
Anda em saltos como pêga,
Tanto faz, tanto trasfega,
Que a muitos importuna.
ANDRÉ.—Mofina Mendes quanto ha,
Que vos serve de pastora?
PAYO VAZ.—Bem trinta annos haverá,
Ou creio que os faz agora:
Mas socêgo não alcança;
Não sei que maleita a toma.
Ella deu o sacco em Roma,
E prendeu elrei de França:
Agora anda com Mafoma,
E poz o Turco em balança.
Quando cuidei que ella andava
Co' o meu gado onde sohia,
Pardeos! ella era em Turquia,
E os Turcos amofinava,
E a Carlos Cesar servia.
Diz que assi resplandecia
Neste capitão do ceo
A voutade que trazia,
Que o Turco esmoreceo,
E a gente que o seguia.
Receou a guerra crua
Que o Cesar lhe promettia;
Entonces *per aliam via*
Reverte sunt in patria sua
Com quante gente trazia.
[*Entra Pessival.*]
PESSIVAL.—Achaste a tua burra, Andrel?
ANDRÉ.—Bofá não.
PESSIVAL.—Não póde ser.
Busca bem, leixa o fardel;
Que a burra não era mel,
Que a haviño de comer.

ANDRÉ.—Saltarião pêgas nella
Por caso de matadura?
PESSIVAL.—Pardeos! essa seri' ella?
E que pêga seria aquella,
Que lhe tirasse a albardura?
PAYO VAZ.—Mas crê que andou per hi
Mofina Mendes, rapaz;
Que segundo as cousas faz,
Se isto não for assi,
Que não seja eu Payo Vaz.
Ora chama tu por ella,
E aposto-te a carapuça,
Que a negra burra ruça
Mofina Mendes deu nella.
ANDRÉ.—Mofina Mendes! ah Mofina Men!
MOFINA.—Que queres André? que has! [*de longe.*]
ANDRÉ.—Vem tu ca, e vê-lo-has;
E se has de vir, logo vem,
E acharás aqui tambem
A teu amo Payo Vaz.
[*Entra Mofina Mendes e diz.*]
PAYO VAZ.—Onde deixas a boiada,
E as vacas, Mofina Mendes?
MOFINA.—Mas, que cuidado vo's tendes
De me pagar a soldada
Que ha tanto que me retendes?
PAYO VAZ.—Mofina dá-me conta tu,
Onde fica o gado meu.
MOFINA.—A boiada não vi eu,
Andão lá não sei per hu,
Nem sei que pascigo he o seu.
Nem as cabras não nas vi,
Samicas c'os arvoredos;
Mas não sei a quem ouvi
Que andavão ellas per hi
Saltando pelos penedos.
PAYO VAZ.—Dá me conta rez e rez,

Pois pedes todo teu frete.
MOFINA.—Das vacas morrêrão sete,
E dos bois morrârão tres.
PAYO VAZ.—Que conta de negregura!
Que taes andão os meus porcos?
MOFINA.—Dos porcos os mais são mortos
De magreira e ma ventura.
PAYO VAZ.—E as minhas trinta vitellas
Das vacas, que te entregárão?
MOFINA.—Creio que hi ficárão dellas,
Porque os lobos dezimárão,
E deu ôlho mao por ellas,
Que mui poucas escaparão.
PAYO VAZ.—Dize-me, e dos cabritinhos
Que recado me dás tu?
MOFINA.—Erão tenros e gordinhos,
E a zorra tinha filhinos,
E levou-os hum e hum.
PAYO VAZ.—Essa zorra, essa malina,
Se lhe corrêras trigosa,
Não fizera essa chacina;
Porque mais corre a Mofina
Vinte vezes qu'a raposa.
MOFINA.—Meu amo, ja tenho dada
A conta do vosso gado
Muito bem, com bom recado;
Pagae-me minha soldada,
Como temos concertado.
PAYO VAZ.—Os carneiros que ficárão,
E as cabras, que se fizerão?
MOFINA.—As ovelhas reganhárão,
As cabras engafecérão,
Os carneiros se afogárão,
E os rafeiros morrêrão.
PESSIVAL.—Payo Vaz, se queres gado,
Dá ó demo essa pastora:
Paga-lh'o seu, va-se embora

Ou ma-ora,
E põe o teu em recado.
PAYO VAZ.—Pois Deos quer que pague e peite
Tão daninha segureira,
Em pago desta canseira
Toma este pote de azeite,
E vae-o vender á feira;
E quiçaes medrarás tu,
O que eu comtigo não posso.
MOFINA MENDES.—Vou-me á feira de Trancoso
Logo, nome de Jesu,
E farei dinheiro grosso.
Do que este azeite render
Comprarei ovos de pata,
Que he a cousa mais barata
Qu'eu de lá posso trazer.
E estes ovos chocarão;
Cada ovo dara hum pato,
E cada pata hum tostão,
Que passará de hum milhão
E meio, a vender barato.
Casarei rica e honrada
Per estes ovos de pata,
E o dia que for casada
Sahirei ataviada
Com hum brial d'escarlata,
E diante o desposado,
Que me estara namorando:
Virei de dentro bailando
Assi dest' arte bailado,
Esta cantiga cantando.

[*Estas cousas diz Mofina Mendes com o pote de azeite á cabeça, e andando enlevada no bailo, cai-lhe.*]

PAYO VAZ.—Agora posso eu dizer,
E jurar e apostar,
Qu'es Mofina Mendes toda.
PESSIVAL.—E s'ella baila na voda,

Qu'está ainda por sonhar,
E os patos por nascer,
E o azeite por vender,
E o noivo por achar,
E a Mofina a bailar;
Que menos podia ser?

[*Vai-se Mofina Mendes, cantando.*]

MOFINA MENDES.—"Por mais que a dita m'engeite,
Pastores, não me deis guerra;
Que todo o humano deleite,
Como o meu pote d'azeite,
Ha de dar comsigo em terra."

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FEB 24 1903

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXIII.—PART IV.

LONDON:
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
1902.

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